

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE 25¢

1959
ROCK 'N' ROLL
YEARBOOK

who's
tops?



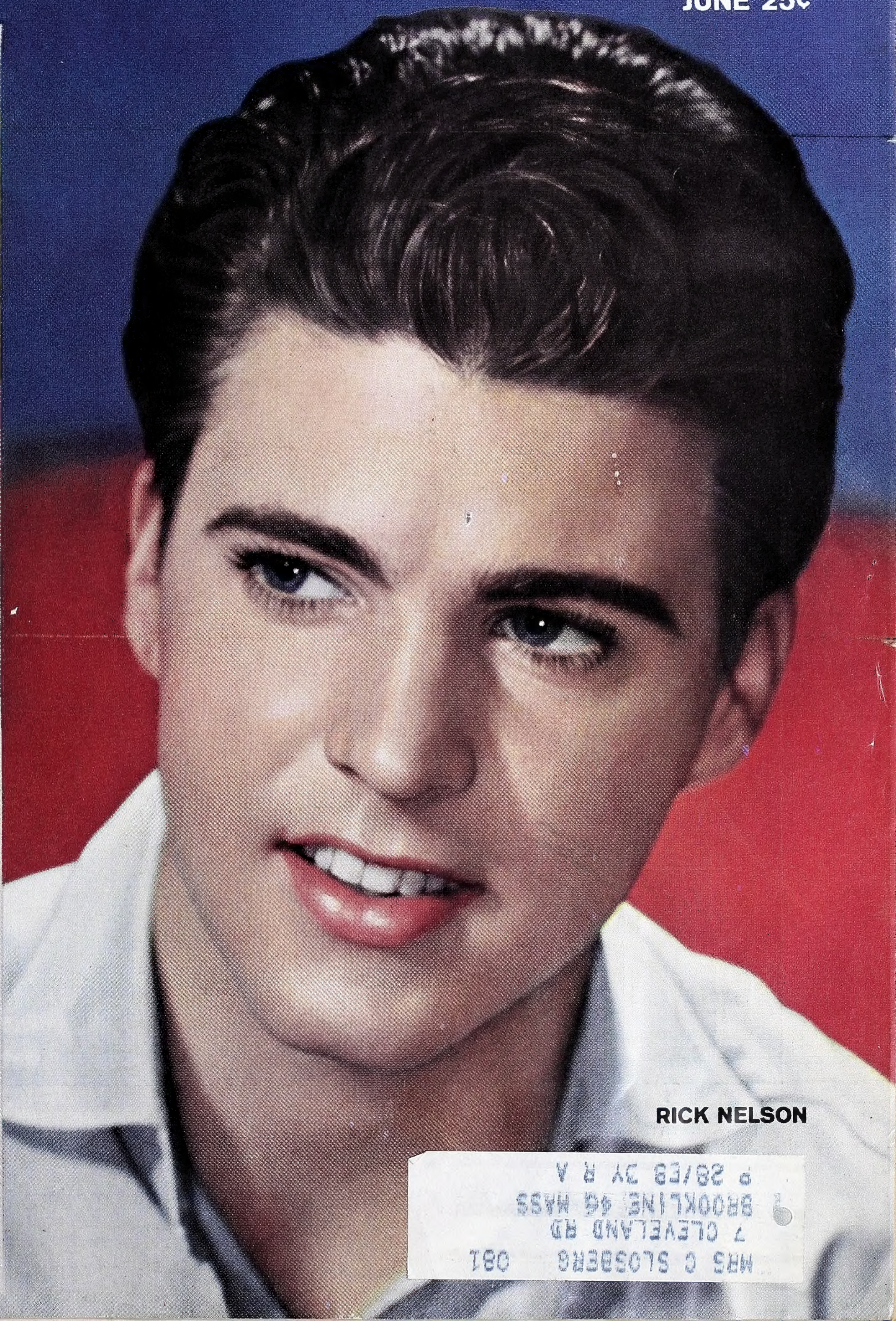
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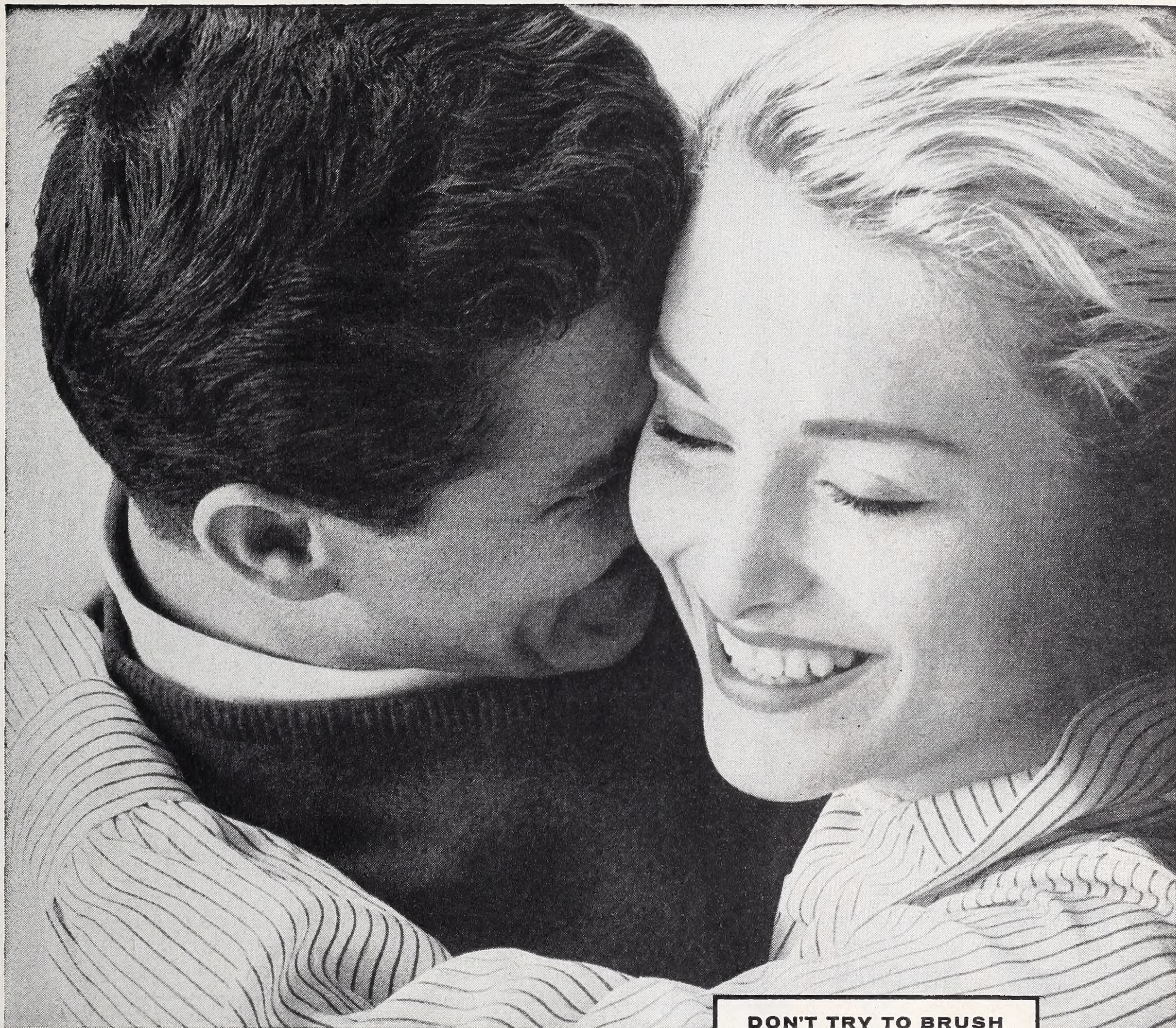
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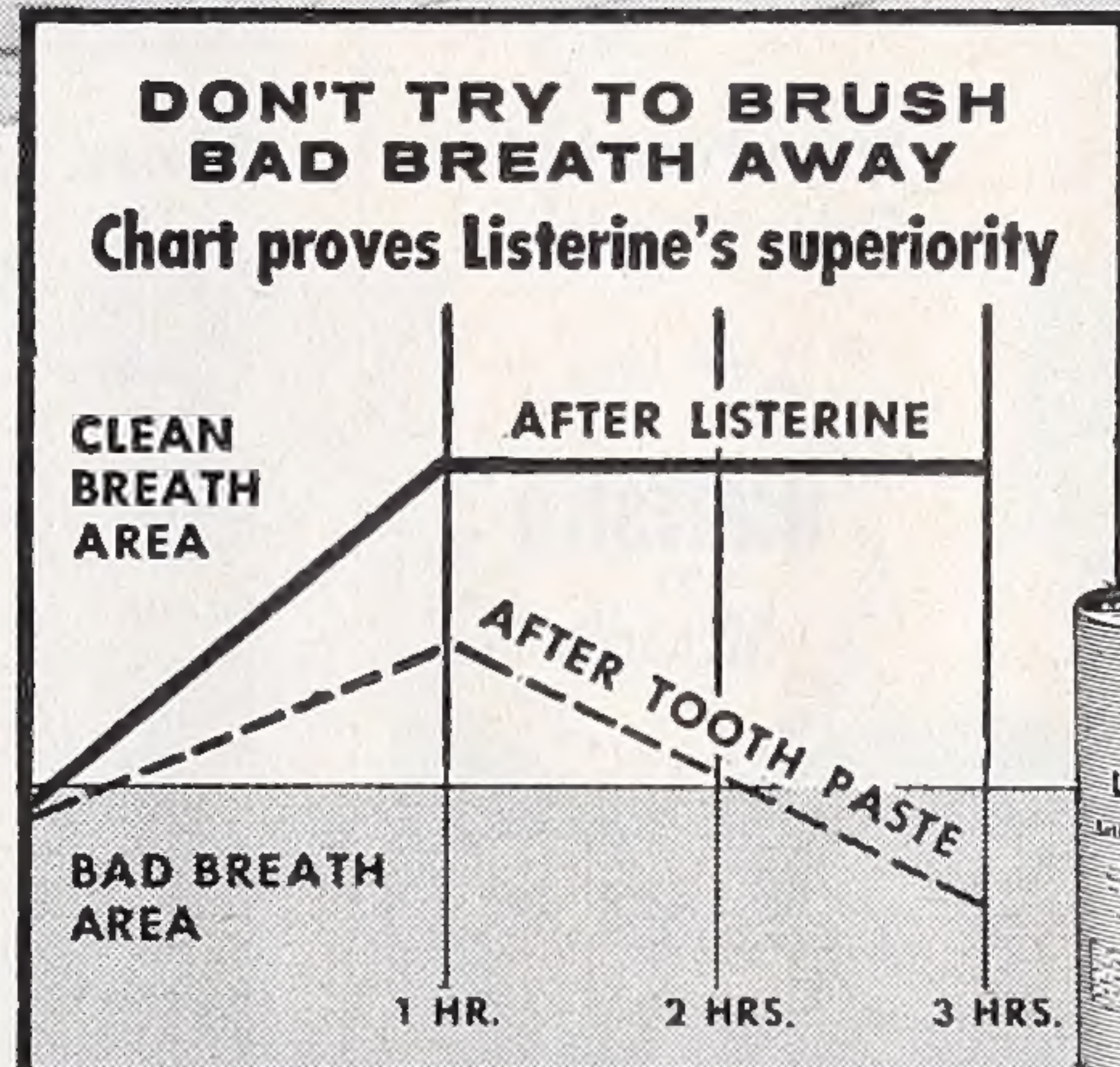
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JUNE, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 6

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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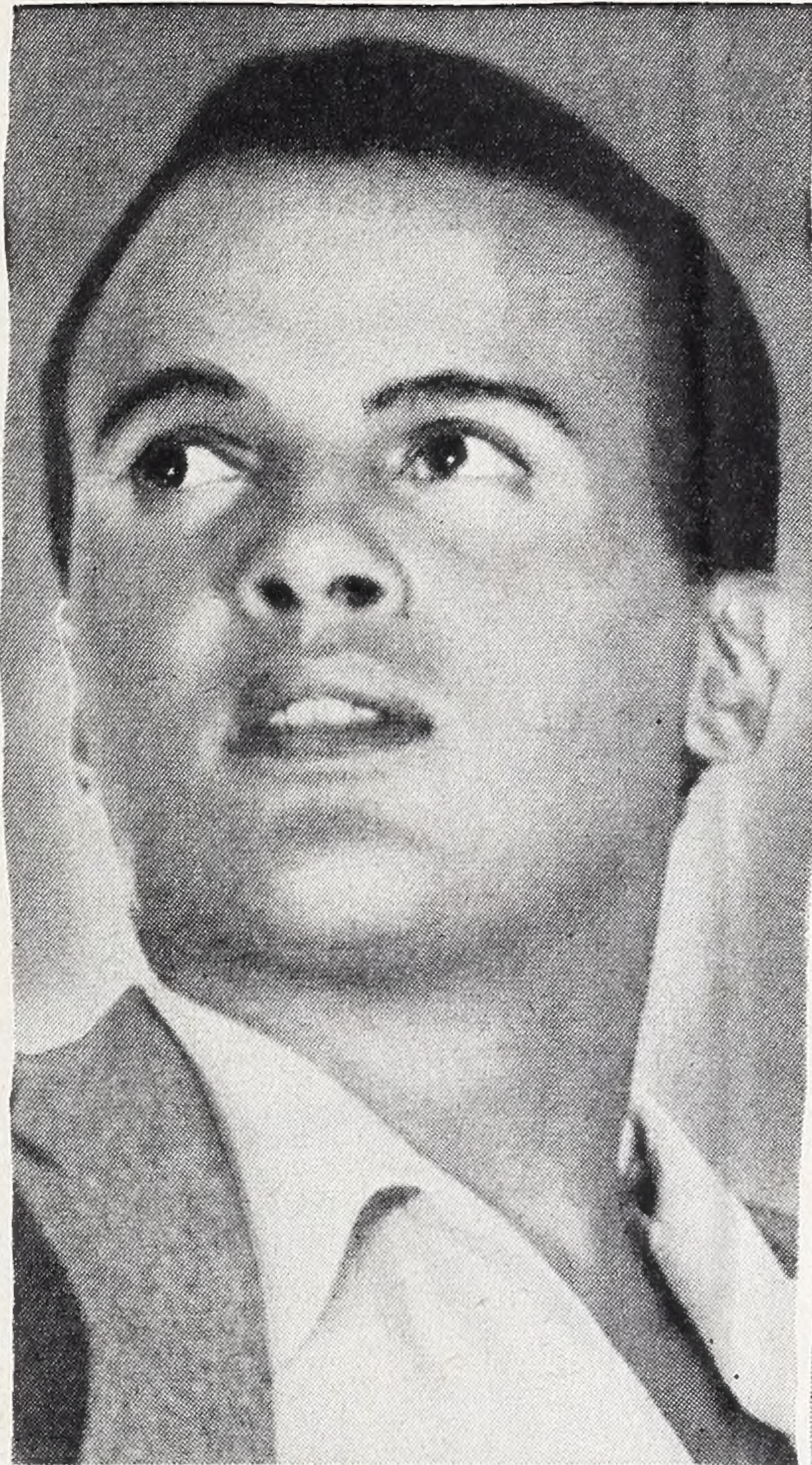
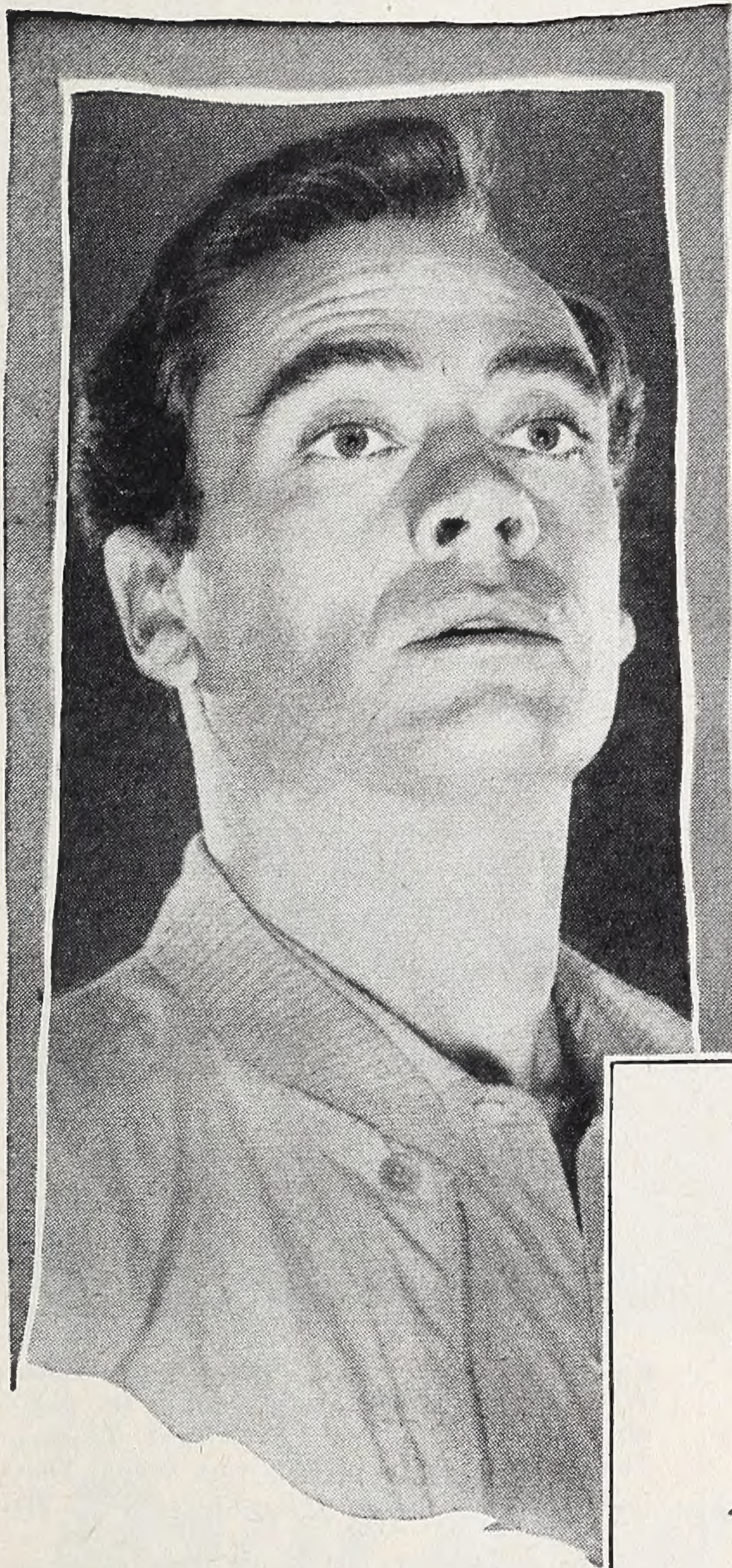
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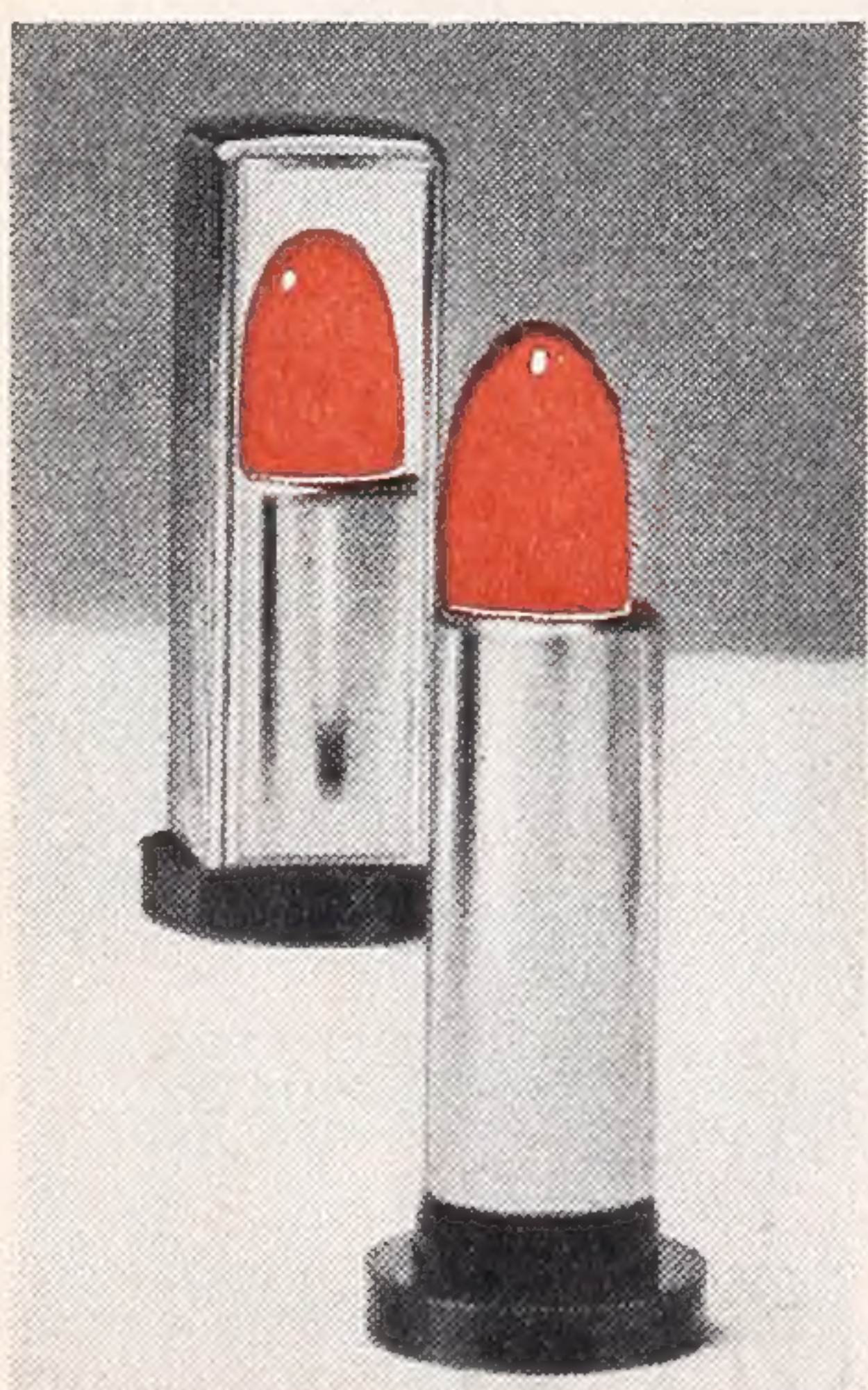
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NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓ **BLACK ORCHID, THE**—Paramount: Warm, sympathetic, well-acted story of courtship problems in two generations—Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, Ina Balin (as Quinn's daughter) and Mark Richman. (F) April

✓✓✓ **COMPULSION**—20th, CinemaScope: Powerful movie suggested by the Leopold-Loeb case, with Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell as the young killers, Orson Welles as their defense attorney. (A) May

✓✓✓ **GIDGET**—Columbia; CinemaScope, Columbia Color: Recommended for all Sandra Dee fans! Sandra's a tomboy who thinks boys are just pals—till she meets James Darren (who does his first movie songs). (F) May

✓✓✓✓ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—U-I; Eastman Color: In a drama full of intense feeling, Lana Turner faces problems of love (with John Gavin) and motherhood (with Sandra Dee). Juanita Hall knows the heartbreak of a Negro mother whose light-skinned daughter (Susan Kohner) wants to "pass." (A) May

✓✓✓ **MATING GAME, THE**—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Debbie Reynolds is a delight in a daffy farce, romancing with Tony Randall while her dad (Paul Douglas) struggles with income-tax woes. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ **RIO BRAVO**—Warners; Technicolor: Big, bold western puts sheriff John Wayne in a tough spot but gives him three likable deputies—Rick Nelson, Dean Martin (yep, they sing!) and Walter Brennan. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ **SEPARATE TABLES**—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller and Gladys Cooper. (A) January

✓✓✓ **SHAGGY DOG, THE**—Buena Vista: What a happy romp's going on in the house next door to Annette Funicello's! Teenager Tommy Kirk keeps turning into a dog. That's right—a large, shaggy dog. (F) May

✓✓✓ **SLEEPING BEAUTY**—Buena Vista; Technirama, Technicolor: Disney does the beloved fairytale in magical animation—sweet, funny, scary and tuneful. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ **SOME LIKE IT HOT**—U.A.: Marilyn Monroe's really something special in this rollicking comedy of the crazy 'twenties. So are Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, hilariously disguised as a couple of flappers. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ **SOUND AND THE FURY, THE**—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Emotion-filled visit with a mixed-up Southern family features splendid work by Joanne Woodward, Yul Brynner, Margaret Leighton. (A) April

✓✓✓ **TEMPEST**—Paramount; Technirama, Technicolor: Scenes of sweeping spectacle are the chief attraction in an epic of 18th Century Russia. Tough peasant Van Heflin leads a revolution: young lovers Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano oppose him. (F) April

✓✓✓ **YOUNG LAND, THE**—Columbia, Technicolor: Finally released, this forceful western proves worth waiting for. Pat Wayne's every inch the lawman. (F) August '58

*Who
and why
and what
the hell
am I?
he fumed...*

**AND WHEN
THE ANSWERS
DIDN'T COME
THERE WAS ALWAYS
ONE PLACE HE
COULD GO...**

Paul Newman *as one of today's angry young moderns
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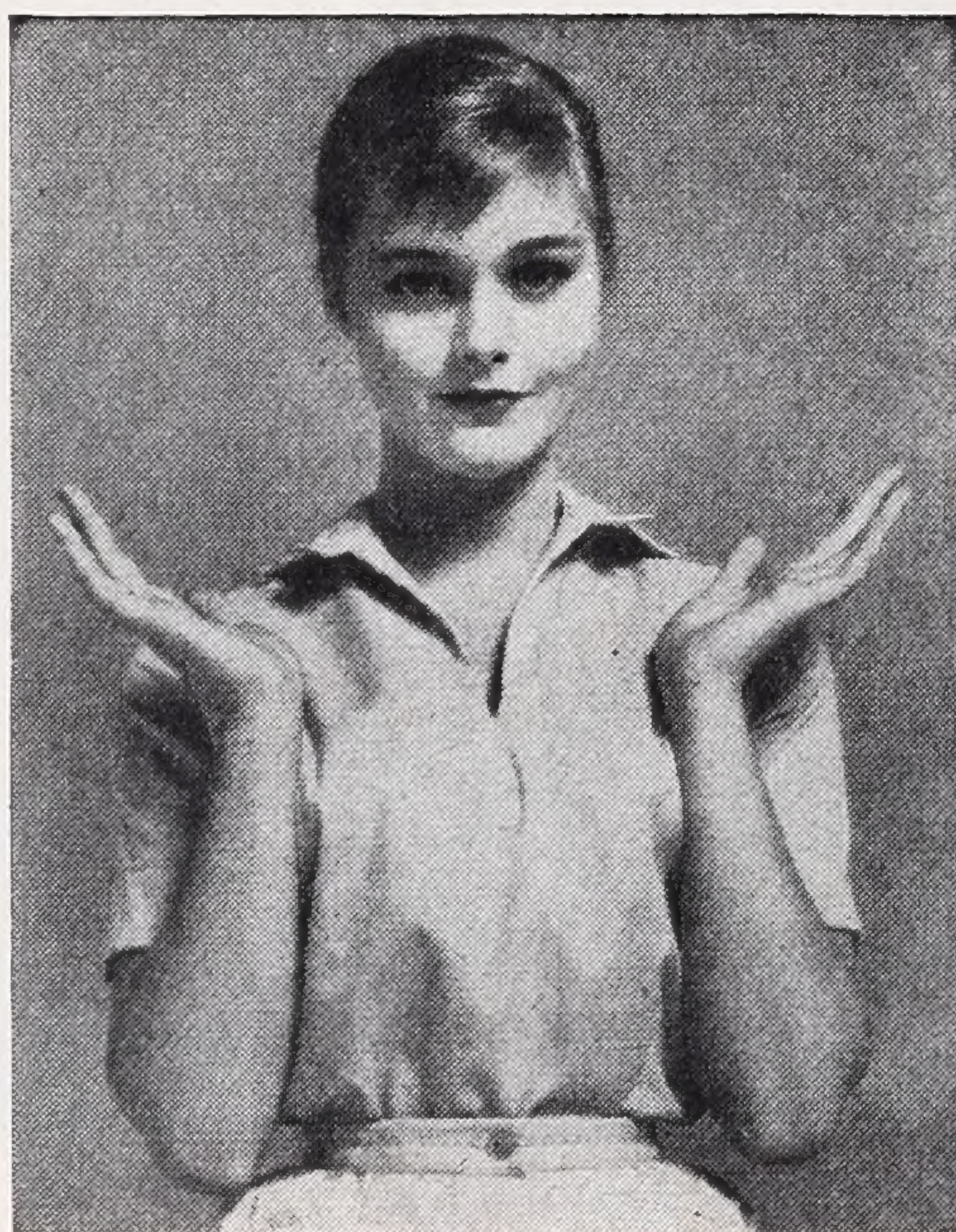


fashion memo from the editor

"It's funny,"—Carol Lynley looked up at me shyly over luncheon on Twentieth's "Holiday for Lovers" set—"but nobody believes me when I say I have to think up new ways of stretching my wardrobe, even if I *am* in the movies."

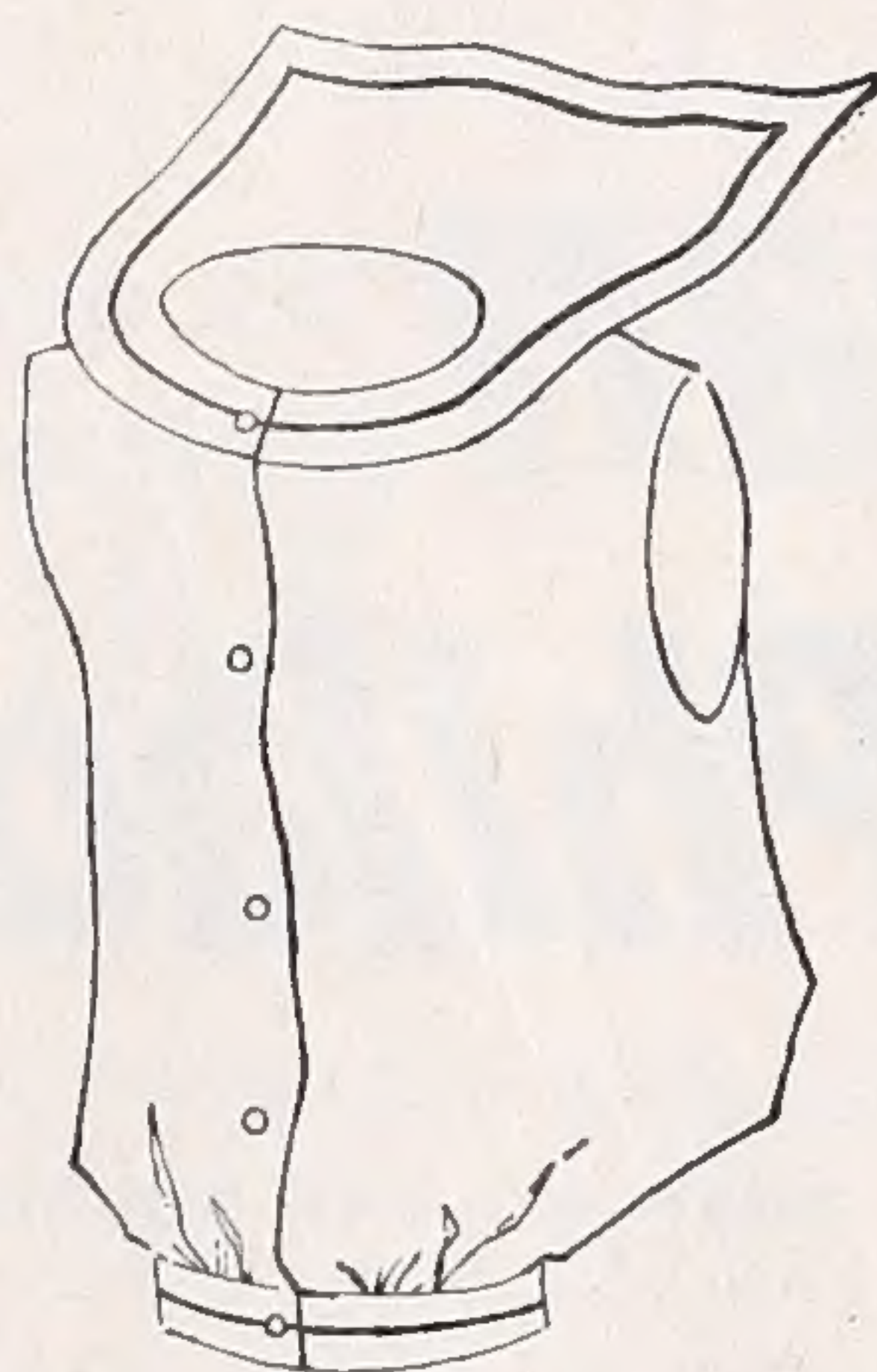
"Well *I* believe you," I reassured her. "Got a favorite trick?"

"Always have had: shirts, shirts and more shirts. I even used to steal my brother's; now," she grinned, "I'm on my own!"—Pam Law



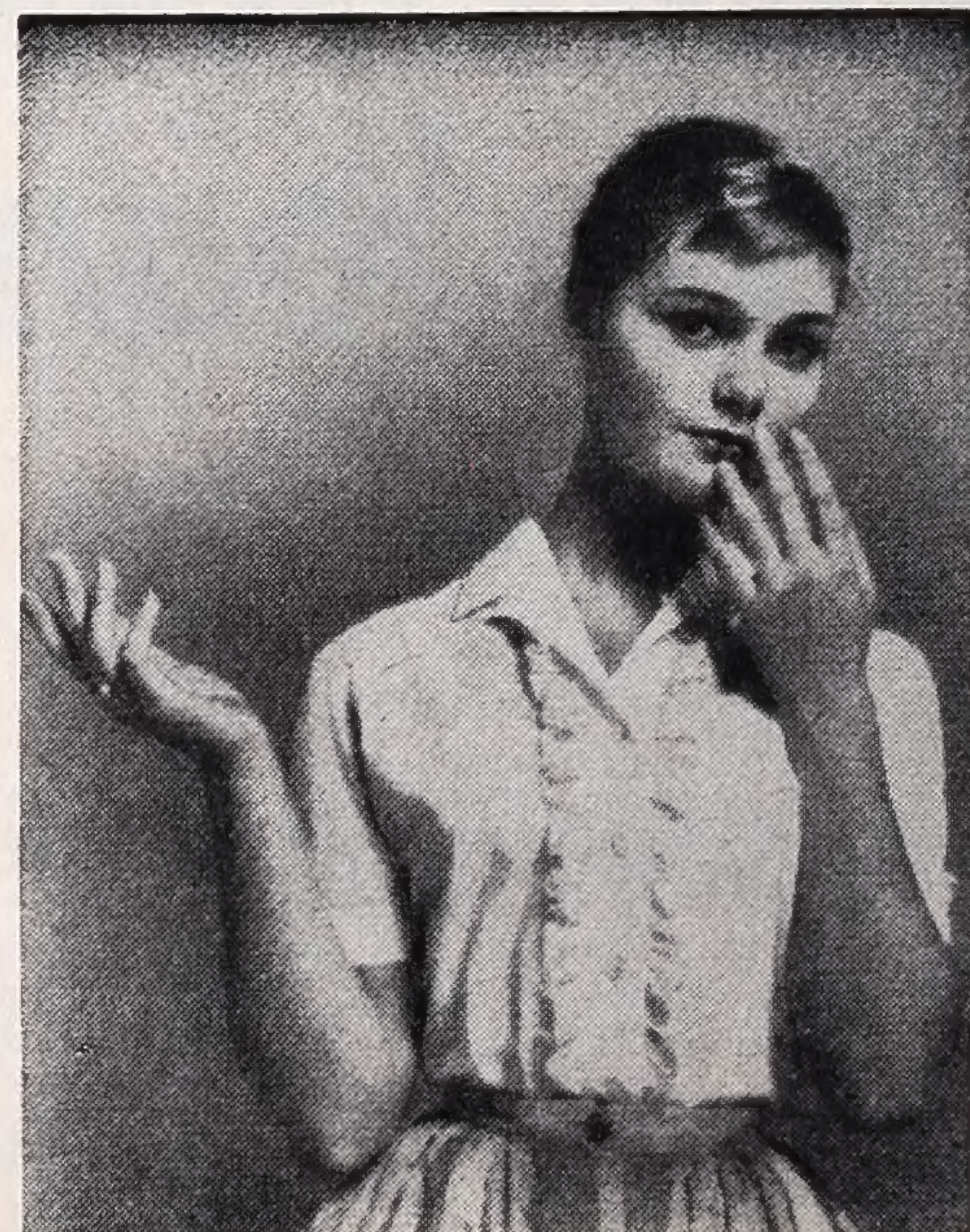
Above: A sweet-as-honey cotton broadcloth shirt covered with bumblebees. Monocle, \$3.98.

Left: Here's Carol in a roll-up sleeve pullover of subtly striped cotton. White Stag, \$4.95.



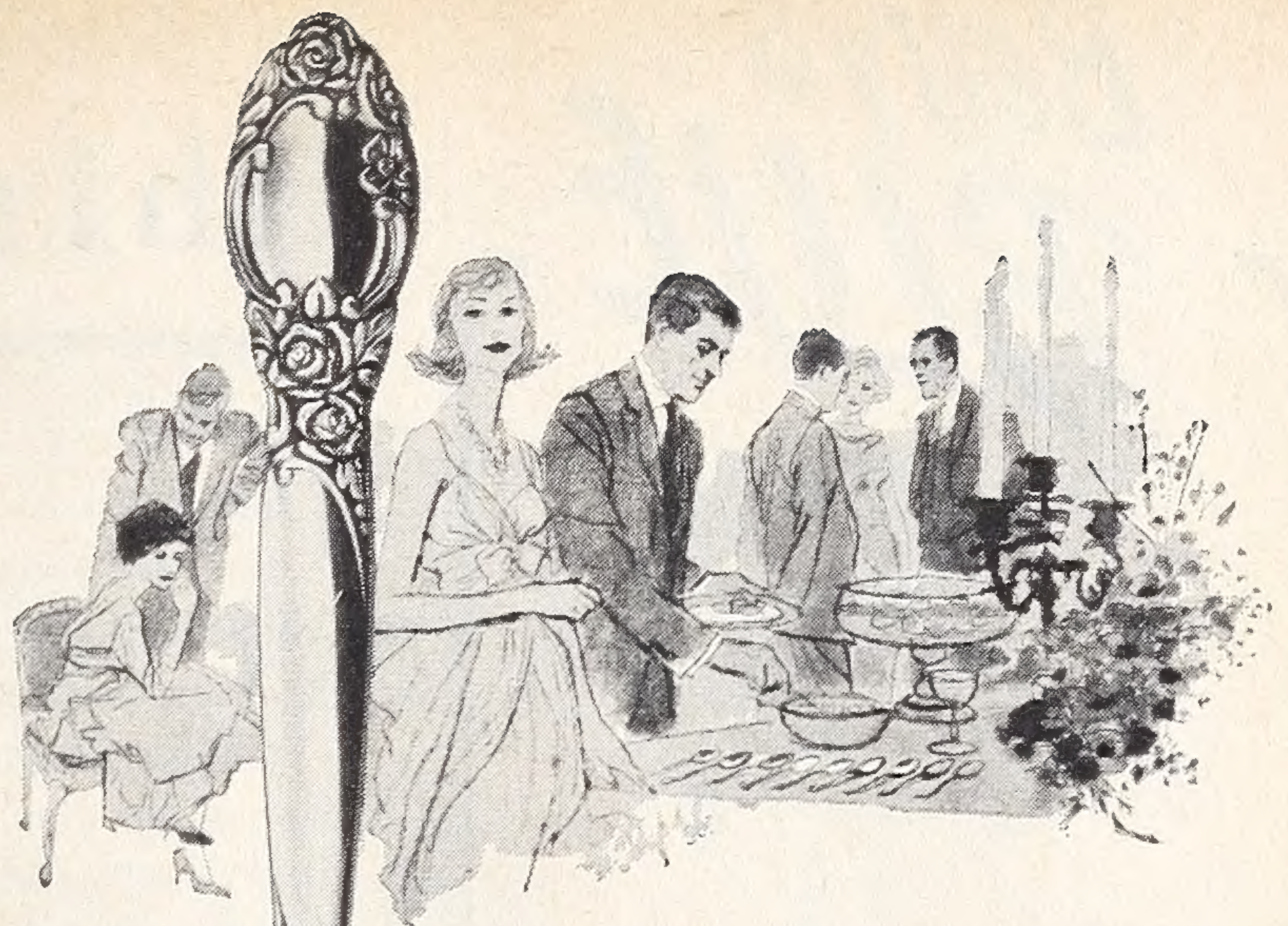
Above: A middy for a perfectly sporting summer. Drip-dry cotton broadcloth. Macshore, \$2.98.

Right: Blouse idea that's feminine-not-fussy, in Dacron and cotton. Ship 'N' Shore, \$3.98.





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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



this page is yours

I decided one gloomy afternoon at the orphanage in Nottingham, England, that I would one day go to America and meet Doris Day.

You see, when you grow up in an orphanage you grow up making believe. You make up stories about your parents, who they are and why you're there. That way you can be anybody.

That dreary afternoon my friend Sister Frances salvaged Photoplay from a Christmas charity package and gave it to me. From the time I opened it and saw the smile of Doris Day, I was incorrigible. I went truant to see her films, even taught "My Secret Love" to the tots in the nursery, where I was a student governess.

As soon as I qualified for employment, I went to London and joined the Doris Day fan club. There I met Betty Grimes, newly arrived from Ireland. We began a savings account.

Three long years later, we were ready to fly to New York, and after months of scrimping in the East, we had our bus-fare to Los Angeles.

Once checked into the "Y," we pored over phone directories until we saw "Mrs. Alma Day." Could she be Doris' mother? She was! (And dur-

ing our visit I pretended she was *my* mother—an old orphanage knack!)

Somehow we managed to find work, and I watched for Doris everywhere.

Finally one day I was called to the telephone. "This is Doris Day Melcher. After what Mother tells me, I'd like very much to see you. Can you have tea with me at the Beverly Hills Hotel tomorrow? . . . Fine. See you!"

Radiant in a blue suit, she came toward us. "Shall we go find the patio?" she said, taking the lead and chatting away to help cover our embarrassment. For that I adored her.

In no time we were asking questions, about her life . . . Terry, Marty, their home . . . hobbies, opinions . . .

Suddenly she asked, "How would you like to see a preview of my new movie? Can you get off from work? But how are you going to get there?"

"But Doris," I exclaimed, "we've already managed to come 6,000 miles to see you!" We laughed, but then I added glumly: "But who'll believe it?"

Doris took a postcard from her handbag. "Hello from Hollywood, California," she began to write. "I'm having tea with Joan Dawson—and it's been such fun meeting her—"

by JOAN DAWSON



The tea wasn't English, but Doris made Betty and me (left) feel right at home.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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Set with plain water...and have
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it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

Weather:
Spooning under a full
May moon
Could mean wedding
bells in June

The Monthly Record

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 4

MAY, 1959

4 Non ¢

NO SECOND DATE



Four things really bug Jimmy Clanton on a date. For instance, if a girl's flirty, it makes Jimmy nervous. He likes her interested in him.

Jimmy Clanton Tells Why He Won't Call "Her" Again

"I'll tell you four things that really bug me when it comes to a date," blue-eyed Jimmy Clanton, sporting an overgrown crewcut, confided in my corner closet at the Photoplay offices where the two of us were discussing my favorite subject: girls.

"First," Jimmy said, "I get nervous if a girl's real flirty. After all, it's me that's taking her out—not all the other guys she's so busy flirting with. I'd like to know she's paying attention to me and interested in what I've got to say."

Next, Jimmy said, a girl's appearance is important. "I like a girl to look neat and nice, but one thing is definitely out: over-sexy clothes. They're just plain embarrassing, for my taste."

Third, Jimmy pointed out he doesn't go for a girl who talks too much. He likes a gal to soft-pedal the conversation. "Now that doesn't mean," Jimmy added, "that I don't like a girl to talk. I do. But I don't like her to go on and on and on about every little thing that's ever happened to her. Let's face one fact: Lots of things we do are just plain boring—and should never be mentioned in company."

Last, but not least, Jimmy said, he likes for a girl to be on time. "If you set a date for eight o'clock and a guy breaks his neck to get there, then a gal should show a little consideration and be ready. Because it's just plain frustrating for a fellow to sit and wait after he's broken a speed limit to get to her on time. Of course, I think this goes for both parties. If a fellow can't make it, then he ought to call and tell her he'll be a few minutes late!"

BIG WHEELS

May is Bike Month, which means you can coast to the nearest bike repair shop and have your two-wheeler inspected for free. Pat Boone's chairman of the month and Annette Funicello is bike "Queen."

TURNTABLE VOX POX

ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

✓✓✓✓ "Swingin' Pretty" features with pixie-pretty Keely Smith whose smoky, hushabye voice will send anybody's heart up a few notches on the thermometer. Keely sings her classic "It's Magic," "The Man I Love" and others in her latest in-love-with-love Capitol album.

✓✓✓✓ "The Keys and I" with Eddie Heywood is out-of-this-world piano music. Eddie's crafty fingers play "All the Way" and "St. Louis Blues" in this RCA roundup of tinkly tunes.

✓✓✓✓ "Rock 'N' Roll Record Hop" features Frankie Lyman, The Cleftones, The Playmates and others singing "Lover Boy," "Why Do Fools Fall in Love" and "The Woo Woo Train." This Roulette album is just about perfect for Friday-night dance parties.

✓✓✓✓ "Pop Stoppers" with the Boston Pops Orchestra. These are show stoppers, of course—eight much-applauded compositions! You'll love "The Skaters' Waltz," "Ritual Fire Dance" and the pulsing tango, "Jalousie." RCA.

✓✓✓ "Eydie Gorme: Love Is a Season." Eydie's always in season—whether you're in or out of love— (continued)

PONI TALES

Pretty La Verne Novak of the Poni Tails Trio wrote us from Cleveland about polishing up her acting technique.

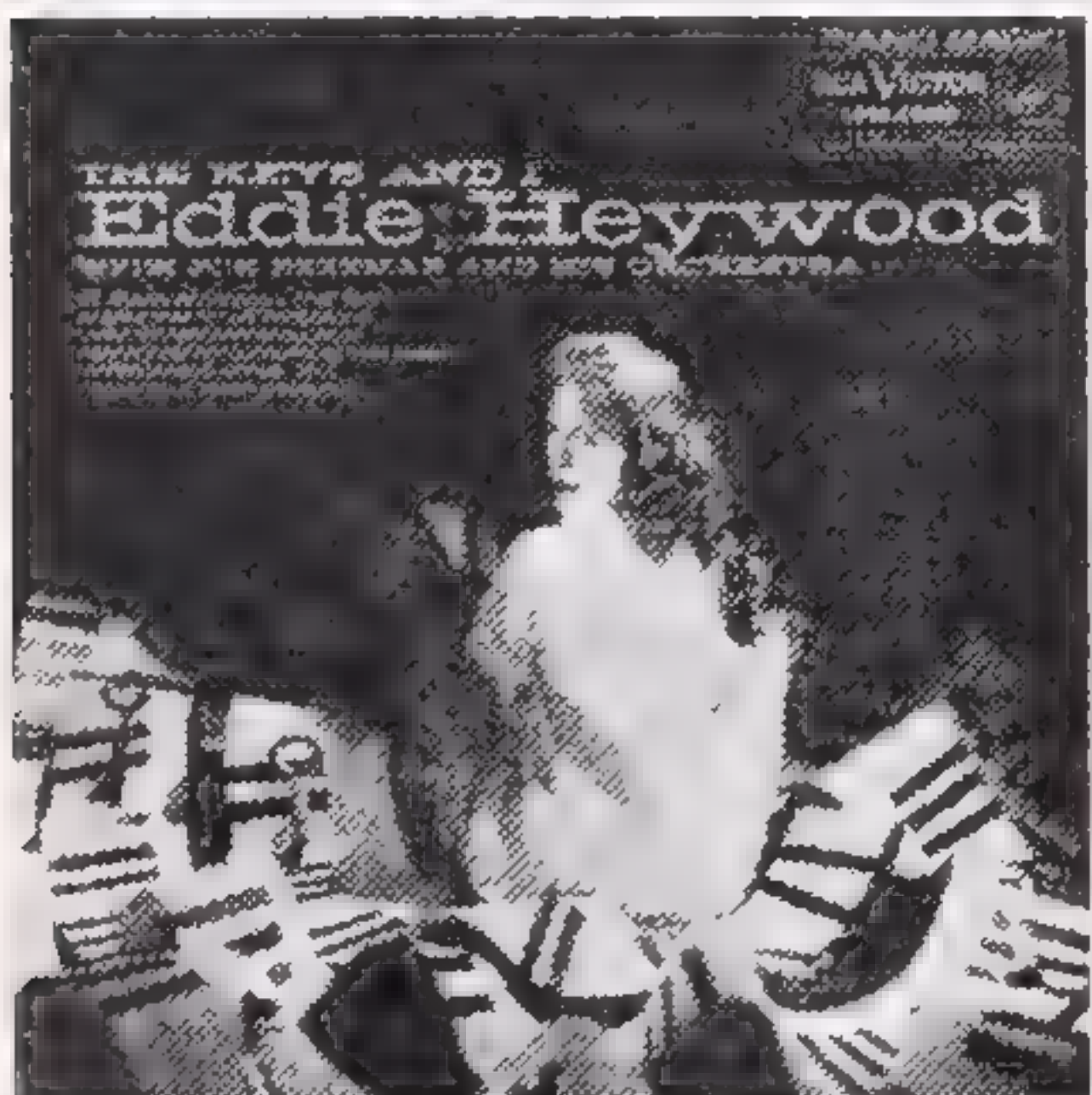
"Where does a person go," she queried, "to study dramatics?"

I asked a number of stars, and all of them suggested it's best to start on a local level.

"Get in with a Little Theater group and try out for a part," Tab Hunter told me when I visited him during the "Meet Me in St. Louis" TV rehearsals. "Or study with a local teacher. If there isn't one in your home town, then try a bigger city nearby."

Tab added, "Too many guys and gals make a break from home without realizing how much money it'll cost them, and before you know it, they run out of dough. Living in New York and Hollywood can be mighty expensive—even on the tightest budget."

"If I had it all to do over, I'd study dramatics in a college not far from where I lived. Or a school of dramatic arts. Then, if the bug bites, try the Big Time!"





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Name _____
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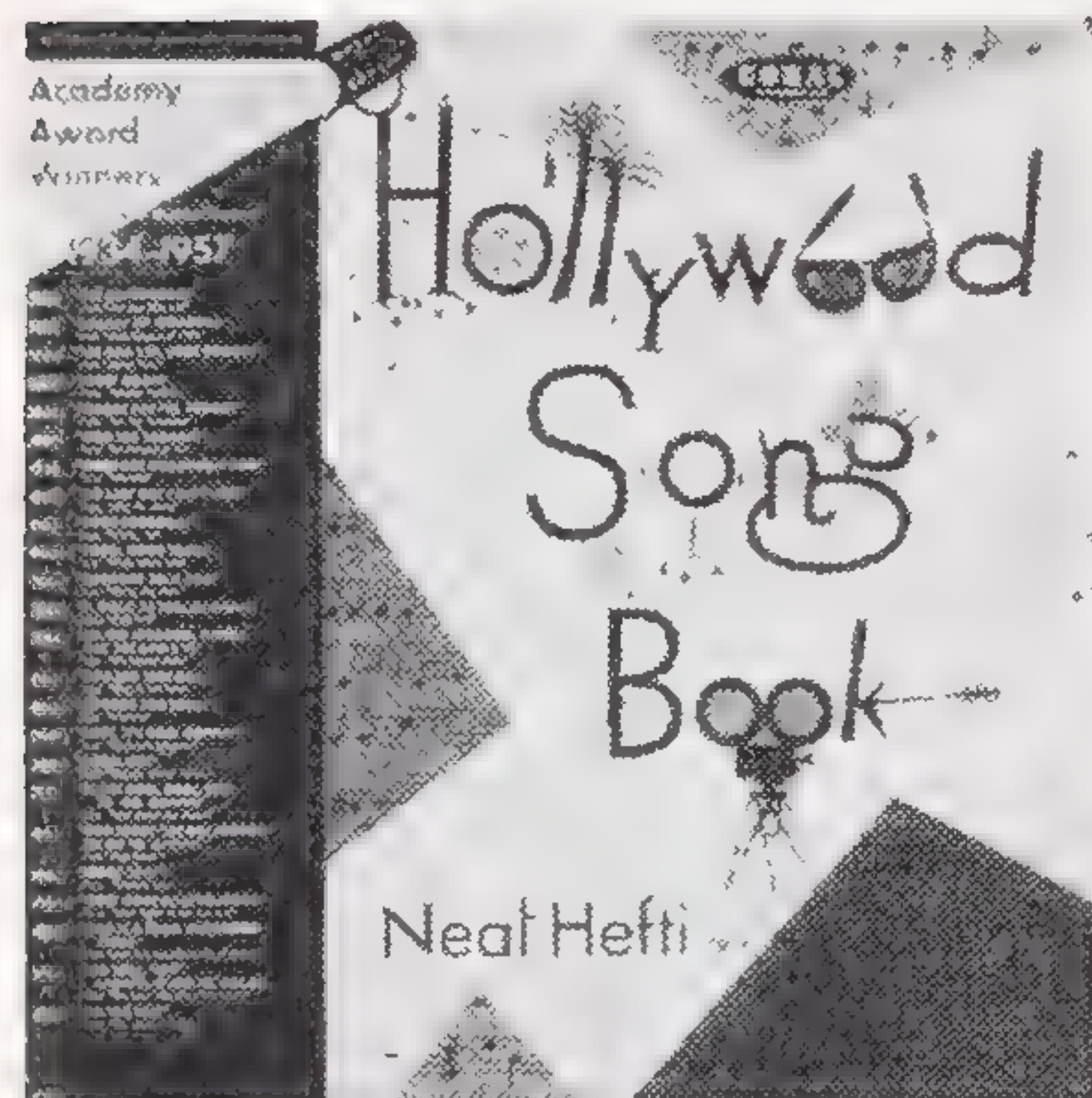
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TURNTABLE VOX POX

continued



FAD ALLEY

"She walks across the street like ten guys." Sandy Frazier writes from Pennsylvania that that's senior slang for "You just can't help but notice her!"

Don't go into hiding if a New England crewcut says, "Gee, you look so green and wrinkled." It's just his way of saying you're as nice as a million bucks.

Latest New York news is to use "cha-cha" instead of "hey"—so reports Maggie O'Day. Samples: "How about a walk, cha-cha?" or "You want to go swimming, cha-cha?"

"My morgue" is the expression used by midwestern gals for that special section of their wallet reserved for ex-steadies!

From deep in the heart of Texas Geri Wood writes, "Here we count boys instead of sheep if we're searching for a little shut-eye."

In Atlantic City some school-girls buy a pair of earrings together, end up wearing a single to show they've just become friends.

In Florida, sweaters and shorts at a party mean it's a "slop hop."

with her great selections on this ABC-Paramount album. Some of her love-a-dove songs: "June in January," "September Song," and "I'll Remember April."

✓✓✓ "Hollywood Song Book" with Neal Hefti and his orchestra. Here are Academy Award winners from 1934-1957 in a Coral album every movie fan will cherish on a keepsake shelf. Know something? Most of the tunes have become classics!

✓✓✓ "Bobby Scott Sings the Best of Lerner and Loewe." This good-looking guy, just twenty-one, whose "Chain Gang" single skyrocketed a few years back, sings some of the songs written by the "My Fair Lady" team in a style that puts him in the front ranks of today's balladeers. Verve.

✓✓✓ "Bobby Darin: That's All." Bobby's latest Atco album prompted Sammy Davis to cable: "You're so good I hate you!" Sammy was teasing, natch. But he was right about Bobby being pretty topnotch. Here's a new Bobby, singing "Mack the Knife" and "It Ain't Necessarily So"—and, to my ear, he's mighty groovy.

NOT MARRIED

When a columnist ran an item saying "Popular Singer Bobby Darin stitched to Jo Ann Campbell"—we got on the phone to Bobby.

"It's not true," he said. "I don't know how that kind of item ever gets printed."

"Jo Ann and I did date all last year," Bobby went on, "and she's such a cute little doll I was growing real fond of her. I guess it was Jo Jo who first realized that if we both wanted careers—and we both do—then it wasn't going to work out for us. We talked it over and we switched from dates to being just good friends. That happened about a week before the gossip item made its splash."

Bobby's very anxious to have everybody know he's still a bachelor. "Maybe then," he said, "all those gals who've been looking so strange when I ask for a date will begin to say yes."

PAT BOONE'S JAM SESSION

"Jam Today" is the club based on a quote from "Through the Looking Glass." Pat Boone mentions this in his popular book, "Twixt Twelve and Twenty." "The White Queen," Pat says, "tells Alice she can have some jam tomorrow and some jam yesterday—but never jam today."

"But I've always believed," Pat adds, "that today is all we have. Tomorrow will be only another today when it arrives. So why shouldn't we enjoy today to the fullest?"

Pat's words inspired the students at the Hayestown Avenue School in Danbury, Connecticut, to draw up a set of rules for a "Jam Today" club which they organized.

Some of the rules:

1. I pray every day in my own way.

2. I respect others' ideas even though I don't agree with them.

3. I do all my work with a pleasant attitude, never with bitterness.

4. I help our home to be a "Happy Home Corporation" by discussing all my problems with my parents and getting their advice.

5. I always try to make new friends and keep the ones I have.

6. I have a home duty which I perform every day the best way I can.

7. I always ask myself about anything I do:

Will it be against my conscience?

Will it have a bad effect on others?

Will it have a good effect on others?

Readers—what do you say?

KIM TELLS SECRET

"No sooner did I get the role of Betty Priesser," Kim told me between shots in her latest movie, "The Middle of the Night," "than I went browsing through the record shops to find the music that suited her best."

"Why?" I asked.

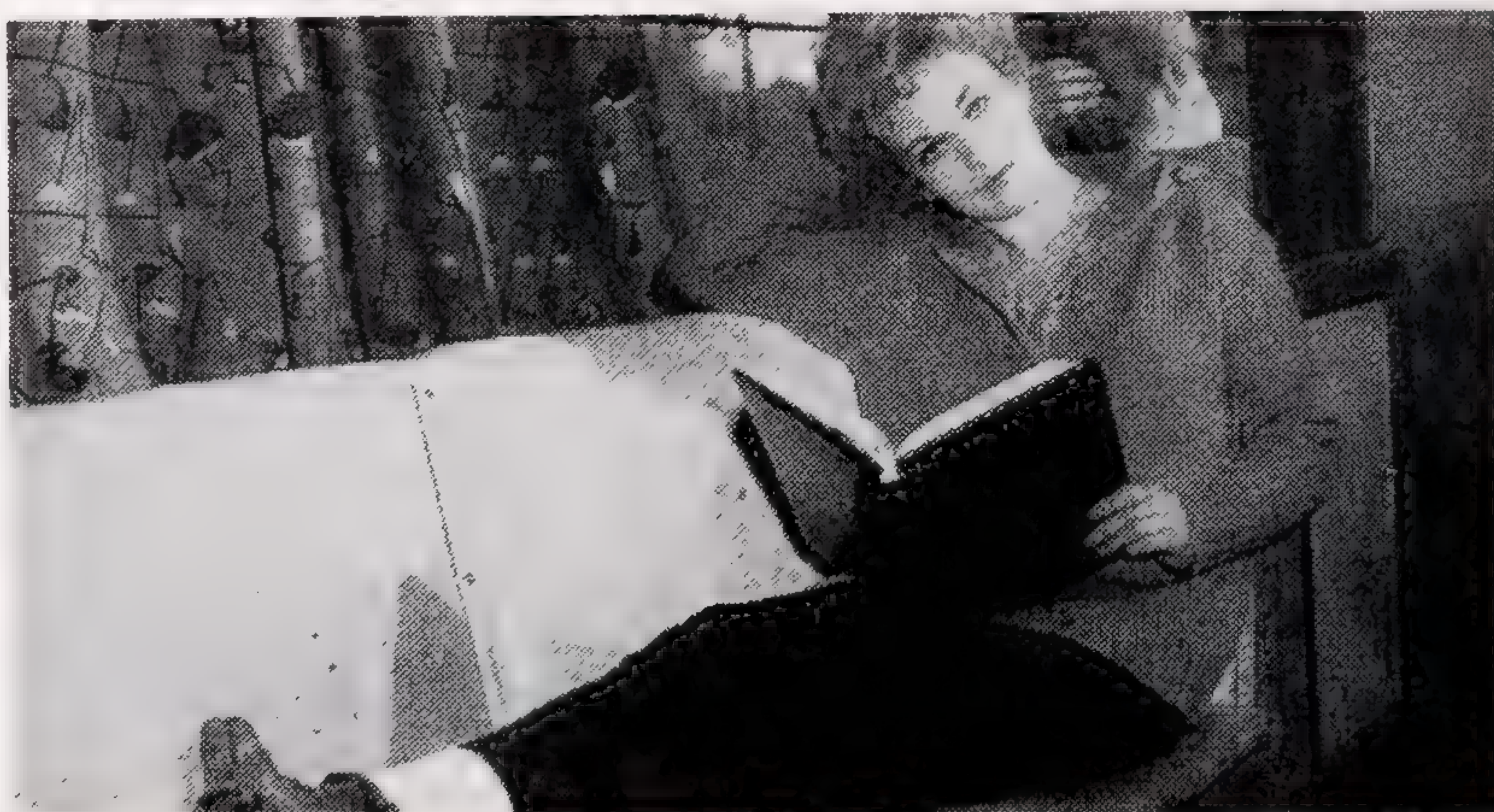
"Well," Kim explained, "they say every actor's got a secret when it comes to developing a new character, and I guess that's mine. I like to find the right music. Then I sit and study the shooting script for hours while the music plays. It helps me get

into the mood of the character."

For the role of Betty in "The Middle of the Night," Kim said she selected "The Rites of Spring" by Igor Stravinsky. "It's so fresh, so young, so right for a girl in love."

For "Bell, Book and Candle" Kim listened to two albums: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" for the witch side of Gilian Holroyd—and Frank Sinatra's "Swinging Lovers" for Gilian's love-personality.

For her dual roles in "Vertigo," Kim dug Gleason's mood music.



Kim Novak's got an acting "method" all her own. It's music, with a different record to put her in the mood for each of her roles.

if
you
care
how
you
feel



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if you need a small build-up for glamour and poise and complete confidence in yourself, you'll find the answer in "curvallure", the bra with Jantzen genius-type foam rubber insert that fills you out above the top of the bra, itself, boosts your bosom in a naturally lovely way, makes you feel divine. Only Jantzen makes it ...in nylon lace and sheer Dacron...bandeau with three-way detachable straps (639) in white, blue, red, pink, black 5.95 ... "daytime curvallure" (619) 3.95

16 DREAMBOATS—CHAINED!

BOOK NOOK



Here are eight dreamboats. Clip 'em—they're just enough to fill half the spaces in your "My Diary Locket."

Yes, that's right—all sixteen of them locked near your heart. When fellow columnist Dick Clark and I bumped heads in the hallway, we caught up on some small talk and I told him about this sweetheart of a gold locket I got in the mail from an admirer who said: "If you have sixteen different poses, please return—pronto!"

Sure, a guy's flattered. But after I inspected this intricate piece of space-age design, I decided to give you readers a high-sign on it. It looks great to me; and I don't think of it only in terms of dreamboats for you mamselles. Seems to me like it might be a lot of fun to include a relative or two.

Still, I asked Vamp, my trench-coated, ladylike spy, to give the Photoplay files the once-over and to pick half the sixteen dreamboats you gals would love most to include in this Coro "My Diary Locket."

Dick, by the way, flipped over the locket, too. Have you seen it on his show?

All of which leads me to my roundup survey on fashion. Remember the feature in Photoplay, a few months ago, with the "Mardi Gras" guys (Tommy Sands, Pat Boone, Gary Crosby and Dick Sargent) all sounding off about fashion gripes?

Well, I went a step further and interviewed a gang of seniors at the New Rochelle High School, and here's what they had to say:

Kurt Schmidt: "More sweaters, please. I like the neater fits—not

the messy, sloppy ones."

D. Lee: "I like girls who wear hats."

Frank S. Wilson: "I dig the long, colored stockings with shorter skirts—and I love girls who wear bright colors."

Oliver Davis: "I go for the long blue or red socks, too. And I like plaid skirts with them."

William Thomas: "Only thing that bothers me are those doggone t-strap shoes. They look like they belong to the dark ages."

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#1): "Gals look too much alike. I wish they wouldn't dress the

same way everybody else in their crowd does."

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#2): "I like a girl to look clean—and that's all. A guy doesn't really notice fashions that much if a girl's got a nice personality. And if she's got a great smile, well, that's it. I'm sold!"

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#3): "I can't stand seeing snow (dandruff) on girls' shoulders. You even see it on bleached noggins, and with all the new products, there's just no excuse."

Girls—your beefs?

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

"A" YOU'RE ADORABLE. *Gerry Granahan* (Sunbeam) O.K.

I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU. *Marilyn Monroe* (United Artists) Ummm

TURN ME LOOSE. *Fabian* (Chancellor) Help!

FORGIVE THEM. *Donna Hightower* (Capitol) Nice

THE WANG DANG TAFFY-APPLE TANGO. *Pat Boone* (Dot) Yummy

LOVE ME IN THE DAYTIME. *Doris Day* (Columbia) Any day, doll

THE FOX. *Joe and Eddie* (Capitol) Racy

MY LOVE IS STRONG. *Jimmy Clanton* (Ace) .. Good Boy!

MY CUTIE'S DUE AT TWO TO TWO TODAY. *Ja Da Quartette* (Warner Bros.) Kookie

DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT? *Lonnie Donegan* (Dot) Yes

Did you know that some stars are too beautiful? They wear clothes so well they overpower the story, and the movie experts have to downplay their beauty!

I learned this from a new book, "The Dress Doctor," by Paramount's fashion designer Edith Head.

"Loretta Young," Edith says, "is such a beauty we have to be careful her clothes don't take too much stage." Clothes, she adds, are Loretta's passion. "Her elegance on the screen merely reflects her elegance at home!"

"We have Clothes Clinics at Loretta's house. We sit in her dressing room and go over an entire wardrobe for a year."

One section I flipped for was "The Masculine Point of View." Yul Brynner says women's clothes are sometimes too self-conscious, too important. And a number of famous directors air their views. All of them, however, come to one conclusion: in selecting clothes, women should keep one thing in mind—MEN!

And, while we're on the subject of fashion, there's a new booklet out with the gayest, fe-



malest summer fashions bound to appeal to the men in your life. The catalogue is free if you write to: The French Boot Shop, Dept. 69, New Rochelle, New York.

Have you ever stumbletoed on the dance floor with a tricky mambo or a sugar push or a pendulum step? Well, here's the book for you—"How to Become a Good Dancer" by Arthur Murray (and it includes Kathryn Murray's dance secrets). There are plenty of simple instructions, breakdowns and diagrams to help you learn to dance in the privacy of your home—without a teacher!

JOHN SAXON, STAR OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "THE RESTLESS YEARS"



"You can always tell a Halo Girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"

Give your hair that extra-shine, too with today's Halo Shampoo

That satin-bright, satin-smooth shine is always the sign of a Halo Girl.
For today's Halo, the truly modern beauty shampoo, has Extra-Shining Action.

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- ♥ HALO shines as it rinses with the *fastest, most thorough rinsing action* possible. Halo leaves your hair satin-smooth, too—so manageable.

Brand-new beauty bottle, too. Everything about today's HALO makes it so easy for your hair to have that extra-bright "look-again" look. Try it today.

Today's HALO glorifies as it cleans... gives your hair that extra-bright shine.



new!
smart,
modern beauty
bottle



Dig this beatnik party. Shown from top to bottom: Bob Horton and John Smith; Horton and his harem; Mark Damon and date Tuesday Weld; Marcia Henderson, John Smith, Dorothy Provine, Peter Breck and, at piano, Carleton Carpenter. All in orbit.



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I know that Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood are trying to act like movie stars offscreen. They recently rented the only house in Beverly Hills that has a swimming pool with salt water. . . . When you're listing the great letter-writers, put down the name of Elvis. Almost every good-looking doll I meet tells me she just received a personal letter from Presley. . . . Jack Palance has a voice like black coffee without sugar. . . . Frank Sinatra sings "I Could Have Danced All Night" so great that he makes it sound like a new song. . . . Quotable Quote from Tony Randall: "I've got the kind of face that looks as if I've already been waited on." . . . I'm sorry that Edward R. Murrow quit doing "Person to Person." I was going to watch him until he visited the wrong house. . . . The hip young man Mort Sahl is usually put down by girls and love. "Girls tell me I analyze too much. Why don't I follow my feelings? That's ridiculous. If I followed my feelings I'd be an outlaw."

I miss Lauren Bacall. . . . Sir Laurence Oliver is puzzled by our music and all the jazz that goes with it. "I can't understand a country where when their music is real hot it's cool." . . . Barrie Chase is an unfinished person who is as intriguing as an unfinished crossword puzzle. . . . I've had it with books and plays and articles about F. Scott Fitzgerald. He would have had it, too! . . . Tommy Sands is trying to be like Pat Boone, who is trying to get away from being like Pat Boone. . . . Quotable Quote from Doris Day: "Have you ever torn up a snapshot of yourself you didn't like? Can you imagine looking at yourself on the screen and feeling that way? I have." . . . 1959's Oscar derby will be exciting. In the winter book we have such entries as "The Diary of Anne Frank," "The Nun's Story," "Ben Hur," "Porgy and Bess," "Spartacus" and "The Last Angry Man," to mention just a few. . . . And Kim Novak had a niche built into her new home for an Oscar. . . . Now that Pamela Mason is on so many TV panel shows, I'm able to understand James Mason's behavior. . . . Starlet Googie Schwab told me why she's getting a divorce. "My husband is too changeable. A month ago I adored him. Today I hate the sight of him."

Sandra Dee and her young mother could go out on a double date. And they do! . . . Marlon Brando wasn't discovered by Lee Strasberg. It was Strasberg who was discovered by Brando. . . . Marilyn Monroe can afford to be late as long as customers hurry to the box office to see her. . . . I'd like to stroll around M-G-M with Norma Shearer if she'd comment while on the tour. . . . Yul Brynner is unique. He looks younger with no hair than he does with hair. . . . Quotable Quote from Susan Hayward: "Marriage should be made more difficult and divorce much easier." . . . Rock Hudson could give Emily Post lessons in politeness. . . . Efrem Zimbalist Jr. says he is pleased that the studio didn't try to change his name, . . . Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor usually spend Sundays doing laundry—their diamonds! That's Hollywood For You!



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the napkin most girls prefer



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Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accented with a cluster of flowers.

- To express your flair for color, be bold with this year's fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels...accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.
- Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece...a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.

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 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Diary of Anne Frank

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Snow flakes drift through a broken skylight onto Millie Perkins' face as she looks at young Richard Beymer, and you see in her eyes all the sweet, puzzled yearning of first love. For the moment, she appears to be facing the world of every teenager. Then suddenly she isn't. She's Anne Frank, the girl whose tragic story won the sympathy of people all over the world. And the film becomes a drama of overwhelming emotion, calling on a person's deepest feelings: love of a sweetheart, love of family, love of life. The closeness of death sharpens these feelings, as Anne and her people are Jews, hidden from the Germans by Dutch friends in a factory loft in Amsterdam. Outside, they can hear the horns of Nazi trucks, the tramp of Nazi feet, the blasts of bombs. But inside life has to go on as usual. Anne's parents, Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber (top left with Millie), might be your own; Shelley Winters, your foolish next-door neighbor; Ed Wynn, the fussy old bachelor down the street. These aren't heroes and heroines out of fiction; they're warm, real, sometimes even funny people. And George Stevens' splendid direction shows in them the human dignity that is one of the most precious things in life and makes this a film to be remembered—especially at Academy Award time. **FAMILY**

Pork Chop Hill

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Most of us know men who fought in Korea, and probably they don't talk much about it. This movie tells us what it was like, and the scenes are strong and convincing. Gregory Peck plays a hard-talking lieutenant, leading his men in an attack against an enemy-held bastion on Pork Chop Hill. But the men want to know why they have to fight, because at this very minute, peace negotiations are going on at Panmunjom, and this scarred, stony chunk of earth is hardly of any strategic value. Why should they die for it? And gradually we get to know the personalities of each one of them, as if they were our own boyfriends or brothers. It all happened just yesterday—but it could happen again tomorrow. Don't miss this! It's one of the most realistic war pictures ever made. **FAMILY**

Warlock

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Give yourself a treat with the best western that's come your way this year. It's loaded with stardom. Everybody knows the marshal (Henry Fonda) is mighty fast with his gold-handled guns. But his deputy sheriff (Richard Widmark) is stubbornly ready to bring in some real legal law. And where does Anthony Quinn line up? Well . . . better keep an eye on him. For a change, there's excitement in the kissin' as well as the shootin'. Dolores Michaels is a lady, yet Dorothy Malone is no better than she should be, but each gal loves the excitement of a guy who's likely to get gunned down any minute. **FAMILY**

Green Mansions

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Who's for romance? Come along with Tony Perkins on a jungle journey into a green wilderness where the strangest and loveliest wild creature is a sprite named Audrey Hepburn (bottom left with Tony). Tony plunges into the tropical wilderness, thirsty for revenge and hungry for gold—until he sees Audrey. Then the story turns into a tingling blend of love and mystery, with old-timer Lee J. Cobb guarding a guilty secret about the girl. And the background's as pretty as a romantic postcard from Florida. **FAMILY**

(continued)

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will do for both—different control demands two types!

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Choose *this* for . . .
the world's only windproof,
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Wisps and straggles blend
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sticky? dulling? flaky?
Never!!!

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Choose *this* for . . .
the airy sensation of each
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Restyle with just a flick
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sticky? dulling? flaky?
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New! lather  fragrance  color  wrapper

MOVIES *continued*

Room at the Top

CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓✓ This is a fascinating and extraordinary British film with Laurence Harvey and young Heather Sears (who gave such a fine performance as the deaf, dumb and blind girl in "The Story of Esther Costello"). Harvey does a searching job as a penniless young man on the make, selfishly determined to marry into money and social standing in an industrial town of northern England. Is Heather Sears, as the wealthy industrialist's highly-polished daughter, a bit of a bore? Oh well, she's pretty and rich—and useful. And Laurence can always amuse himself with a mature Frenchwoman (Simone Signoret), who's conveniently set herself up in the town. But his own emotions nearly double-cross him. A provocative movie with power and sensitivity, it's worth seeing twice. ADULT

Wild Strawberries

JANUS

✓✓✓✓ Sweden gives us the pleasure of a movie that is pure poetry, mingling past and present, youth and old age in the story of a one-day car trip. We meet Victor Sjöström, an elderly man for whom memory and reality have become somewhat confused. He begins to remember his own boyhood sweetheart when he's joined on his car trip by a saucy hitchhiker (Bibi Andersson) and her two quarreling boyfriends. At the heart of the film is the tragedy of emotional coldness. But there's nothing chilly about Bibi, a lively blonde who'd be right at home in Hollywood. ADULT

Al Capone

A.A.

✓✓✓ The bad old days when the gangs ruled Chicago come roaring back to life in this fast, tough, true-life thriller about the gangster who's become a legend. Rod Steiger gives us a Capone who is not a monster but a man, though he's a pretty sorry specimen of humanity. Except for love interludes with Fay Spain (who has some most compelling scenes), it sticks strictly to truth and to business—the business of crime. All in all, a rogues' gallery of expert performances. ADULT

Alias Jesse James

UA., DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Bob Hope says, "Are you a horse and over 21? Then you should go for this 'adult Western.'" It's Hope kidding the bluejeans off of every cowboy in the West. And if you're wondering how come a timid life-insurance salesman (Bob) ever came to be running around with Jesse James (Wendell Corey), you'll just have to see this wacky comedy to find out. Listen for Bob and luscious Rhonda Fleming harmonizing on "Ain't A-Hankerin'!" I think they've a hit in this fine and funny follow-up to Bob's Oscar-winning "Buttons and Bows." Wait'll Bing hears it! FAMILY

Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.

A.A.

✓✓✓ Catch this imaginative suspense movie and be among the first to spot a bright new talent—George Hamilton. He's tall and dark, young and handsome, but he isn't leaning on his good looks. A lot more is demanded of him here. Transferred to a California seacoast town, the Dostoevski classic seems as up-to-the-minute as the beat of the jazz score. And George gives you terrifying insight into the clouded mind of the college student who murders a mean female pawnbroker. It's a complicated story, but it pulls you along every step of the path to the inevitable finish, while George is trailed by a patient police lieutenant (Frank Silvera) and a mocking fellow killer (John Harding). Only person the boy can trust is a pretty, sympathetic girl (Mary Murphy) whose way of life isn't so pretty. There's extra excitement in the picture because it proves that you don't need big names to do a fresh, vigorous job of movie-making.

ADULT

The Eighth Day of the Week

CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓ Young people fall in love on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain, too. So says an affecting Polish movie about life in present-day Warsaw, where the scars of wartime bombings still show and the housing problem looms large. For poor people almost anywhere, privacy is a luxury out of reach. That's the dream of two young lovers, who only want a place to be alone together. As we follow them in their search, from the countryside to city ruins to a big department store at night, we get a pretty good look at another sort of beat generation. (Though the picture was actually shot in Poland, the dialogue is in German, with titles in English. It's explained that the government got last-minute jitters and wouldn't let the Polish-language version out of the country.)

ADULT

The Naked Maja

U.A.; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Lots of other kinds of color besides Techni- are crowded into this tempestuous story of Spain 150 years ago. We get Tony Franciosa seething intensely, Ava Gardner looking wickedly beautiful, Goya's paintings splashed across the screen, costumes swirling in a carnival, gunfire crackling as Napoleon's soldiers march in to take over. All the ingredients for exhilarating entertainment are on hand, but the mixture obeys the historical-epic formula, and that often tastes slightly dusty. You can't (continued)

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MOVIES *continued*

blame it on the stars. They both give it a good try, Tony as Goya, Ava as the high-spirited duchess who allegedly posed for the nude painting referred to in the title. According to the script, there's a blazing love affair between these two. But the film is in no danger of getting scorched. ADULT

The World, the Flesh and the Devil

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Hey! Where *is* everybody? Wandering through the streets of Manhattan, Harry Belafonte has no traffic problem. His problem is—no people. World War III has come and gone, and it looks as if practically everybody has been disintegrated—except Harry. A scared blonde is seen dodging into a doorway; Inger Stevens shows up to double the cast. Then Mel Ferrer sails up the East River in a battered boat and makes it three. A crowd. The idea is fascinating: three people (Harry, Mel and Inger, shown below left) alive among all the riches of a dead city. And explosive questions are raised: What happens to the color bar in so small a society? What to do when male outnumbers female two to one? It's exciting to watch, and it'll give you plenty to argue about afterwards. Science-fiction readers, however, will find the idea long familiar and the execution unrealistic. For the legion of Belafonte fans, there are songs worked smoothly and appealingly into the action. ADULT

The Wild and the Innocent

CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Push away a mop of shaggy flaxen hair, dig away several layers of dirt—and there's Sandra Dee, sweet and pert as ever. She's teamed with Audie Murphy (below right) in a fun-filled ramble that gets a little distance away from the routine west-

ern. Audie's been brought up in the backwoods by an old fur-trapper; Sandra's been roaming the roads with her shiftless paw and maw and a whole passel of other young-uns. What happens when the pair hits a tough frontier town? That'd be telling, but we can say that sheriff Gilbert Roland and dance-hall gal Joanne Dru are in on the answer. FAMILY

Watusi

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Good news for lovers of African adventure: Big game still jams the jungle and the veldt; the natives are still restless; and nobody's pried the treasure out of "King Solomon's Mines" yet. If you remember the movie of that name, starring Stewart Granger, you'll be interested in this sequel, with George Montgomery as the son of the earlier explorer, still looking for the legendary riches. Taina Elg supplies the romance on the safari, though there's a complication: She's German, and George hates Germans. In a story that's never stingy with its thrills, African-movie buffs will be pleased to meet up again with the Watusi, the rangy tribe that looks on a six-footer as practically a midget. FAMILY

Hey Boy! Hey Girl!

COLUMBIA

✓✓ How *can* she keep her face so straight? That's what Keely Smith's fans wonder. So it's a delight to find that Keely can relax from that comic pose and come across as a warm personality, as nice and frank and friendly a girl as you'd want to meet. While Louis Prima plays himself in their co-starring picture, she carries a fiction role, as an orphan who is second mother to her kid brother (Kim Charney). Louis offers her a singing career and his heart, but little brother gets jealous. It's a modest and winning story, with generous helpings of chuckles and music. The title tune's a





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CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

**You pay nothing if you're
not satisfied with your
weight loss . . . as much
as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs.
the first week!**

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight!

It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. *without* cruel diets, *without* giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is *reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you *must* be

satisfied with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

REGIMEN TABLETS are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat the foods you like, *without* overeating.
2. They force you to lose weight *automatically* by removing excess "fluid weight".
3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No super will power. YOU FEEL COMPLETELY SATISFIED ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED

So start reducing the REGIMEN TABLET way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you *must* be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or money back. REGIMEN TABLETS are guaranteed safe for normally healthy people when taken as directed on label.

CLINICAL TEST PROVES REGIMEN TABLETS FOR "NO-DIET REDUCING"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. *In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the SEVERE 1000-calorie diet group.* This is *clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can eat the foods you like and *still* lose weight!



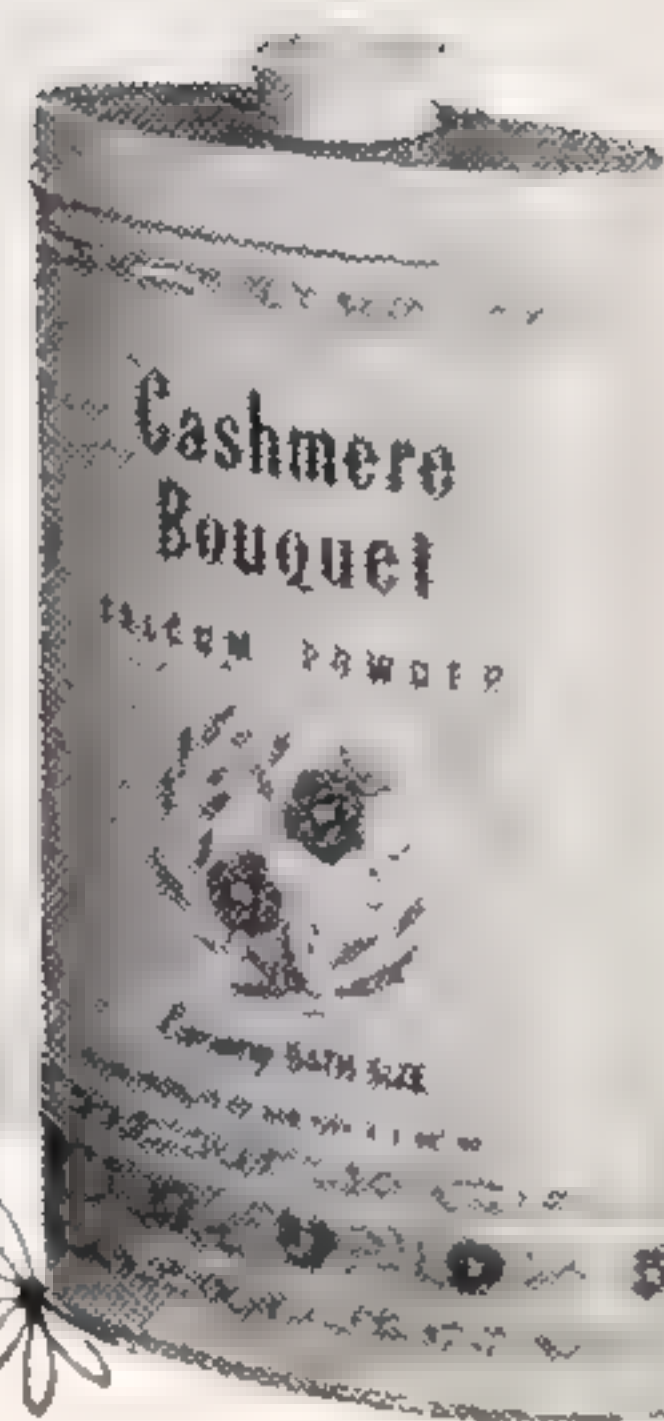
Regimen Tablets

10-day supply, only \$3
20-day supply, only \$5
(You save \$1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.



Your
fragrant
veil of
freshness...



Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc...scents and
silken every inch of you
...more lastingly...
more lovingly than
costly cologne

No cologne protects and
prolongs daintiness like Cashmere
Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate.
Won't dry your skin. Will leave you
silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over
for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet,
made of *pure imported* Talc, be your
lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

MOVIES *continued*

honey! Probably you've already heard it, but it's twice as much fun to watch Keely and Louis do it up in style.

FAMILY

Count Your Blessings

M-G-M;
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓ It's a pleasure to spend a happy hundred minutes or so with two people as charming as Deborah Kerr and Rossano Brazzi (below left with Chevalier)—especially when everybody is so lovely and rich. The mansions they live in are simply smashing, as Deborah might say. The clothes are très, très chic, as Rossano might say—in this movie, he's supposed to be French. But with all that luxury, they've got troubles (mostly romantic). After an impulsive wartime wedding and nine long years of separation, a couple of married strangers have to get acquainted. Even their little son (Martin Stephens) is no help. In fact, let's face it, the kid's a bit of a brat! And there are a few things Deborah doesn't know about the ways of French husbands. But in walks uncle Maurice Chevalier to read her a kindly lecture. He's the wise old boulevardier again, just as lovable as he was in "Gigi." While glimpses of London and Biarritz liven up the background, it's Paris that shares star billing with Kerr, Brazzi and Chevalier. The City of Light (and Love) never looked more beautiful, a bright setting for this sparkling gem of a comedy.

ADULT

Juke Box Rhythm

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Meet Jo Morrow and Jack Jones (below right), young newcomers you'll want to see more of. Jo—very definitely a girl—recalls at first glance the delicate blonde beauty of Princess Grace. But that's entirely intentional, because Jo's cast as a Euro-

pean princess on a U. S. junket. A lanky boy with a likable grin, Jack's the son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, screen favorites years back. He's inherited Allan's skill with a song, and he gets a chance to show it off in the pleasant course of a yarn about a stage musical that desperately needs backers. But nobody cares much about the plot; it just serves to bring in several popular combos (the Earl Grant Trio, the Nitwits, the Treniers), a dash of dancing and a light seasoning of Hans Conried's wacky comedy.

FAMILY

Three Strange Loves

JANUS

✓✓ Flashes of interest in this brooding Swedish film are provided mostly by the talent of Ingmar Bergman. No, we don't mean Ingrid. This Bergman is a he, a director whose brilliance shines to better advantage in "Wild Strawberries" (also reviewed in this issue). The story, unnecessarily confused in the telling, centers on a former ballerina whose marriage is shadowed by memories of the tragic love affair that came first. Her problems are bad but those of her friends are worse.

ADULT

Room 43

CORY

✓ When the British are good, they're very good (see "Room at the Top"). When they're bad . . . This thriller is all about the ancient institution that used to be called "the white-slave trade," and the plot might have been considered very hot stuff around 1910. Unfortunately, some expert players—Brenda de Banzie, Herbert Lom—are mixed up in it. Diana Dors also tries hard, as the one with the heart of gold. And a bit of strength is added by hero Eddie Constantine, a virile and breezy type. Eddie himself is an American who made good in French show business after the war. He should have stood in Paris.

ADULT



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.



New improved Bobbi waves in *style-support* with the ease and softness of a setting

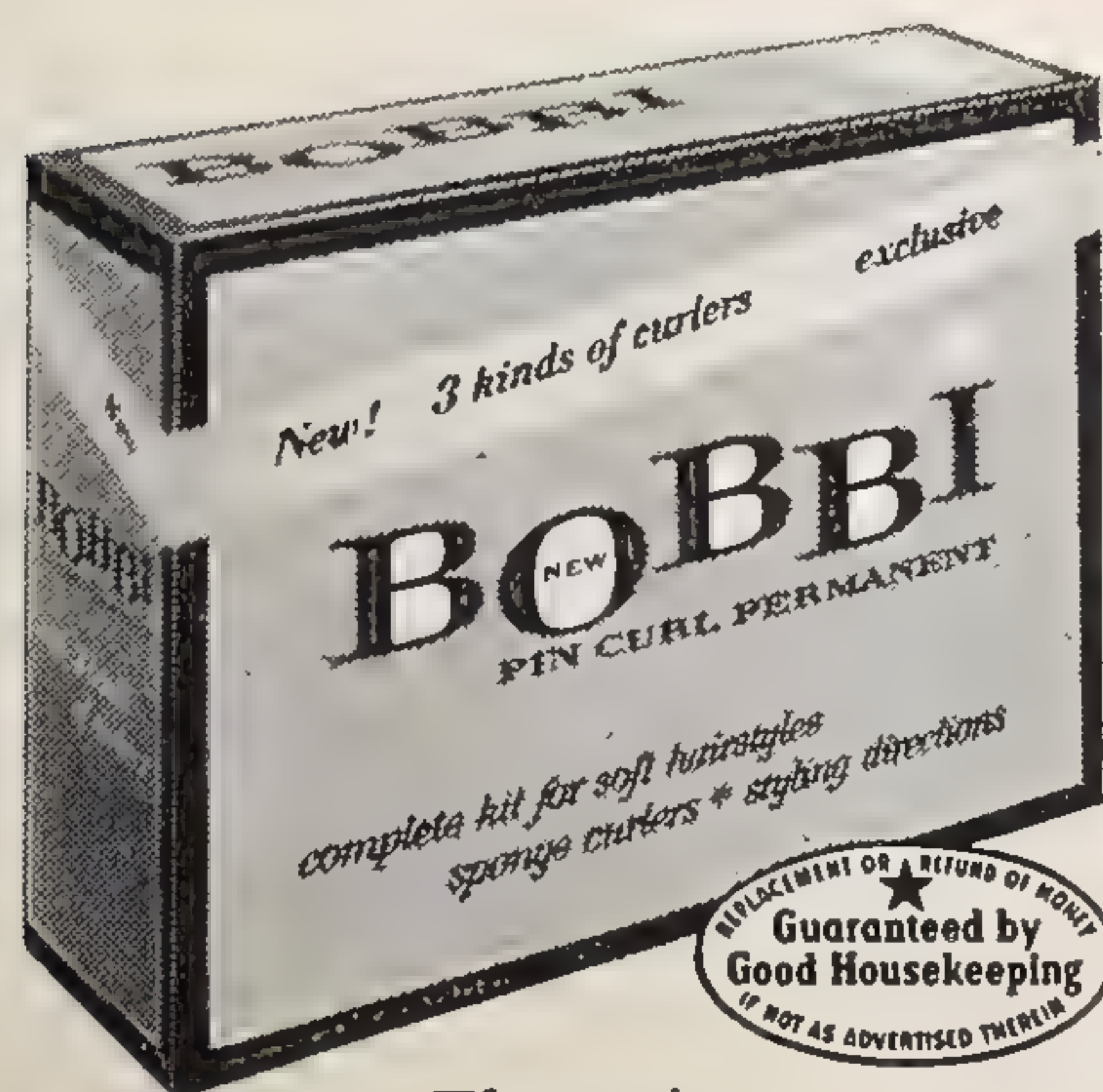


The lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers...waves in the style you want with the support it needs.

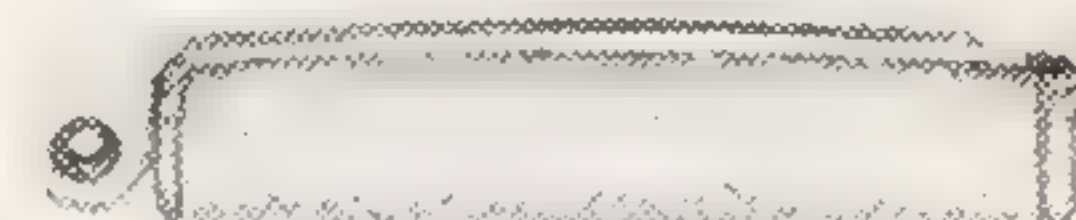


The easiest permanent to give yourself...

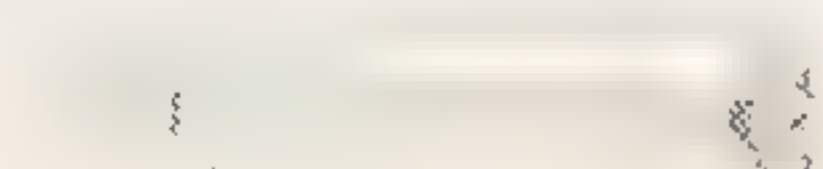
Style-support... the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. Helps prevent scarring—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before

4. Combats re-infection—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.



Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

AL CAPONE—A.A. Directed by Richard Wilson: *Al Capone*, Rod Steiger; *Maureen*, Fay Spain; *Bugs Moran*, Murvyn Vye; *Schaeffer*, James Gregory; *Johnny Torrio*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Big Jim Colosimo*, Joe De Santis; *Keely*, Martin Balsam; *Mr. Brancato*, Raymond Bailey.

ALIAS JESSE JAMES—U.A. Directed by Norman McLeod: *Milford Farnsworth*, Bob Hope; *Duchess*, Rhonda Fleming; *Jesse James*, Wendell Corey; *Frank James*, Jim Davis; *Indian Maiden*, Gloria Talbot; *Titus Queasley*, Will Wright; *Ma James*, Mary Young.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS—M-G-M. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Grace*, Deborah Kerr; *Charles-Edouard*, Rossano Brazzi; *Duc de St. Cloud*, Maurice Chevalier; *Sigi*, Martin Stephens; *Sir Conrad*, Ronald Squire; *Nancy*, Mona Washbourne; *Albertine*, Patricia Medina; *Hugh Palgrave*, Tom Helmore; *Guide*, Steven Geray; *John*, Lumsden Hare.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, U.S.A.—A.A. Directed by Denis Sanders: *Robert*, George Hamilton; *Sally*, Mary Murphy; *Porter*, Frank Silvera; *Debbie*, Marian Seldes; *Rafe*, Wayne Heffley; *Peter Lewis*, Byron Morrow; *Mrs. Cole*, Toni Merrill.

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, THE—20th. Directed by George Stevens: *Anne Frank*, Millie Perkins; *Otto Frank*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Mrs. Van Daan*, Shelley Winters; *Peter Van Daan*, Richard Beymer; *Mrs. Frank*, Gusti Huber; *Mr. Van Daan*, Lou Jacobi; *Margot Frank*, Diane Baker; *Kraler*, Douglas Spencer; *Miep*, Doby Heath; *Mr. Dussell*, Ed Wynn.

GREEN MANSIONS—M-G-M. Directed by Mel Ferrer: *Rima*, Audrey Hepburn; *Abel*, Anthony Perkins; *Nufo*, Lee J. Cobb; *Runi*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Kua-Ko*, Henry Silva; *Don Panta*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Priest*, Michael Pate; *Cla-Cla*, Estelle Hemsely.

HEY BOY! HEY GIRL!—Columbia. Directed by David Lowell Rich: *Louis Prima*, Louis Prima; *Dorothy Spencer*, Keely Smith; *Father Burton*, James Gregory; *Marty Moran*, Henry Slate; *Buzz*, Kim Charney; *Grace Dawson*, Barbara Heller; *Shirley*, Asa Maynor.

JUKE BOX RHYTHM—Columbia. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss: *Princess Ann*, Jo Morrow; *Riff Manton*, Jack Jones; *George Manton*, Brian Donlevy; *Balenko*, Hans Conried; *Leslie Anders*, Karin Booth; *Martha Manton*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Aunt Margaret*, Frieda Inescort.

NAKED MAJA, THE—U.A. Directed by Henry Koster: *Duchess of Alba*, Ava Gardner; *Francisco Goya*, Anthony Franciosa; *Manuel Godoy*, Amadeo Nazzari; *Carlos IV*, Gino Cervi; *Maria Luisa*, Lea Padovani; *Sanchez*, Massimo Serato; *Juanito*, Carlo Rizzo; *Bayen*, Renzo Cesana.

PORK CHOP HILL—U.A. Directed by Lewis Milestone: *Lt. Clemons*, Gregory Peck; *Forstman*, Harry Guardino; *Lt. Russell*, Rip Torn; *Fedderson*, George Peppard; *Cpl. Jurgens*, James Edwards; *Kern*, Bob Steele; *Franklin*, Woody Strode; *Lt. O'Hashi*, George Shibata.

ROOM AT THE TOP—Continental. Directed by Jack Clayton: *Joe Lampton*, Laurence Harvey; *Alice Aisgill*, Simone Signoret; *Susan Brown*, Heather Sears; *Mr. Brown*, Donald Wolfitt; *Mrs. Brown*, Ambrosine Philpotts; *Charles Soames*, Donald Houston; *Mr. Hoylake*, Raymond Huntley.

WARLOCK—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: *Gannon*, Richard Widmark; *Blaisdell*, Henry Fonda; *Morgan*, Anthony Quinn; *Lily Dollar*, Dorothy Malone; *Jessie*, Dolores Michaels; *Judge Holloway*, Wallace Ford; *Abe McQuown*, Tom Drake.

WATUSI—M-G-M. Directed by Kurt Neumann: *Harry Quartermain*, George Montgomery; *Erica Neuler*, Taina Elg; *Rick Cobb*, David Farrar; *Umbopa*, Rex Ingram; *Mohamet*, Dan Seymour.

WILD AND THE INNOCENT, THE—U.I. Directed by Jack Sher: *Yancey*, Audie Murphy; *Marcy*, Joanne Dru; *Paul*, Gilbert Roland; *Mr. Forbes*, Jim Backus; *Rosalie*, Sandra Dee; *Uncle Lije*, George Mitchell; *Chip*, Peter Breck.

WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Randal MacDougall: *Ralph Burton*, Harry Belafonte; *Sarah Crandall*, Inger Stevens; *Benson Thacker*, Mel Ferrer.

Keepsake[®]

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Traditional Choice ...through the years

Where in this world is a happier girl... for this is a day from a little girl's dream... the day it all comes true. And today, like brides through the years, she wears diamond engagement and wedding rings by custom — Keepsake Diamond Rings by choice.

The choice is traditional, for Keepsake is the most cherished of all love's symbols—a *perfect* diamond. Only a gem of this flawless clarity, fine color and magnificent cut can reflect a diamond's full brilliance and beauty. This is the center diamond in *every* Keepsake engagement ring—your treasured symbol of love forever.

Genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Rings are *not* sold by all jewelers — only by authorized Keepsake-Starfire Jewelers (*listed in the yellow pages*). Choose from many distinctively beautiful styles, each permanently registered and guaranteed for your protection. From \$100 to \$10,000.

Special Offer for Teen-Agers!

THE ART OF DATING

Exclusive Keepsake Edition . . . Only 50¢

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. Regularly \$2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for only 50¢ at any Keepsake-Starfire Jeweler's store. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages of telephone book, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N.Y., for his name. *Do not send money, please.*

Child's Dress by Paul Roberts



Rings from left to right, ~ DUNCAN Ring \$750. Wedding Ring 175. ~ WAYTON Ring \$450. Wedding Ring 20. ~ MARTIN Ring \$250. Wedding Ring 75. ~ GARRICK Ring \$175. Wedding Ring 100. All Rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ©Trade-mark registered.

surround yourself with
the very air of Paris.



Evening in Paris
EAU DE TOILETTE AND TALCUM
BOTH FOR \$1.00
2.25 value

It'll cost you just pennies for the *priceless* opportunity to *start* every day and *end* every day wrapped in the exciting, enticing fragrance of Paris! You'll find it'll make all the difference in the world!

CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS • MADE IN U.S.A.

YOUR NEEDLEWORK

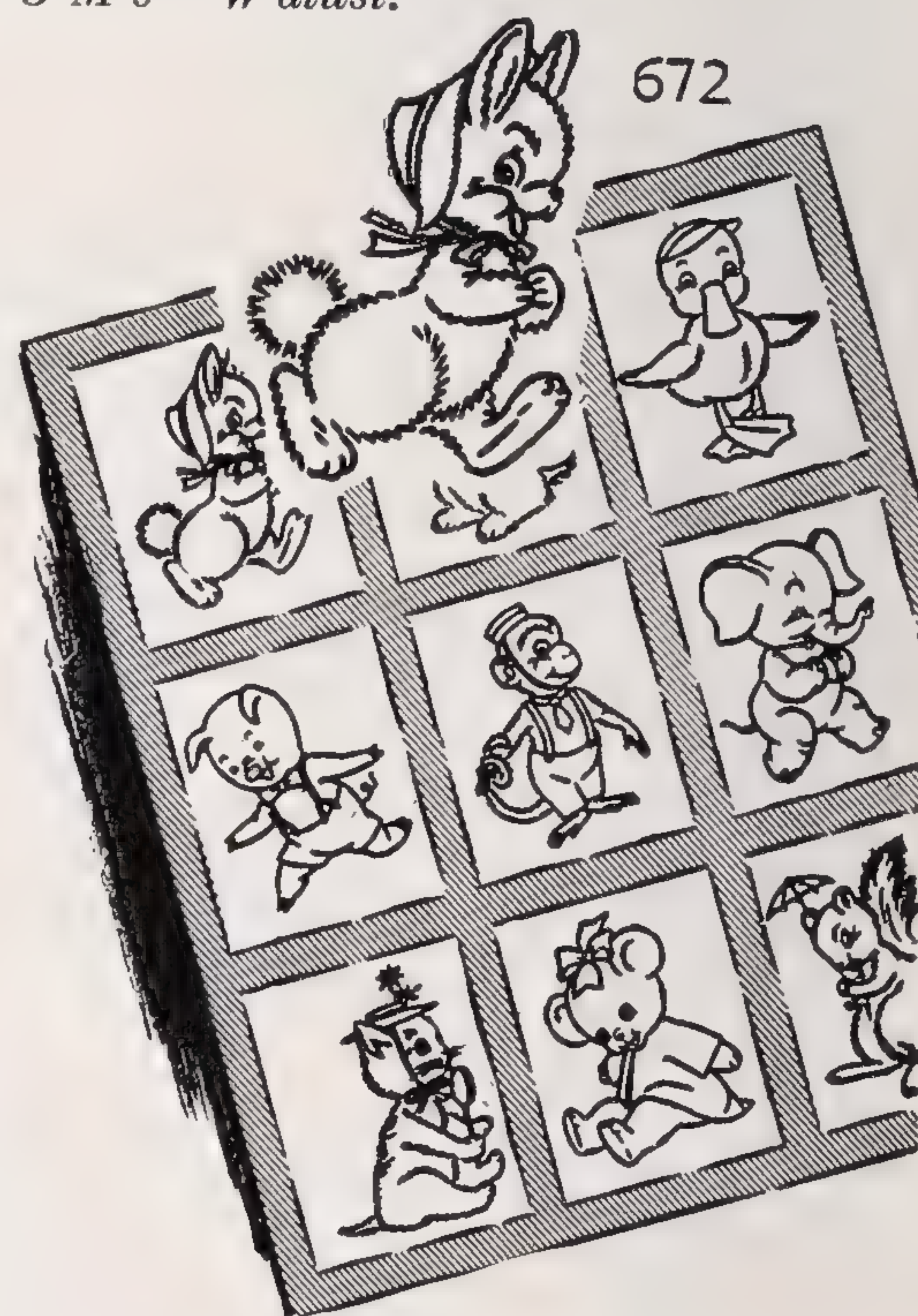
Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.



"Sewing relaxes me after work," says
Taina Elg, of M-G-M's "Watusi."



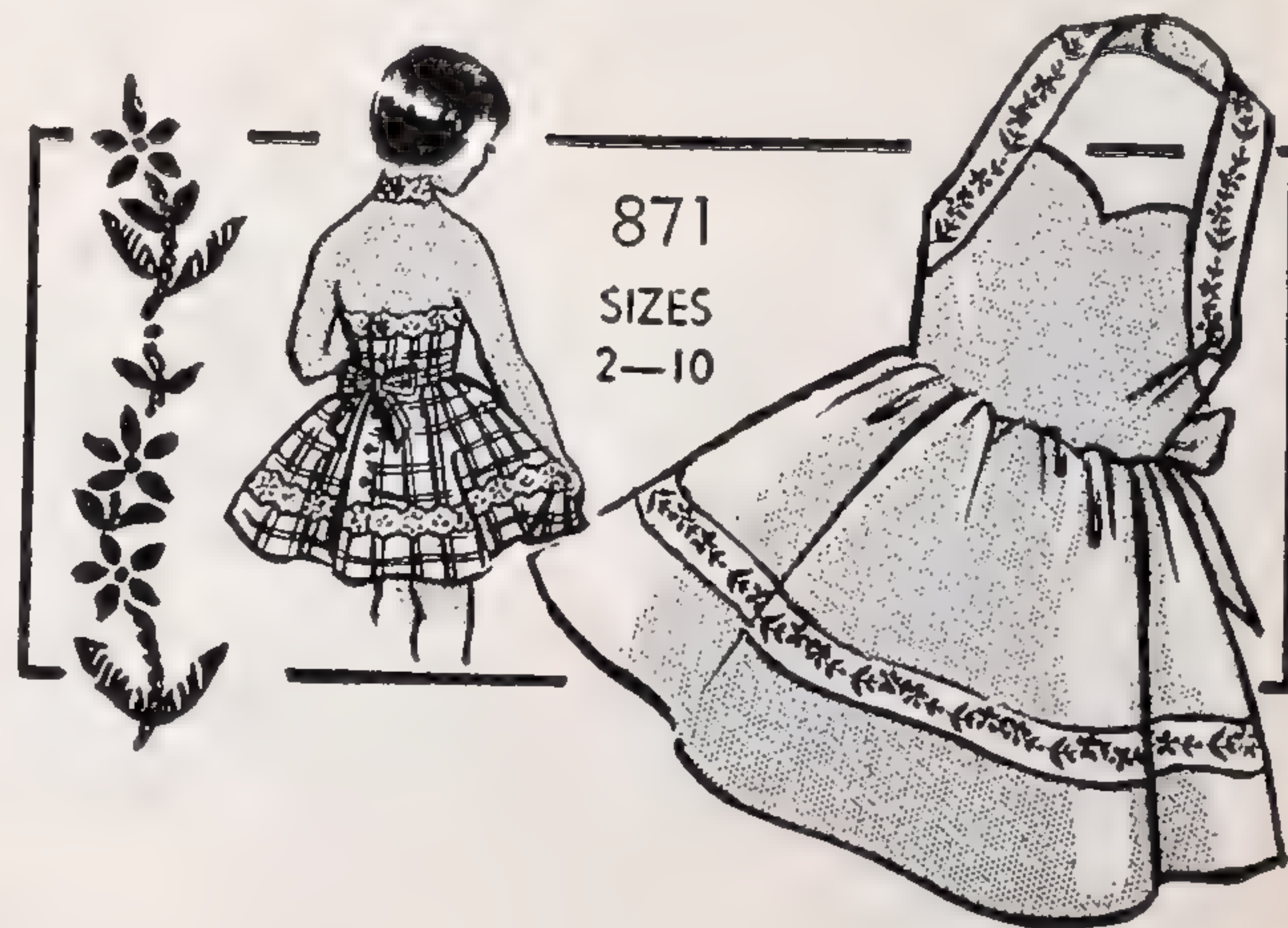
7024—Crochet directions for a 24-inch centerpiece and a 14-inch matching doily place-mat in No. 30 cotton.



672—Pert little characters to embroider on a crib cover. Directions and transfer of 9 motifs, 6-7 inches.



7057
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20



871
SIZES
2—10

688—Pretty tie halter in sizes Small (10, 12), Medium (14, 16), Large (18, 20). Pattern, transfer. State size.

871—Pop her into a pinafore this summer. Child's sizes 2-10. Includes tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

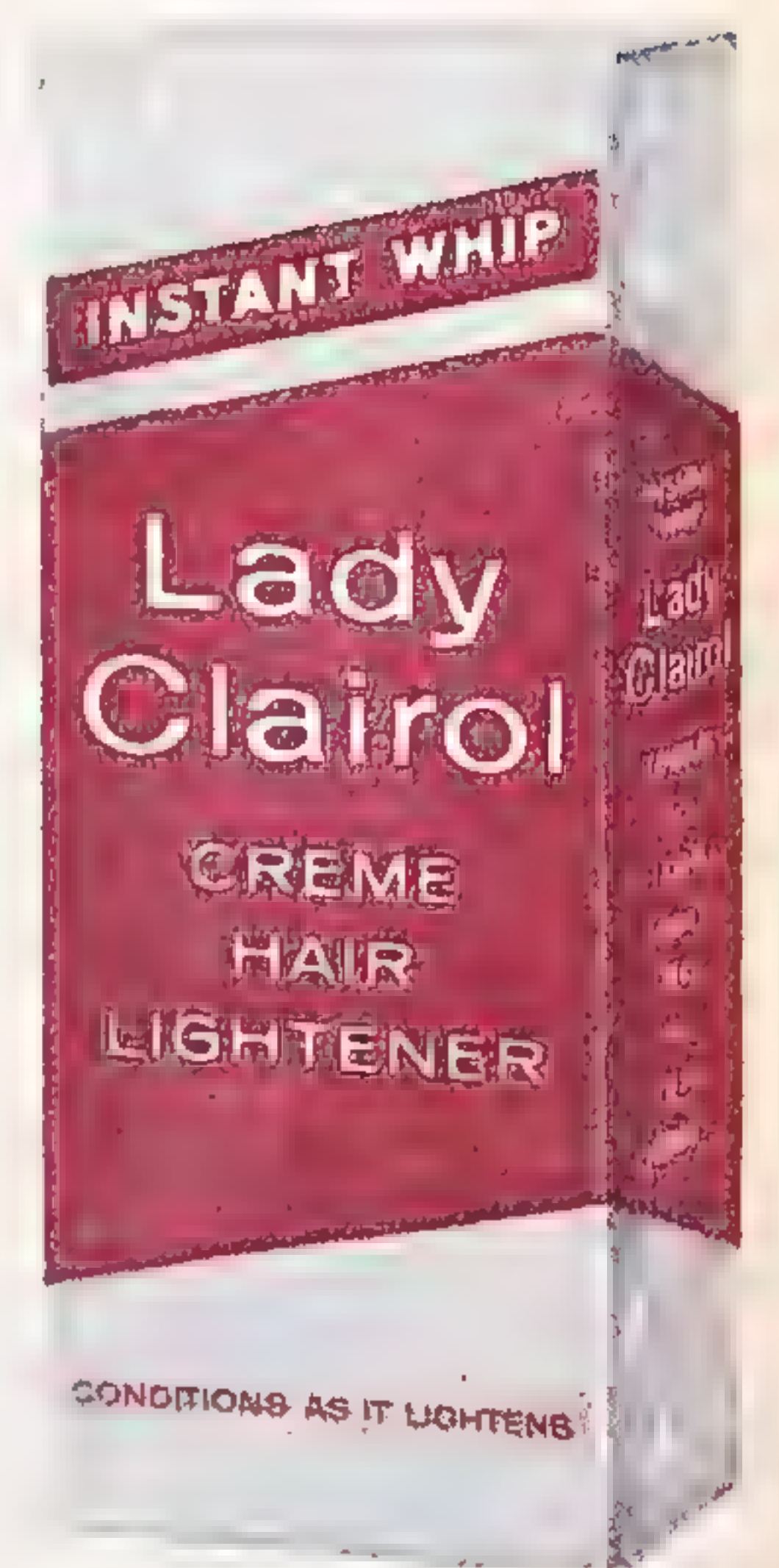
IS IT TRUE...BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN?



Oh to be a blonde
now that
spring is here!

To see how much fun life can really be . . . be a blonde, a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the soft touch and tone of it . . . the sheer bloneness of it . . . the exciting way it lights up your looks! And it's so easy! Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes!

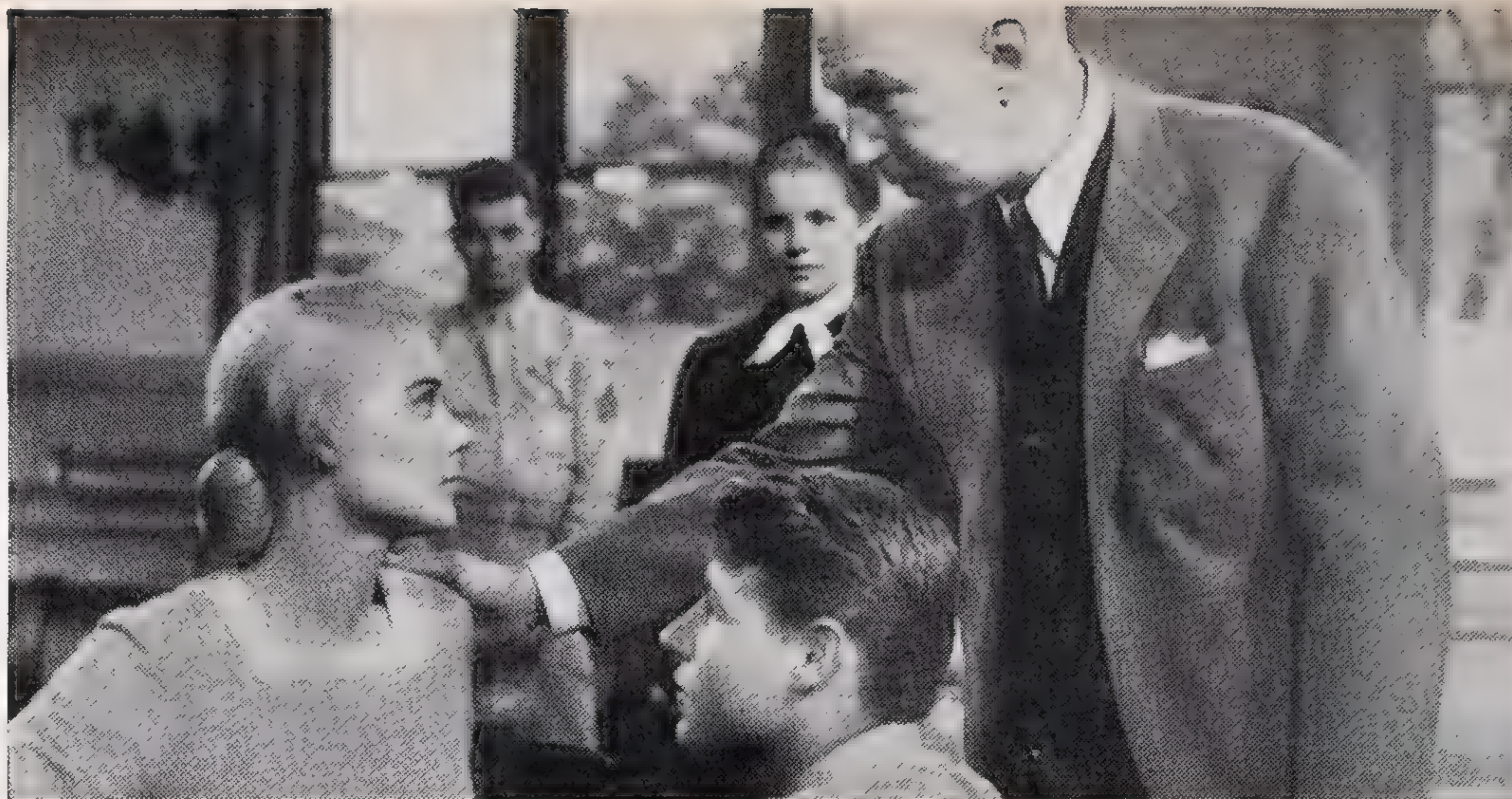
New Instant Whip Lady Clairol is the amazingly gentle creme hair lightener that feels deliciously cool going on . . . works its magic in minutes, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde, or mousey brown, don't just sit and dream. Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol**[®] Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. © 1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada



Remember Selena, Ted, Dr. Swain and, rear, Norman and Allison? See below.



Bothered by vampires? Try garlic!

People Won't Forget Me!

I read your article "My Name is Tuesday Weld" and it sounds just like me. My name is Kathy Garlick—you know, like onion!

When I was little, my mother would tell me that people would remember me because my name was very different.

I sympathize with any strange name.

KATHY GARLICK
Youngstown, Ohio

Peyton Place

I have a special favor to ask of you. I had saved the cast from "Peyton Place" which I treasured very much. Now I find that I have lost the cast. My mother is reading the novel and would like to compare the characters in the novel with the actors. Would it be possible to print the cast for me?

MARIE MORRISON
Kansas City, Mo.

We'd be delighted.

Constance	Lana Turner
Selena Cross	Hope Lange
Michael Rossi	Lee Philips
Dr. Swain	Lloyd Nolan
Lucas Cross	Arthur Kennedy
Norman Page	Russ Tamblyn
Allison	Diane Varsi
Betty Anderson	Terry Moore
Rodney Harrington.....	Barry Coe
Nellie Cross.....	Betty Field
Ted Carter.....	David Nelson

How Old Are We?

My girlfriend and I made a bet for next month's issue that whoever loses has to buy Photoplay. I made a bet with her that Photoplay was first published twenty-five years ago. My friend says twenty-nine. Who's right?

FRANCES SANCHEZ
Selma, Calif.

Photoplay first came out as a small news-sheet devoted to the best in films in 1911, which really makes it about forty-eight years old. Wow!—Ed.

Let's Brush Up on Vampires

I hope the following helps you Vampire fans brush up on the subject:

His powers:

1. The vampire is immortal
2. He can transform himself into a bat
3. He can become a wolf
4. He can come in a self-created mist
5. He can come as elemental dust on moonlight rays
6. He has the strength of twenty men
7. He can become so small, he can slip through a hairbreadth space
8. He can come out or into anything no matter if it be soldered, welded or brazed.

His Weaknesses:

1. His power ceases at the coming of day
2. He repels at the smell of garlic
3. He cowers and slinks away at the sight of a crucifix
4. The branch of the wild rose keeps him intact in his coffin
5. If his native soil is destroyed, he is also.

How to Destroy a Vampire:

1. By firing sacred bullets at his coffin
2. By driving wooden stakes in his heart
3. By exposing him to sunlight
4. By sterilizing his earth, by placing a Sacred Wafer or crucifix on his earth.

CHRISTOPHER HANIN
Cheektowaga, N. Y.

Boy, you sure know a lot about Vampires. Sure you're not. . . nah, couldn't be—Ed.

Hats Off

Hats off to you and to the Dick Gardners for a wonderful story, "How We Put Love Back Into Our Marriage."

I'm sure there were many who read it and were as happy as I was for them and for their family. May the best things in life be yours, Joan and Dick.

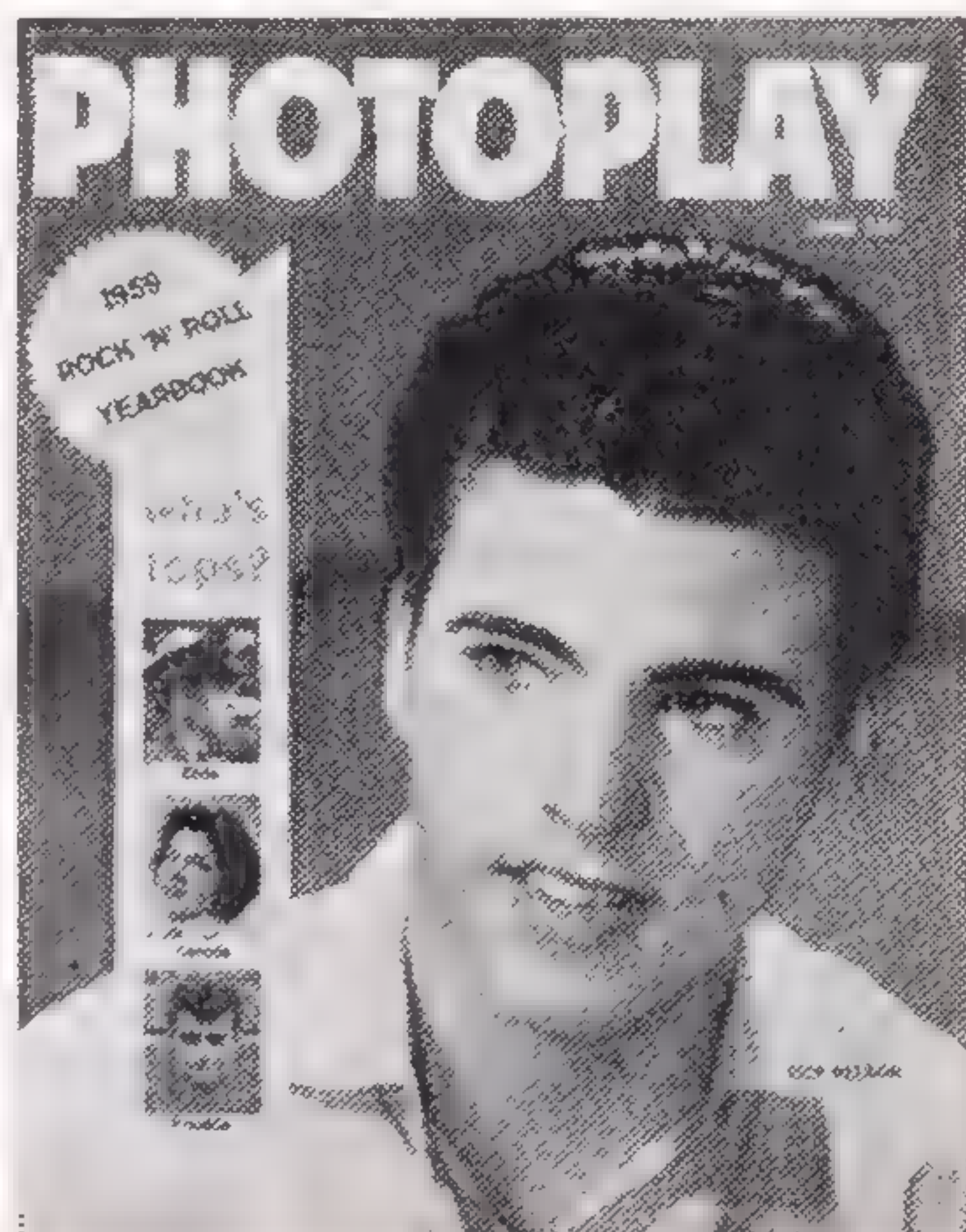
MRS. L. R. EARNEST
Lamesa, Texas

Ricky Nelson

Ricky is a conceited thing,
He really thinks he's grand.
His high opinion of himself,
Is more than I can stand.
He thinks he's my dream come true,
My only shining Knight.
He thinks I'll be his willing slave,
. . . And by gosh, you know, he's right!!

ROSE PRICARICO
Elmont, N.Y.

(Continued)



KEEP COVERED!

This month's Photoplay cover was specially designed for keeping—and using. The big picture of Rick is just right for framing or for an important new addition to your scrapbook. If you cut out the seal and ribbon—with its pictures of your rock 'n' roll favorites—you'll find it's exactly the right shape and size for a bookmark. Just cut carefully, then mount it on cardboard and tuck between the pages of your favorite reading matter. We hope it's Photoplay!

Sta-Puf restores softness, fluffiness to all your loveliest washables

It's incredible how Sta-Puf® Rinse puts back the luxurious softness that today's detergents steal from fabrics. Towels fluff almost double in thickness . . . ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere. Diapers and baby things lose their irritating scratchiness, flatwork dries almost wrinkle-free with little or no ironing needed. Sta-Puf ends embarrassing "nylon cling" in undergarments, too. Get Sta-Puf today at your grocer.

A. E. STALEY MFG. CO., Decatur, Illinois





continued

Shocking!

I would be very happy if you would put a picture of Zacherley in your June issue of Photoplay. He runs "Shock Theater" in New York, but mostly stays off-camera.

LEO STELLA, JR.
Astoria, N.Y.

Who Is She?

Every now and then on television, I see a very pretty young girl, but always seem to miss her name. I remember seeing her



Here's Eugenia Paul as she appeared in "Jim Bowie" (left) and "Broken Arrow." You'll be seeing more of her.

on "Medic," when the show was about hemophilia. Also saw her on "Jim Bowie," "Broken Arrow," etc. Can you help?

FLORENCE SIMON
Queens, N. Y.

We think you mean Eugenia Paul. She's a lovely brunette who made her TV debut as a Mexican girl in "Cavalcade of America" some four years ago, and has subsequently appeared on TV screens as leads on such major shows as "Alfred Hitchcock," "Playhouse 90," "Zorro," "Tales of Wells Fargo," etc. In motion pictures she has appeared in small parts in "Hajji Baba," "Ten Commandments," "Bigger Than Life."—Ed.

Recipe for a Movie

Take one—the world's most beautiful woman—red-haired, Susan Hayward;
Fold her—into the arms of a six-foot, redheaded dynamo—Robert Horton;
Result? TNT 'n' Terrific!

SHARON ANN BURSLEY
Charlotte, Michigan

continued



Here's what Zacherley looks like. Is this why he keeps out of camera range?

confidentially...

We have two Robin Luke Fan Clubs in Hilo. The one I'm in is Chapter Nine. June Kaneshiro is our President. Our Club's name is "Rockin' Robbins."

JEAN NISHIKARA
Hilo, Hawaii

I am a Norwegian girl at the age of seventeen. My name is Divert Wiese. Some of my favorite movie stars are Natalie Wood and Elvis Presley and I have found many beautiful pictures and stories about them. I also like the Dick Clark stories very much.

Well, I must confess that I also write because I hope someone can help me. You see, my favorite actor is Marlon Brando and I think it would be very nice if I could be a member of an American Marlon Brando Fan Club.

I just discovered Marlon Brando last year after having seen "The Young Lions" and "Sayonara." He is a great actor and sooooo handsome.

DIVERT WIESE
Ole Brinchsvei 3
Paradis, Bergen
Norway

I am a Japanese girl. I am eighteen years old. My name is Hiroko Mizuuchi.

I want best American boy and girl friends. Would you please introduce me to American boys and girls?

MISS HIROKO MIZUUCHI
678 Nishikasuga-Machi
Oita-City Oita-Ken
Japan

Do you know a girl (13 years old) who would like to correspond with me and like to give me her used Photoplays? I'd like it more if she is living in New York or Hollywood. Thanks a trillion.

NIE SIK HIANG
6 Indramaju,
Djakarta 11/18
Indonesia

We are two English soldiers serving our two years National Service in Aden, Middle East. Occasionally we receive a copy of your magazine Photoplay, and we think it's one of the best of its kind.

We would like to know if it were possible, through your magazine, to get in touch with some of your American readers (preferably girls!), so that we could keep up with the latest film news, as there's not

much chance of doing so out here, as it's pretty remote.

LES & EDDIE
T/23558001 DVR GRIFFIN L.
B PLN, 2 COY, R.A.S.C.
B.F.P.O. 69
Aden

Are you fifteen years old?

I am a Swedish girl, and I have many years tried to get a pen-friend in the U.S.A. So if you're fifteen years old and if you like and are interested in clothes, films, film stars and other things a young girl can be interested in, then write to me. I'll answer every letter. I don't care where in the U.S.A. you live, just write. Perhaps my English is not so good, but I hope you understand what I write and I hope we'll be real good friends.

ASE-BRITT NYSTEDT
Gotgatan 18
Hallsthammar, Sweden

Dear all of you:

I am most eager to exchange letters with American students. I am sixteen years old and my hobby is motion pictures. I shall be counting the days till I hear from American students. I am very poor in English.

MASAKO TAKAMOTO
913 Yashima-machi
Kumamoto, Japan

I would like to sing for people and make their blue days seem gay. If there is anyone looking for a new discovery, please give me a chance.

TYNETTE PAULSEN
Galva, Iowa

Attention Edd Byrnes Fans!

Interested in Kookie (of "77 Sunset Strip")? Think Edd's the end? So do I, and that's why I'm inviting you all to join the National Edward Byrnes Fan Club. For full information get in touch with me.

ELAYNE BEAVER
755 Oakland Pl.
Bronx 57, N.Y.

I think Ricky Nelson's the greatest. Could you please tell me where I could write to him?

ANN FELDSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We suggest you write in care of Warner Bros., 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank, Calif.

**BY
THE
SEA
COVER
GIRLS
AGREE**



COVER GIRLS • Theodora Davitt in Riviera, 13.95 • Joyce Johnson in Tripoli, 15.95 • Sue Browne in Carousel, 14.95



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that will make your
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COVER GIRLS • Darla Peakes in Charmer, 11.95 • Madeline Kurtz in Fantasia, 16.95 • Chicki Stevens in Top Secret, 16.95



continued

A Swell Guy

Even up here in Canada we hear of Mr. Hugh O'Brian's kind personal deeds. A friend of mine has a retarded child in the Del Mar Hospital. Hugh O'Brian, who happened to be visiting a friend in the same hospital, heard that this small child was going to have an operation and came down to see him. It helped this youngster and gave him courage when he needed it most. Don't you agree Hugh is a shining light in the galaxy of stars?

ISABELLE MACWILLIAM
Aylmer, Ontario

Was It Judi?

Could you settle a disagreement? In the movie "Auntie Mame," who played the part of the blonde, snob girlfriend of Auntie Mame's nephew? My friend says it was Judi Meredith of the George Burns television show. I say no. Who is right?

CONNIE SMITH
Albany, N. Y.

You're right, Connie. It wasn't Judi Meredith; it was Joanna Barnes—Ed.

Recognition for Kirk

In the past few years I have written several times to tell you about the man I believe to be one of the most talented in Hollywood. He is Kirk Douglas, and it is my belief that until now he has never been given due reward for his outstanding contributions to the world of entertainment. In his recent film, "The Vikings," he brought yet another character to the screen with superb color and realism.

CAROLYN DURLIN
Cottage Grove, Tenn.

We thought you'd like to hear that Kirk's just been voted the number-one box office star in England.—Ed.

Elvis You're Great

Elvis, you're the greatest,
Your singing is the most,
You're sincere and also wonderful,
You're liked from coast to coast.
Elvis, you're a dreamboat,
Your clothes are very keen,
You're the cutest living doll
That I have ever seen.
Your dancing is the coolest,
Your acting's beyond compare,
In fact, you know, I also think
Your voice is very rare.

LOUISE SAGONA
Houma, La.

Just for Rick

Ready to help others whenever he can,
Interested in becoming a better man,
Careful to do what's best for all,
Kidding around and having a ball.
Never a harsh word for anyone,
Everyone knows he's a lot of fun,
Lets loose when he's ready to sing a song,
Sets everyone else to singing along.
Ozzie's his father, Harriet's his mother,
And David's a real swell guy for a brother.
Now he's a big star and with his guitar,
Our boy Rick is sure to go far.

BARBARA GAUTHNEY
Paulsboro, N. J.

He sure is—Ed.

Target: Frankie Avalon

I don't think you remember me, Frankie, for we met for only a short period of time in New York City, on New Year's day. You were appearing at Alan Freed's Christmas Rock 'n' Roll Show. My girlfriends and I were waiting outside the stage door from noon to six p.m. It was bitter cold, but it didn't discourage us. You might say we set out on a mission to get your autograph no matter how long it took us. Inside the stage door we could see you on the telephone. You waved your hand as if to say, "Hello, girls." The crowd of girls were screaming, pulling their hair, and some even fainting. We thought it was our chance to get your autograph but it was too good to be true. The police told the crowd to keep moving, so my girlfriends and I crossed the street. You walked out with two other men to protect you from the

howling, screaming mob that awaited you no more than half a block away. We saw you enter an Italian restaurant on the same block. We crossed the street and waited for you to come out. I was excited, but I was also afraid to ask you for your autograph till I said to myself, "Connie, this is your only chance. You've waited six long hours for his autograph—so ask him!" You walked calmly out of the restaurant and nervously I asked you for your autograph and you replied, "Of course." I glanced at your electrifying eyes that were smiling and said to myself, "See, it was as easy as that." My girlfriends, Adleen, Ginger and Barbara, were all in a trance all the way home. They were also very happy, as I was, for, after all, our mission was accomplished.

CONNIE MCKEEVER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Good for you!—Ed.

Just Imagine. . . .

Jack Benny.....selling banjos
Edward R. Murrow.....in a cigar factory
Jayne Mansfield....with an Italian haircut
Dick Clark.....on "Grand Ole Opry"
Pat Boone.....buying blue booties
Jerry Lewis.....buying pink booties

FRAN GELLER
Miami, Fla.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

Who Are Your TV Favorites? See how they compare with the
votes of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences

when they announce the EMMY AWARDS

May 6, 10-11:30 P.M. EDT, on NBC-TV

AWARD	YOUR CHOICE	WINNER
Most Outstanding Program	_____	_____
Best Dramatic Series (hour or longer)	_____	_____
Best Dramatic Series (less than hour)	_____	_____
Best Comedy Series	_____	_____
Best Musical or Variety Series	_____	_____
Best Western Series	_____	_____
Best Public Service Program	_____	_____
Best Panel or Quiz Series	_____	_____
Best Actor in a Drama Series	_____	_____
Best Actress in a Drama Series	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actor (dramatic)	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actress (dramatic)	_____	_____
Best Actor in Musical or Variety	_____	_____
Best Actress in Musical or Variety	_____	_____
Best Actor (comedy)	_____	_____
Best Actress (comedy)	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actor (comedy)	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actress (comedy)	_____	_____

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Save as you start your dream set of luxury luggage—smart Streamlite by Samsonite!

Get three dollars off regular price on the glamorous Ladies' O'Nite Case!

Add matching pieces to complete your set. Classic-designed to

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for a limited time . . .

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See your Samsonite dealer this week, sure!

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SAVE \$3.00 . . . at the Samsonite dealer's where you see this sign displayed.



Select from these 5 smart colors: Hawaiian Blue (shown), Rawhide Finish (shown), Crystal Green, London Grey, Saddle Tan.

Ladies' O'Nite Case in Samsonite Streamlite

You'll be wild about **'TIGER LILY'** ...new flower-flame red for your hair!



© 1959 Richard Hudnut

Color-keyed lips wear WARM POPPY DuBarry Royal Lipstick

DUBARRY **COLOR GLO**

First "foam-in" cosmetic hair coloring! won't rub off! won't stain! will wash out!

DuBarry gilds the tiger lily to bring you this new COLOR GLO *flower flame* that lights up *every* shade of hair with redheaded radiance. Gold-fired 'TIGER LILY' looks *absolutely fabulous* on brown... *dazzling* on blonde... *sparkling* on black. It surprises even red hair into brighter delight! For gray or silver hair—it's a *dare*. You have to wear it to believe it!

Why not? COLOR GLO is the brilliant new idea in hair coloring. Not a dye, not a spray, but fabulous color *foam* that won't rub off, won't stain, *will* wash out! Just foam it in after your shampoo and rinse. That's all. *Brighten the life of your hair* with 'TIGER LILY' COLOR GLO... today!



Seven highly
flattering high-
fashion shades.
\$1.50 plus tax

You may never say dye...but do color-and-glow with DuBarry Color Glo



ROCK 'n'

ROLL



ROCK 'N' ROLL YEARBOOK

MAY 1959

Class Motto: Don't Knock The Rock

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

ELVIS PRESLEY
Honorary President

RICK NELSON
President

FRANKIE AVALON
Vice-president

CONNIE FRANCIS
Recording Secretary

DICK CLARK
Class Advisor

Who'll Top Elvis This Year?
By Dick Clark

The Junior Class:
Who's Most Likely To Succeed?

CLASS PREDICTIONS

1959 HONOR ROLL

ANNETTE FUNICELLO—
Most Popular New Girl

FABIAN—Most Popular New Boy

TOMMY SANDS—Class Idol

PAT BOONE—Most Natural

EVERLY BROTHERS—Best Teamwork

MOLLY BEE—Best Personality

The Snapshots Mom Saved
By Frankie Avalon

Our Love Song (Elvis) *By Shari Sheeley*

Were you the Girl in the Gingham Dress?
By Rick Nelson

"I Love You—I Never Want To See You Again" *By Connie Francis*

CLASS HISTORY

*This month,
c'mon,
let's take a
peek into
the crystal ball*

who'll

It's funny the way an old cardboard box and a long-distance telephone call got together to turn me into a crystal-ball gazer. But that's how it happened.

The other day at home we were going through some of the souvenirs I had managed to scrape together in high school and college. Everything was there—class pins, keys, dog-eared textbooks, school pennants and papers, and the programs from graduations. Bobbie and I just couldn't help but make a comment about each old thing we re-discovered, and little Dickie just trotted about merrily examining them after we had put them into neat piles. It sure was a pleasant way to spend a cool Sunday afternoon in the spring.

Monday morning, the phone rang and it was Photoplay. (I'll confess I played hookey from the office that



top Elvis this year?

by
**Dick
Clark**

week but, as I said, it was spring.) June's coming up, and graduation's ahead, I was reminded. "Say," I interrupted, "maybe we could have a little graduation of our own?"

Well, we've been kind of close to the music world these past few years, and although you in the audience are the real experts, we thought it might be fun to take a flyer into the future and see what else will be spinning besides this sturdy old world. So, while they're putting the little red ribbons on the diplomas, and the class of 1960 waits for the 59ers to head into the world, let's gather 'round this big wide crystal ball.

The first thing I can make out in this magic orb is a troop ship, and if you look closely you'll see that it's coming into New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, and now moving slowly into the pier. There are

a lot of GI's on deck waving, and that dock just seems jammed with reporters, photographers, and there must be thousands of fellows and girls waving.

One soldier up on deck is shaking hands with all of his buddies, and there he is walking over to the rail to wave at the crowd. Gee, they're really going wild, aren't they? Hey, that's our Elvis . . . Yep, Elvis Presley has finished his tour of duty over in Germany, and here he is back in the States and all ready to take up just where he left off. Now you might say that was an easy one to see . . . Sure it was. And it's easy to see that Elvis' return will keep that "big beat" rockin' along on records. We can also predict that he'll take up his personal appearance trail, and you can bet there will be plenty of time for stop-overs in Hollywood to make some

more of those hit movies. But let's take a closer peek into that crystal ball and see if we can spot a rival who'll top Elvis this year. You know, it *could* happen.

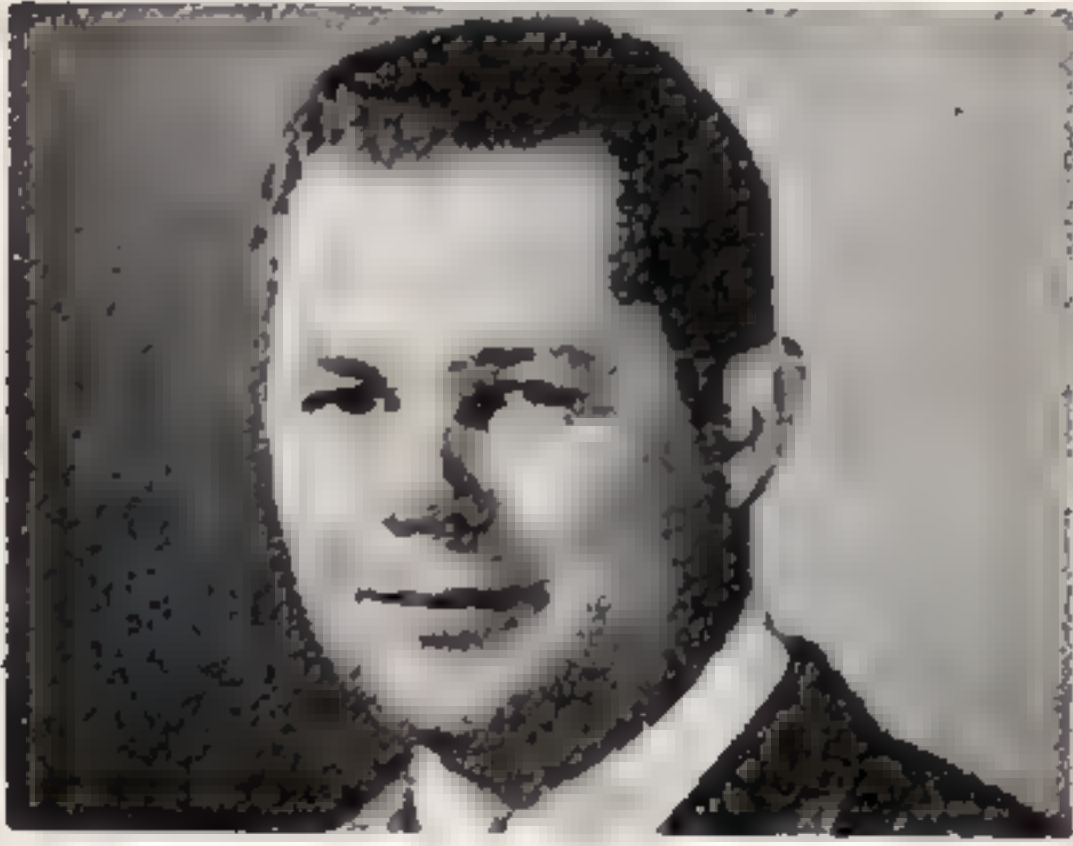
We can sure see other stars hitting the trail by train or plane to California for film-work. It seems to be the thing to do these days, and don't be surprised if you bump into Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bobby Darin, Johnny Nash, or Jimmy Clanton if you stop for a soda near Hollywood and Vine. Paul Anka postcards that he'll be there, too, and while I'm reading the card I have to check the postmark because you can never tell from what spot on earth Paul will be writing. He manages to divide his time and talents between here and Europe—and the biggest problem for Paul is to find the time to keep all of the people on both (Continued on page 94)

THE JUNIOR CLASS: WHO'S

Leading The Class:

SINGER	VITAL DATA	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
 CATHY CARR	Born in New York's Bronx. 5'2" and 100 pounds. Blonde and a newlywed.	For Cathy there's been no business other than show business since she was six and began appearing on children's shows. After high school, she joined several bands, then went out on her own. A song, "Ivory Tower," then catapulted her to stardom, selling over a million records in twenty-two weeks. For a spell, she concentrated her poised efforts on night-club audiences around the world.	She collects records and has 3,000 of 'em to date.	"Ivory Tower," "To Know Him Is To Love Him," and "First Anniversary." Roulette Records.
 DUANE EDDY	Born on April 26, 1938 in Corning, New York. Six feet even. Brown-haired. Married to Carole, they have a son going-on-one.	After Duane Eddy was born in Corning, the townspeople began wondering whether their famous glassworks would be shattered by his piercing guitar. Today both "products" are prospering. Ever since his family moved to Arizona, where Duane could twang in the wide open spaces, his haunting and driving music has become the guitar standard of the pop music world.	He collects records and eats pizza.	"Moovin' n' Groovin'," "Rebel Rouser," "Ram Rod," "Cannonball," "The Lonely One," "Yep." Jamie Records.
 THE KALIN TWINS	Born Port Jervis, N.Y., February 16, 1934. 5'10", 140; black-hair, hazel-brown eyes. Herbie: Single. Harold: Married to Jonni, daddy of Susan, 2½.	Since age five, when the twins entertained at the Port Jervis Fire House Christmas Banquet, the boys have been singing. Harold was in the Air Force for two years, but continued his joint efforts with Herbie by tape which traveled 16,000 miles each round trip. Ditto when Herbie was in service. They saved their pennies, cut a demonstration disc—and that was it!	The boys like to sing, sing, sing!	"When," "Forget Me Not," "It's Only the Beginning," "Oh, My Goodness!" and "Cool." Decca Records.
 CONWAY TWITTY	Born in 1934 in Helena, Arkansas, as one of four children. Married, with three children. 5'10", 170 pounds, brown-haired.	Harold Jenkins couldn't decide whether to be a baseball player or a Baptist preacher, so Conway Twitty went out and became a singer! "Harold sounds like a milkman," says Conway, "so we changed it." He joined the Army and came out as a rock 'n' roll performer. On the road, he wrote "It's Only Make Believe" in seven minutes in the backroom of a Canadian night club.	Conway still likes to play ball in off moments.	"It's Only Make Believe," "Story of My Life." M-G-M Records.
 BROOK BENTON	Born in 1932 in Camden, S.C. A 178-pound, six-footer with brown eyes and black hair. Married to the former Mary Reay, and they have three heirs.	Brook is a songwriter who wound up singing his own material. Starting as a member of Bill Landford's spiritual quartet, Brook went on to writing such hits as "A Lover's Question" and "Looking Back." Though his voice was as fine as those he was writing for, he had no success for three fruitless years. Finally, Clyde Otis was introduced to him and Brook began to bubble.	His only real hobby is songwriting.	"It's Just a Matter of Time" and "Hurtin' Inside." Mercury Records.
 BILLY AND LILLIE	Billy was born on March 9, 1927, in Newark, N.J. He's father of two. Lillie was born on November 12, 1936, in Newburgh, N.Y. She's 5'1" and single.	Leader of Billy Ford's Thunderbirds, one of the country's most unique and successful vocal groups, Billy is also one of the music industry's key talent scouts. Two weeks before he cut "La Dee Dah" he discovered Lillie Bryant and signed her to work with the group. The two are now the Thunderbirds' featured singers. Billy polished up his talent with Cootie Williams' group.	Both are on constant tour and prefer to rest and renew old acquaintances during their non-moving moments.	"La Dee Dah" and "Lucky Ladybug." Swan Records.
 THE FLEETWOODS	Barbara Ellis and Gretchen Christopher born Olympia, Wash. Barb Feb. 20, 1940, Gretchen on Feb. 29, 1940. Gary Trexel, 19, Centralia, Wash.	Six months after their June, 1958, graduation from Olympia High School, this talented trio had wowed the music world. Having met in their senior year, the trio pooled their songwriting talents, wrote the senior class show, and then wrote a song called "Come Softly To Me." A Seattle record distributor heard their demonstration disc and, within weeks, they had a hit.	Barbara: Golf, bowling, cooking. Gretchen: Fashions, sewing, creative writing. Gary: Competitive auto racing.	"Come Softly To Me." Dolphin Records.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED?

SINGER	VITAL DATA	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
 BILLY GRAMMER	Born on August 28, 1925 in Benton, Ill., as one of thirteen children. 5'11". Married to high-school sweetheart for 14 years, they have three children.	Billy's been a prominent musician all his professional life, but not until he recorded "Gotta Travel On," his first disc, did he catapult into the headlines. For a year-and-a-half he served as Jimmy Dean's featured vocalist and guitarist. A celebrity in the Washington, D.C., area since '47, Billy hopes to establish himself nationally.	Billy devotes most of his spare time to his family, occasionally strumming the guitar for at-home concerts.	"Gotta Travel On." Monument Records.
 EARL GRANT	Born in 1931 in Oklahoma City, but raised in Kansas City, which he considers his home town. 5'5", 145 pounds, brown-haired, single.	Earl was working for a Master's degree at UCLA, preparing to become a teacher, when he started to sing at a nearby nightclub, The Pigalle, to earn his tuition. As a result of Earl's early appearances, The Pigalle is today a large club—it had to be enlarged three times during his Standing-Room-Only shows. Today Earl is a top singer with his own TV show in Los Angeles.	Enjoys playing the organ and the piano.	"The End," "Evening Rain," "Imitation of Life" and "Last Night." Decca Records.
 LLOYD PRICE	Born the seventh of ten children in New Orleans. Married to the former Emma Meredith, they have a son and a daughter. 5'10" and brown-haired.	His million-selling record of "Stagger Lee" was really Lloyd's seventh consecutive best-selling disc. But because he presented it to a new generation of record buyers, Lloyd was called a new discovery. Not so. Before Uncle Sam called, Lloyd had recorded such songs as "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy" and "Just Because." In the Army, after cutting five top records, he headed service band.	Dotes over his two children.	"Lawdy, Miss Clawdy," "Oh, Oh, Oh," "Restless Heart," "Just Because," "Stagger Lee," "Where Were You (On Our Wedding Day)?" ABC-Para.
 JACK SCOTT	Born in Windsor, Ont., Canada in 1937 as one of seven children. Considers Detroit his home town. Dark brown hair, 5'10", 160 pounds.	Jack had a crush on a beautiful high-school classmate and one of his best friends was sent to jail for fist fighting. To cheer up his friend, Jack wrote "Leroy." To rebound from his crush for Jimmie Kutchev, he penned "My True Love." Jack had prepared for his break by singing in Detroit and running barn dances. Now in the Army, he hopes to keep on singing.	An athlete, Jack's a fine swimmer and fisherman, but hunting is first choice.	"My True Love," "Leroy," "Bella," "I Never Felt Like This," and "Good-bye, Baby." Carlton Records.
 NEIL SEDAKA	Born in Brooklyn in 1939. Brown-haired, brown-eyed and 5'7". Single.	As a high school student, Neil wrote "Stupid Cupid" and "Fallin'." To help out his family income, Neil also taught piano, performed with a band and worked as a camp music director. His aim was to make the grade as a concert artist—till a demonstration record he made to persuade someone else to record his songs got into the hands of the man who discovered Elvis!	Songwriting is his top pastime, pressed closely by his love for swinging jam sessions with friends.	"The Diary," "No Vacancy," and "I Go Ape." RCA Victor Records.
 DODIE STEVENS	Born on February 17, 1946 in Chicago, Ill. Today lives in Temple City, Calif. She's an even five feet, 100 pounds light and blonde. Single.	Of Dodie, 13, Eddie Cantor says: "She is the greatest young talent since Garland." At five, she won three contests sponsored by the Los Angeles Bureau of Music. At six, she was being coached by a prominent teacher and appearing at countless benefit shows. In between six and twelve, she was busily vocalizing. And at thirteen, she's on her way to the top of the hit parade.	She likes to swim, then play a round of ping-pong.	"Pink Shoelaces." Crystalette Records.
 JACKIE WILSON	Born in 1936 in Detroit. Married and the father of a chorus of three. 5'6", 155 pounds, brown-eyed.	"I just gotta sing," says Jackie, "it's my life." He spends every possible minute in an effort to practice what he preaches. His dedication to the art of singing was discovered by Billy Ward of the Dominoes, and Jackie was signed as a starring member of the famous group several years back. Jackie left to try for solo success and he's now looking forward to movie-making.	He loves to swim, then dry off and write a song.	"Lonely Tears," "That's Why," and "Love Is All." Brunswick Records.

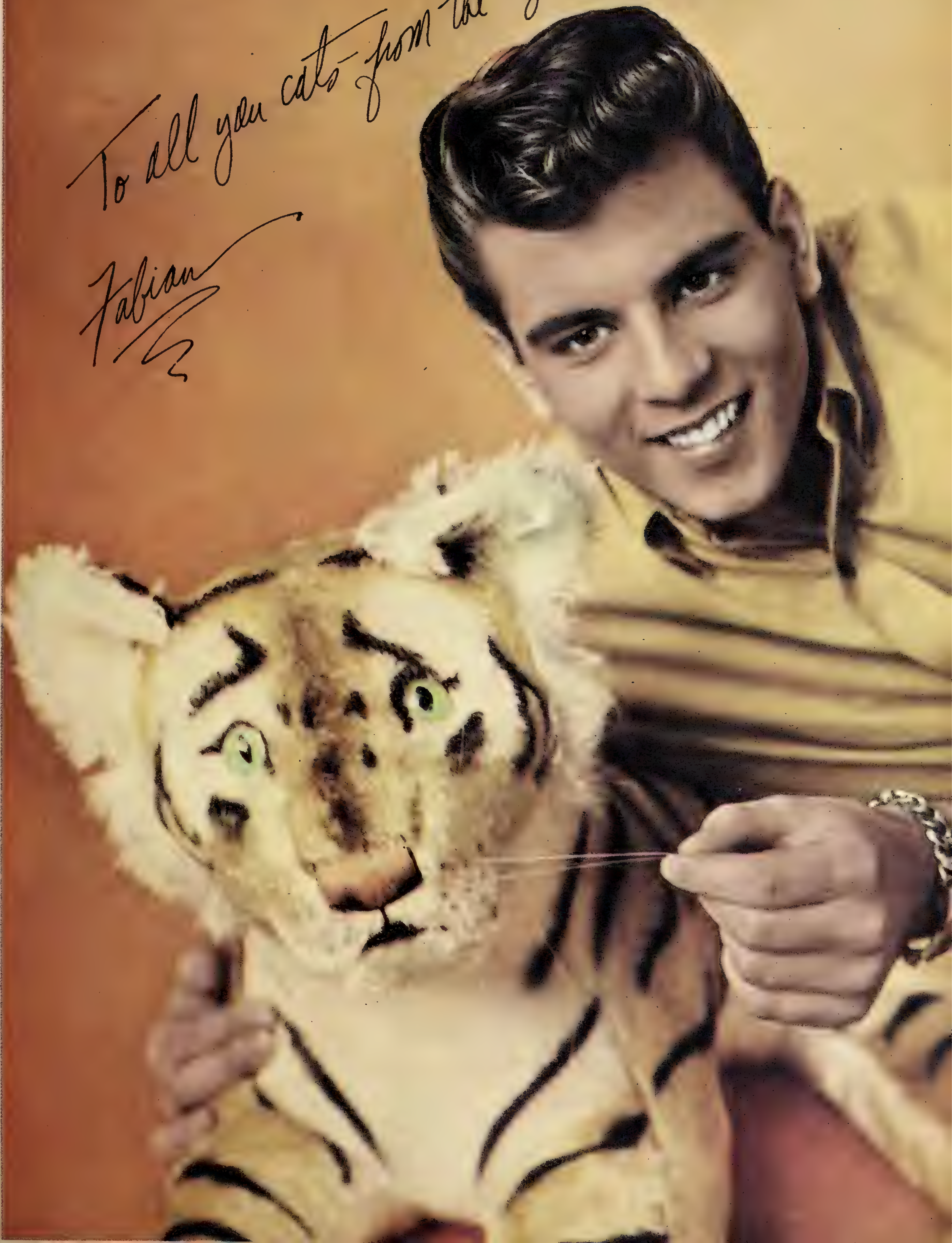
**1959
HONOR
ROLL**



Love to all
my friends!
Annette
Turnell

To all you cats from the tiger

Fabian



Wishes,
Happy Bce

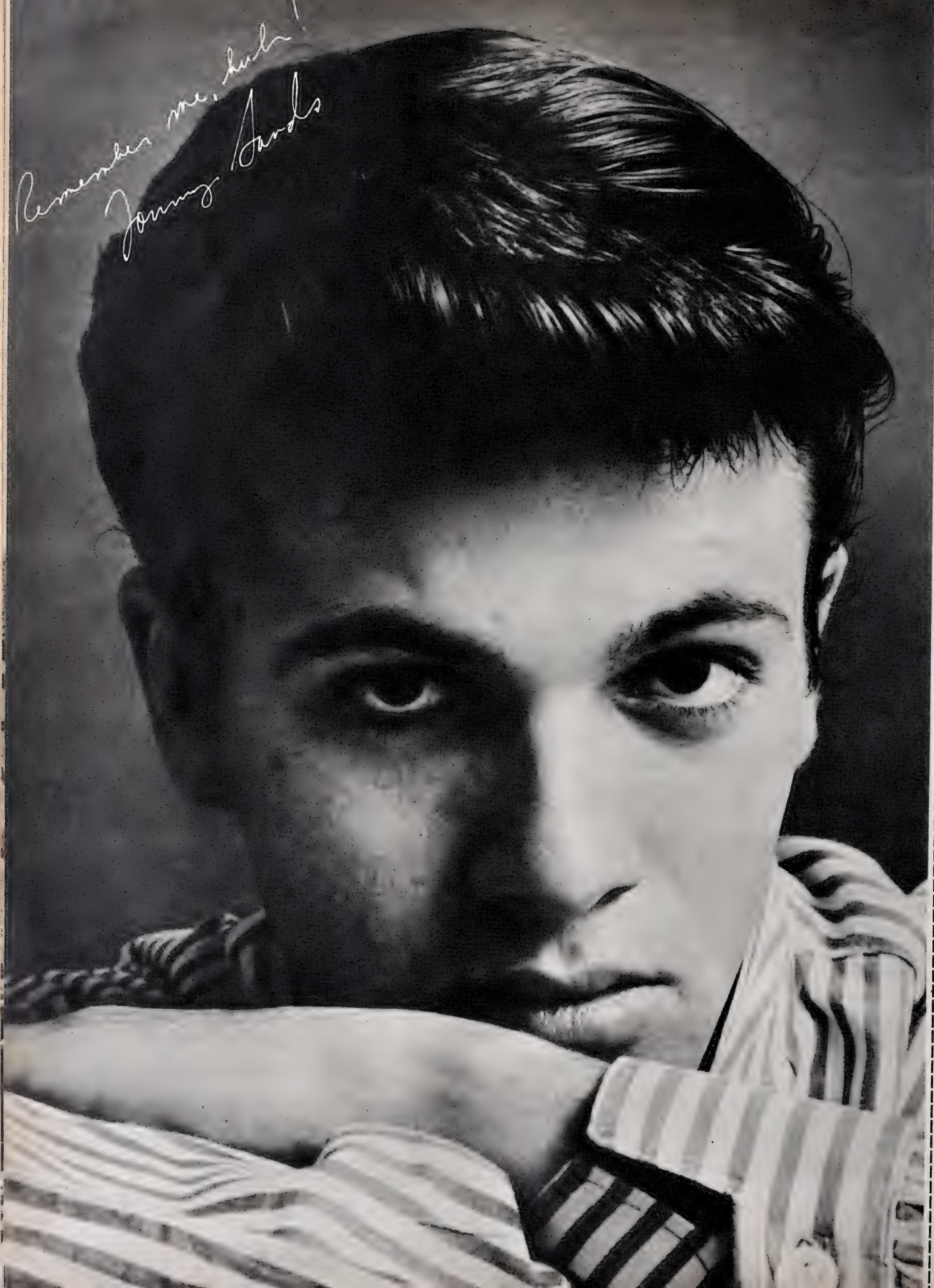


*Cum Laude
cum love*

Pat Boyd



Remember me, huh!
Johnny Sands





Double love —
Phil + Don



all about me

Frankie Avalon



Wow, look at Charles Atlas. The folks always took Teresa and me to Atlantic City.



I was born September 18, 1939. Even 'way back then, I liked sweaters!



Me, in the first grade at St. Edmund's.



Guess I was eleven here. Before I got that trumpet, I was going to be a boxer.

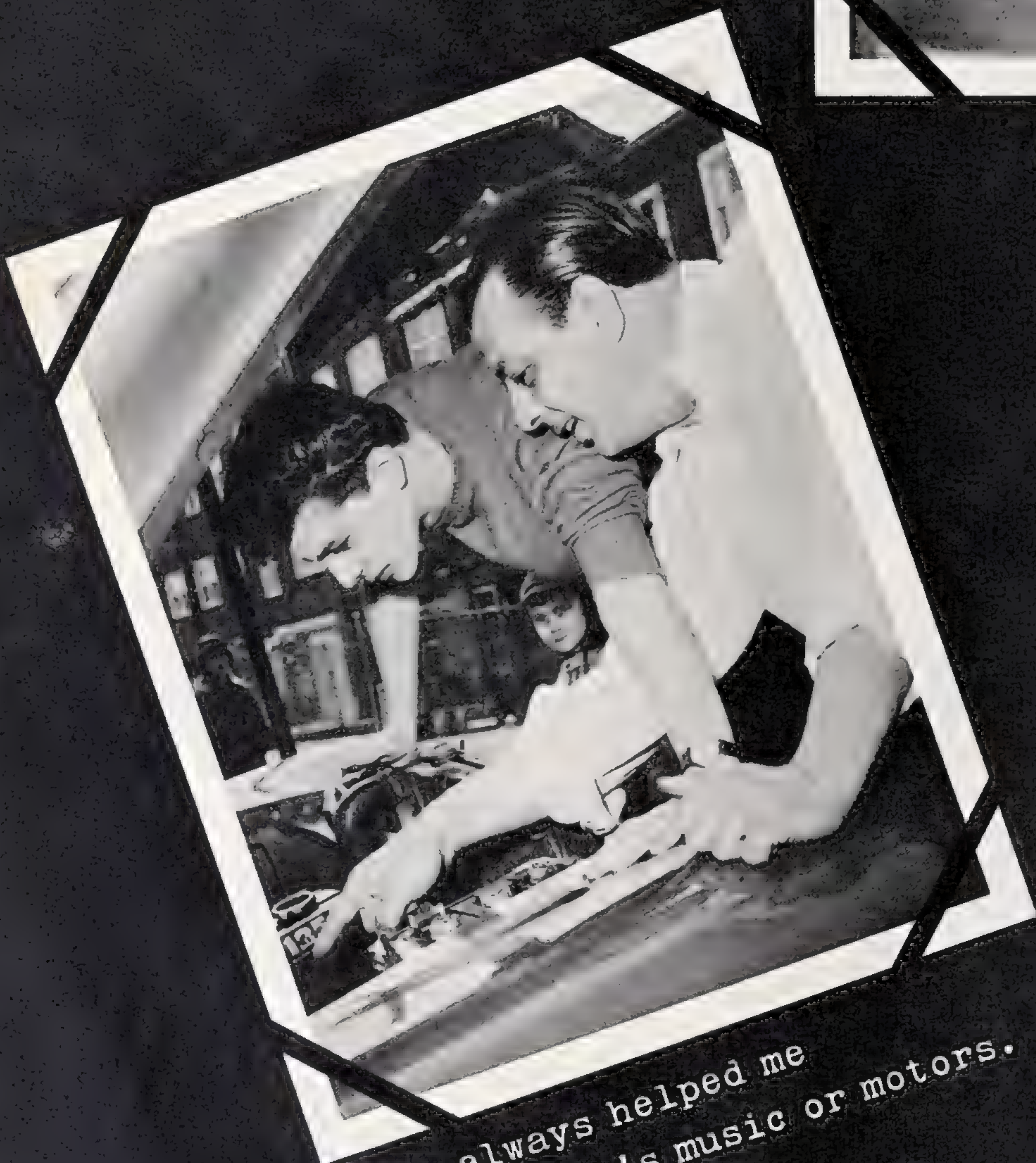




The boys let me "sit in"
till I got my own band.



Mom and I think Dad looks a lot like
Guy Lombardo. (Dad has the
mustache.) I was on Guy's show.



Dad's always helped me
—whether it's music or motors.

I first sang with
Rocco and His Saints.
Can you spot me?





We have a new house, but it's in
the good old neighborhood.



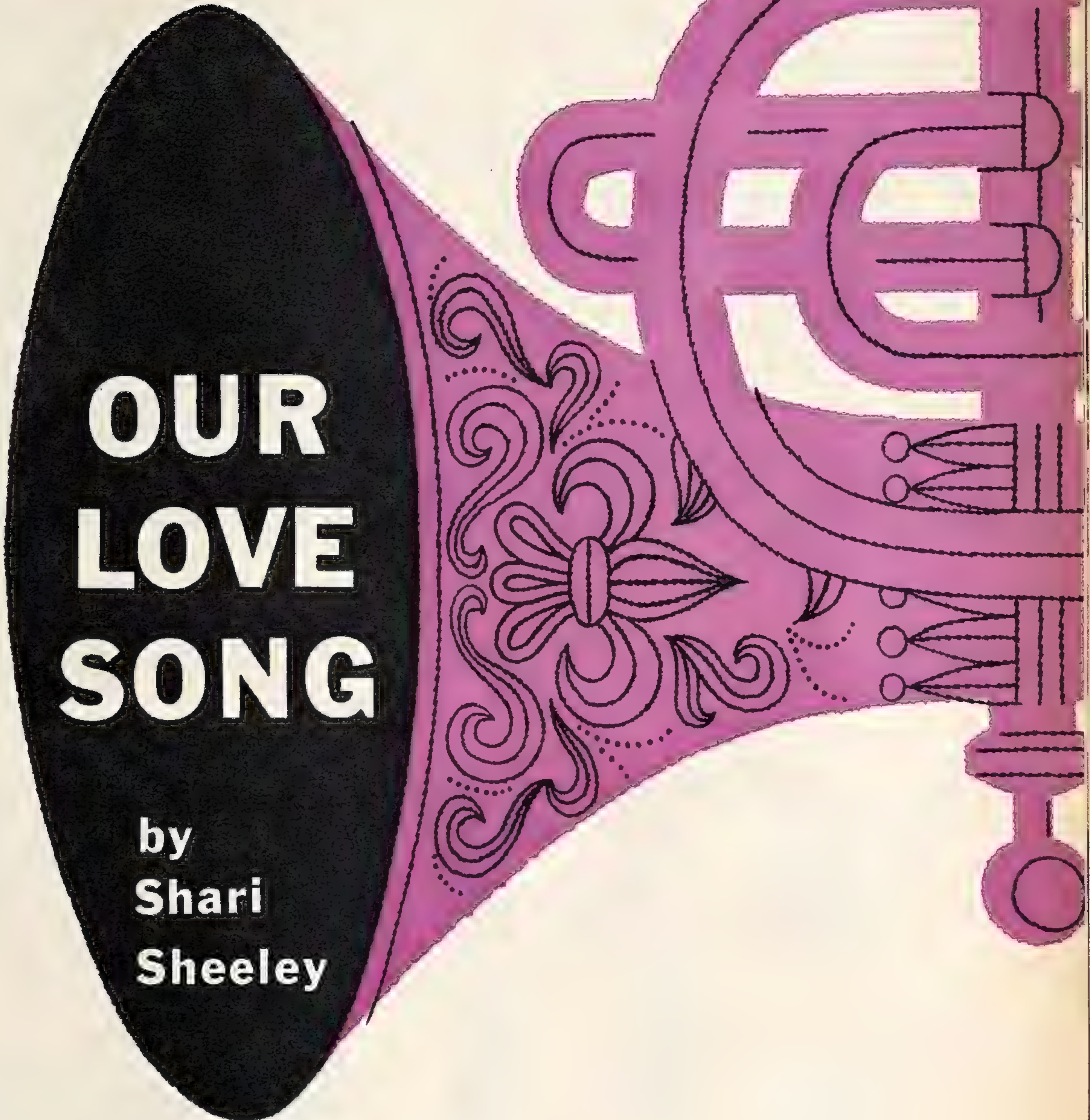
Sure wish Fabian and I had more time these
days for sharing a soda and gabbing.

Here's me—today!



PRESENTERS





OUR LOVE SONG

by
Shari
Sheeley



*I miss you so this time of year
When summer days grow lazy and long . . .
Elvis, I miss you most of all
When I dream I hear our love song . . .*

I'm Shari Sheeley and I'm nineteen. I wrote "Poor Little Fool" for Rick Nelson and I've written lots of other songs, too. And then I got a message from Elvis Presley in Germany saying that now I'd have to write a song for him, too. Elvis didn't specify, but I don't think I could write anything but a love song for him. I guess I've been writing it in my mind ever since I (Continued on page 88)



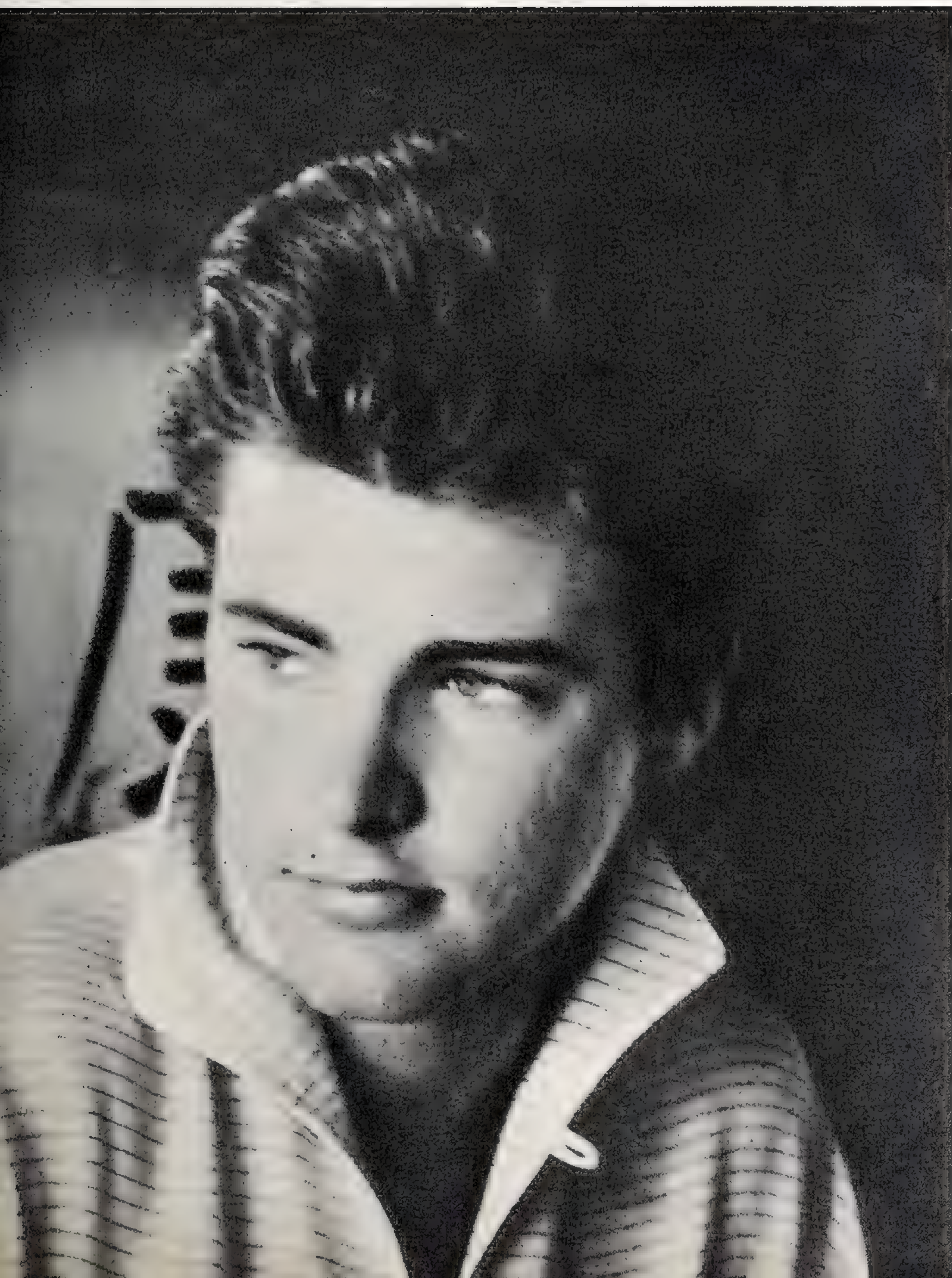
you looked so cute and friendly but they rushed me away...

RICK





WERE YOU THE GIRL IN THE GINGHAM DRESS?



There was a knock at the door of my dressing room one night while I was on tour recently, and when I called "Come in," the door opened very slowly and the prettiest little face with the bluest eyes I've ever seen peeped around. Her eyes were so wide open they looked like two round saucers, and she had beautiful long blonde hair the color of corn.

"Come along in," I laughed. And she walked into the room followed by three other girls. I noticed that she was wearing a blue and white checked dress. My mom has one in the same material and calls it gingham.

Well, they all stayed for a while and we talked. Then, when the other girls left, she sort of stayed behind, wandering around and around the room and asking all sorts of questions.

It was in between shows, and she seemed so nice I asked her if she wanted to come over to our hotel afterwards. She looked at me in that wide-eyed way and nodded her head, yes.

"Do you know (*Continued on page 99*)

by RICK NELSON

as told to MARCIA BORIE

F R A C C O N N I E C I S

As I leaned toward the mirror, brushing on a new pale pink lipstick, I could see the reflection of a girl in a plaid skirt flipping through a movie magazine while she waited for her hair to dry. She was tiny, like me, and just about my age, around twenty. When she looked up, even though we didn't know each other, we smiled.

"Say," she shouted—and I remember *(Continued on page 85)*



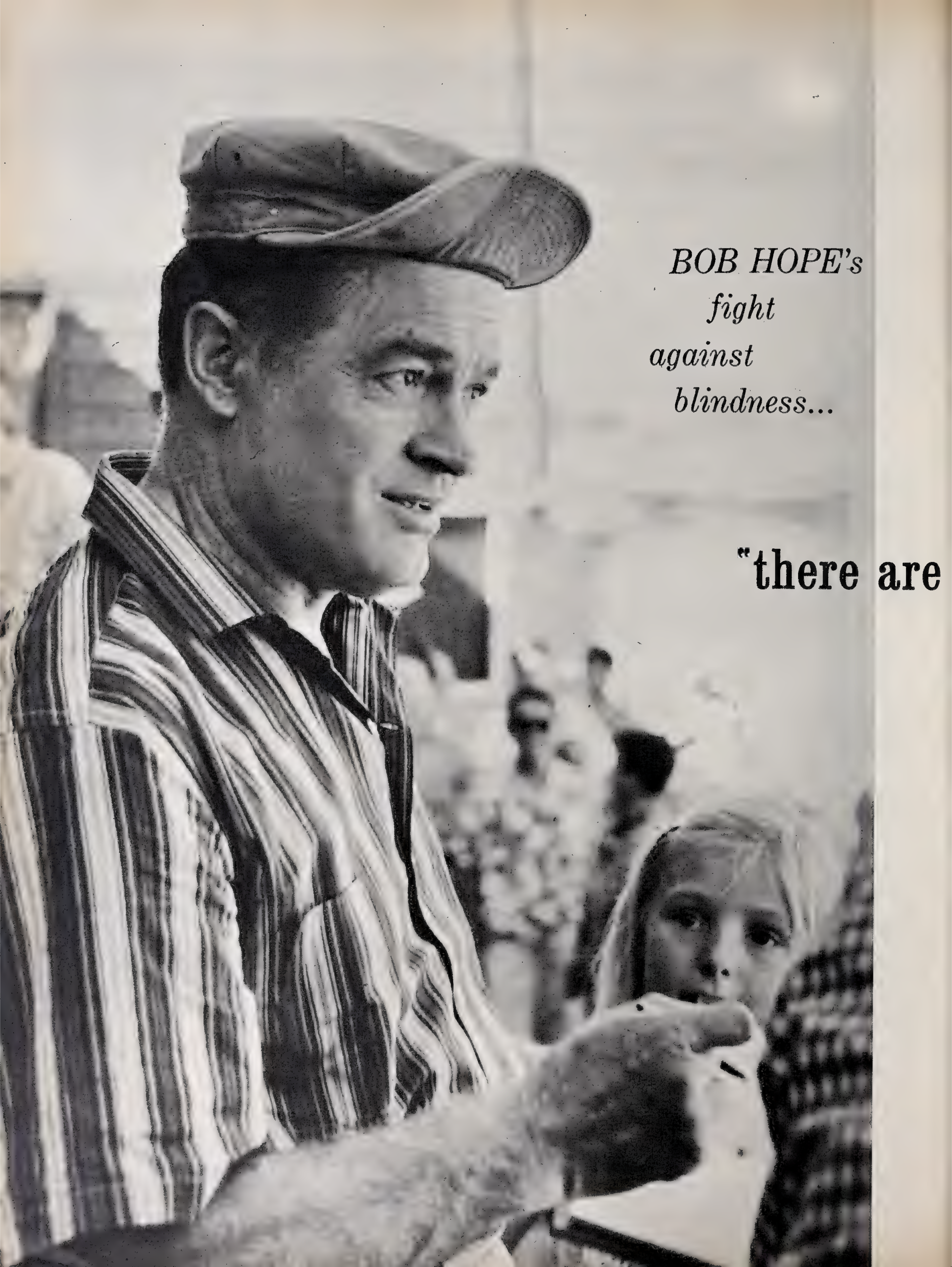
I was in the beauty parlor, putting on my makeup . . .

when someone casually mentioned his name

and then I knew I could never forget the day Tommy told me—

“I LOVE YOU...I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN”





BOB HOPE's
fight
against
blindness...

"there are

BOB HOPE sat staring at the frosted-glass hospital door in front of him, through which he could just make out the silhouette of the doctor, pacing up and down, evidently mulling over the charts and papers he held in his hand. The doctor paused at the door. . . .

Bob clenched the polished arms of the chair, hardly aware of his own anxiety. "There's so much . . . still so many things I want to see," he thought to himself, as he waited for the doctor's verdict.

He looked over at the black and white moon-faced clock high on the wall, watching the sec-

ond hand as it moved very slowly around and around. Its ticking seemed unusually loud.

Then suddenly he shuddered and shut his eyes tight. He didn't want to think any more, think what it might be like not being able to see the happy faces of his audiences when he cracked a joke because somehow he knew . . . *you couldn't make jokes at just a blur.*

And he remembered the first time he'd seen the audience as a blur . . .

He had stood in the center of the improvised platform at Port Lyautey, in Morocco, looking out at sailors—hundreds and hundreds of them—gathered under the hot North African sun to see the USO troupe (*Continued on page 96*)

still so many more things I'd like to see"

by JIM HOFFMAN

Watching his family as they grow up . . . seeing the faces of the soldiers—of any audience—as he cracks a joke . . . these things mean so much to Bob. And he knew that somehow he must see . . . he had to see.



"Nobody ever carries
my books to school..."

SANDRA DEE



"In Psych I learn more about myself, but where are the boys to practice on?"

There are forty chairs in my class," said Sandra Dee, looking around the little white bungalow where she goes to high school.

"—And she's the most popular, best looking, most intelligent, best dressed, most talented and best-all-around girl in her class," added her teacher, Mrs. Gladys Hoene. Then they both laughed.

The joke is, Sandra's the only pupil in her class.

"Not so long ago, the other chairs belonged to Piper Laurie, Donald O'Connor, Deanna Durbin . . .

"In a regular school," Mrs. Hoene put in proudly, "Sandra would surely be a straight 'A' student; she's very serious about her work."

Sandra made a face. "How can you be anything *but* serious when you're the whole student body?"

School begins at 9 a.m. "But sometimes," Sandra noted, "I have to report to Hair & Makeup at seven!" There she crams under the dryer, with not a chance of her copying anyone's homework.

And there's no gossiping, reading magazines under the desk or passing notes—and worst of all, no boys!

"The men I work with all call me 'B-F' (Baby-Face)," she admitted, "especially when they see me studying Civics (her least favorite subject) between love scenes.

"And you should hear the ribbing I take during lunch at the commissary, too. They're always asking, 'How does your football team look this year?' and 'Just heard you're at the top of your class—and the bottom, too.'

"But it's not so bad, 'cause I love my teacher and I love French. Besides, I graduate this June, and the only thing I'll really miss is going to a Senior Prom."

We thought we caught a wistful look on her face as she buried it in a giant text, "Psychology for Living."

"School's over . . . teacher walks me to 'work.'"

"The idea is good," says Mrs. Hoene, "and I like the surprise ending. But watch your punctuation, Sandra!"

"Mrs. Hoene is more than a teacher, she's a good friend. Imagine, at times we even play Rummy at our recess!"



what do Liz and Eddie



feel when they look at these pictures?



No matter how busy he is, the moment is bound to come when Eddie Fisher sits staring at the picture that has been in his rented house, on the piano, since Christmas—a large, color photograph of his son and daughter. There is a goose in the picture and a duck—not stuffed, but real live ones—and Carrie is bending toward them with one hand stretched out, a little tentatively, as if she were ready to snatch it back if anything went wrong. Beside her, Todd squats on chubby, unsteady legs, an expression of awe on his round baby features.

It was snapped by Debbie Reynolds on the set of “The Mating Game.” She gave it to Eddie for Christmas. There is no inscription across the face of the photo; Carrie and Todd were too young to write, and there is too little to say be- *(Continued on page 90)*

by CHARLOTTE DINTER

JAMES DARREN:

**"why is it
so tough
to make a girl
understand
how you feel?"**



Marrying young," James Darren spoke the words in a low, trembling tone, "it isn't easy. It isn't all hearts and flowers, the way you imagine it to be. A marriage doesn't succeed just by being dreamy about it. A marriage succeeds only if you're able to understand it, to work at it. Gloria and I weren't ready for it. We were just babes in the woods trying to play house. But," he added, "whether we divorce or not, I know this much. *I'll never stop loving her.*"

He paused and squinted his eyes, trying to control the tightness that choked his throat. In six months, he had changed so much that it felt wrong to call him Jimmy. He was no longer the sheepish, shy boy whose eyes used to dart nervously around like a young pup's. Now, Jim seemed to fit him more. He was thinner, more intense and yet it was more than that . . .

Outside the rooftop restaurant the drifting fog blanketed the winter-brown hills of Central Park. In a moment, he looked directly at me. "I'm going to tell you the story behind our break-up, everything that happened. I haven't told it to anyone. I don't know what's ahead, but I hope—and I pray to God every day for this—there's hope. I'm not giving up."

While the late afternoon sun, smoky from the thick vapors of fog, fell over the skyscraper skyline of New York, Jim, anxious, heartbroken, an ache of sadness in his mellow voice, unraveled the events of his tragic marriage breakup.

From the start things had gone wrong, even before they married. But he believed it would all work out. God will be good to us, he thought. We're in love, we're young—(Continued on page 102)

by GEORGE CHRISTY





*Gosh, I almost died
when a voice on the phone said,
“This is Kim Novak...”*



I brought my camera, so I'd know I hadn't dreamed it!

It wasn't the first time I'd come to New York in a lavender blouse with a precious address and a crazy idea that I'd meet Kim Novak. As president of The Lavender Flames, her biggest fan club in the East, I'd managed to pry the address from her sister Arlene at National Headquarters in Chicago. Then, at the last minute, I'd lost my nerve. . . . But there I was again, unpacking the same blouse in the same hotel with the same old dream, when all of a sudden her voice on the phone said it wouldn't be a dream anymore.

Me! Invited to a party at Kim's!

The minute I opened her door I felt at home. Even if it is a penthouse, it's not too fancy; just gracious and comfortable—like something I knew Kim would want. There must've been fifty fans (*continued*)

by FLORENCE TOUTKOUSHIAN

Age 18, Philadelphia, Pa.



At first, we all felt shy, but Kim put us at our ease.

She was so gracious as she served the punch that some of us got on line twice!



come over...I'm having a party



I was sitting on
the couch, right
next to Kim, when
the phone rang
—and Kim screamed,
“Golly, it’s my
sister, Arlene...
I’m an aunt!”





The best part was
when the others
had left and Kim
showed us how
to look prettier



...I'm having a party

continued

of all ages buzzing about with cameras, drinking lavender punch as fast as Ella Mae—in a lavender organdy apron—could serve it.

"If you don't stop stuffing yourselves," I teased, "you'll be sick when Kim comes out."

A small girl wearing big white gloves looked up suspiciously: "What kind of sick?"

"Nervous sick," said I.

The small girl giggled and popped another cookie into her mouth. How could she? I was so excited I couldn't touch a thing.

Finally she appeared, a vision in violet on a wave of sighs. Mary Anne Warzecha, a cute brunette from (Continued on page 109)



Party's over—so soon



NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

THE WHOLE WORLD'S AGLOW WITH THE PINK FROM PARIS

It was born for the Paris collections—a new, blazing pink with a cool touch of the blues. Suddenly, it's the rage of Paris and the whole world! For this is that once-in-a-lifetime pink that gives a woman the warmth of flame, the sparkle of champagne, the indefinable something that men love. Sounds fantastic? *It is fantastic!* There's never been a pink like The Pink From Paris. Now in glowing Nail Polish, long-lasting Sheer Lanolin Lipstick, and new, creamy, Delicate Lipstick by

CUTEX®



by MARCIA BORIE

why DIANE VARSI says:

I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO HOLLYWOOD



The winding main street of the small college town of Bennington, Vermont, sloped sharply downwards as it reached into the clustered shopping center of the town. At the top of the incline and walking towards the stores—which were shadowed from the warm spring sun by the steep rise—came a bobbed-haired young girl in blue jeans and her small freckle-faced son. As they climbed over the crest of the hill and started downwards towards the stores, the boy gave his mother a friendly tug by the hand, making her run down the slope, unable to stop.

"No, Sean, no," she laughed, as her open sandals clip-clopped over the pavement and her light, empty straw shopping bag flapped back and forth in her other hand.

"But it's fun, Mommy. I like it," he said. "Don't you?"

He turned his tiny face around to look up at hers.

"Yes, Sean. Yes I do—very much," she said softly.

"Then why aren't we together like this—all the time?"

"But darling we will be. I promise. Now you let go of my hand and I'll meet you by the candy store," she said, shaking off his grasp and (*Continued on page 107*)

A vintage advertisement for Sea Nymph swimsuits. Two women are posing against a yellow background with a cracked, stone-like texture. The woman on the left is wearing a red and blue striped swimsuit with a drape front and a side bow. She is smiling and has her hand near her face. The woman on the right is wearing a dark green and blue patterned swimsuit with a black overprint. She is also smiling and holding a red leash. A small white dog is on the leash at the bottom right. The text 'take the fun-road in your' is written in a cursive font, and 'sea nymph' is in large, bold, red letters. Below that, 'GLAMOUR SWIMSUITS' is written in a smaller, bold, black font.

take the fun-road in your

sea nymph

GLAMOUR SWIMSUITS

It's the good, *young* summer time by the sea in this happy swimsuit duet.

Left; drape front, saucy side bow on woven madras stripe lastex in flame and blue.

Right; a background of "deep sea" color with black overprint on hand screened printed lastex. Green and Blue dominate. Both in Junior and Misses sizes...each about \$11.

All Sea Nymph Swimsuits have pre-shaped contour up-lift pelon bras for your natural look of loveliness.

At better stores or write Jordan Manufacturing Co., 1410 Broadway, N. Y. 18. Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal.

what sort of girl does a fellow *dig* for?

I may be young and I still go to school,
But when it comes to chicks, I'm no poor fool,
• I'm a man.

Like when I am walking along on the beach
Looking for pebbles and for some little peach
Who has waterswept hair and a bit of a tan,
And all this, you see, simply 'cause I'm a man.
I like my chicks chic when they go in the water,
Because to look pretty is what a chick oughter.
And so all you chicks, look sweet as you can,
And smile all the while and you'll catch this man.

continued



what sort of girl
does a fellow d!V for?

continued



Left: Checkered knit mallot, \$12.95; Right: low-back knit mallot, \$8.95, both by Sea Nymph. Cap by Betty Darling Enterprises.

I was pushing my bare toes along on the sand
 When I stopped for the pleasantest sight in the land:
 Two girls wearing red and roasting hot dogs
 Were catching all eyes in their neat little togs.
 Now cooking, as everyone knows, is an art,
 And also one way to a young man's heart.
 So I paused in my pursuits because it seemed fit,
 To notice that both the girls' swim suits were knit.
 One had a cat's meow cap on her head,
 The other was checkered in white, black and red.
 Both of them looked cool as a pool
 I know, you see, 'cause I'm no poor fool.
 In the background I heard a terrific male voice.
 It was me on a record—a sensible choice.
 I looked at the girl who was listening enraptured,
 And right then and there my fancy was captured.
 On second look, I noticed her suit shone with a sheen,
 And that's 'cause, so she said, it was white bengaline.
 Words can't describe the way that suit fit,
 Nor the crazy buttons up one side of it.
 She seemed far away, digging my song,
 On a dreamy trip—wish I was along.

continued



White bengaline maillot, \$10.95, Marina del Mar.
 RCA Victor portable victrola.

what sort of girl
does a fellow dive for?

continued



Left: Woven boucle one-piece suit, \$19.95; Right: Dacron and cotton two-piece suit, \$12.95; both by Jantzen. Beach hats, Tapoo Hawes for E. Lockwood.

Farther along on the water's brink
 Where one goes in to swim, not sink,
 I spied two chicks who were looking ducky.
 (To find chicks like ducks is unusually lucky).
 Well, these little ducks were pulling a friend
 Who had 'hold of the rope on the other end.
 I like my girl chicks when they're not afraid
 To use their arms for what arms are made,
 For a lass who does more than just sit in the sun
 Is the lass that this lad finds lots of fun.
 And then I spied what these chicks were wearing,
 Terrific suits that were modest yet daring.
 One wore, said she, bouclé woven in turquoise
 With the back cut out accidentally "on purpose."
 Her friend's suit was two neat pieces of cotton
 In yellow paisley, she said—I've not forgotten.
 These cute little figures still stick in my mind,
 Chicks full of high spirits—and just my kind.

And how about the friend on the end,
 Holding the rope where it started to bend?
 This girl looked like a sweet little rose,
 And a rose is the prettiest flower that grows.
 She was wearing these flowers all over her suit
 (Her suit was a dress cut short at the root).
 She'd tied a bandana around her hair
 And, well frankly, it didn't seem fair
 For one girl to have so many feminine wiles
 That you'd burst into song for one of her smiles.

continued

**FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY,
 CHECK CONTENTS PAGE**

White Arnel jersey swimsuit, \$22.95, Robby Len.



what sort of girl
does a fellow dW for?

continued



Now here's a girl who thinks like me...
A match is a catch—or it oughter be.

Multicolor patchwork mallot, \$10.95; Fabian's
matching trunks, \$4.95; Beach towel, \$3.95.
All by Catalina.



FOR DIPS, DOZIN' OR DREAMY DRIFTING THIS LEE LOVELY! ORLON AND ELASTIC DIMPLE KNIT . . . LAZILY
PIPED ABOUT THE COWL NECK, TIED IN A BOW AT THE V BACK. NAVY, RED, WHITE. SIZES 32 TO 38. ABOUT \$11.

B. GERTZ & CO., all stores, Jamaica, N. Y.
DAUGHTERY'S DEPT. STORE
 Castro Valley, Calif.
SALLY SHOPS Los Angeles, Calif.
H. C. CAPWELL.....Oakland, Calif.
WEINSTOCK LUBIN & CO.,
 Sacramento, Calif.

GAYFERSPensacola, Fla.
CHESTER CO......Sterling, Ill.
FRANK DEPT. STORE.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
CORCORANSCambridge, Mass.
MITCHELL & CO......Haverhill, Mass.
GEORGE V. BUTTNER Plymouth, Mass.
J. L. HUDSON & branches, Detroit, Mich.

FAMOUS BARR & branches, St. Louis, Mo.
POPPY'SElizabeth, N. J.
VOGELS.....Long Branch, N. J.
ABRAMOWITZ.....Point Pleasant, N. J.
HENS & KELLY.....Buffalo, N. Y.
MOREHOUSE FASHION CO.,
 Columbus, Ohio

THE A. POLSKY CO......Akron, Ohio
OLDS & KING.....Portland, Ore.
POMEROY'SHarrisburg, Pa.
KAUFMANN'SPittsburgh, Pa.
AUERBACH & CO......Salt Lake City, Utah
BON MARCHE.....Seattle, Wash.

FOR NEAREST STORE WRITE: LEE BEACHWEAR, DEPT. P1, 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK

Enhance your junior figure with a



Yankee Clipper. Fun-loving flattery mates a white, all-pleated sharkskin skirt with a colorful faille Lastex top. A beautiful figure-slimming effect \$16.95



Smart Set. White ric-rac on a winsome Galey & Lord cotton plaid. Boy leg slim lines; bodice, puckered at sides, \$11.95. Matching Cover-Up, waist-high . . . \$5.95



Sun Spots. Sleek and dramatic mio, with a steep V-neck, even steeper V-back. Built-up straps button at shoulders. Dotted Helanca nylon knit \$15.95

Flair for Imagination

describes the most exciting and complete junior swimwear collection of the season. For Catalina's couturier-like consideration gives the girl with a junior figure everything she has always wanted: Originality of design; fascinating fabrics and colors; flawless attention to figure control. See how much more a Catalina Junior enhances *your* special charms.

Opposite in color: **Fantasy**, a figure-flattering sheath plunging mid-low in back with built-up bodice. Large, drifting white hand print flowers on a colorful background of Helanca nylon knit . . . \$19.95

Opposite above: **Chatterbox** says gaiety with tailored elegance. Tablecloth check Lastex sheath with slimming mitred-panel front, semi-belt back \$15.95

CATALINA JUNIOR SWIMWEAR  LOVELIER BY DESIGN

Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13 • Creators of Fine Swimwear, Sweaters and Sportswear • Subsidiary of Kayser-Roth Corporation

Catalina®



From the sun-terrace we laughed at the funny
two-year-old chugging along on a pair of skis...
and then suddenly, afraid, I wanted to cry—

“I want my baby...”

I want my baby”

The warmth of the sun felt good against my face, and, pushing up the sleeves of my heavy ski sweater to let its rays reach onto my arms, I relaxed back into a deep canvas chair. We were sitting—Philippe (my husband) and I—on the wooden sun-terrace of a ski lodge high in the French Alps. All about us we could hear the shouts and laughter of the skiers and if I lifted my head a little I could see them trudging up the snow-covered slopes and gliding down, time after time.

Then a crunching of snow just to the right caught my attention. A funny little two-year-old with a knitted bonnet came chugging by on a pair of baby skis. The pom-pom on the peak of the bonnet kept bouncing provocatively up and down as she went and suddenly I felt I wanted to cry.

Reaching out for Philippe's hand, I turned towards him and as he felt my grasp he opened one eye sleepily and looked at me. “That . . . that little girl,”

I said, pointing a finger towards the bouncing pom-pom, “She could have been . . .”

But Philippe wouldn't let me finish my sentence, patting my hand gently and interrupting with, “It will be. It will be someday. You'll see. The doctors were quite sure you could have another.”

I tried to smile but my lips were trembling. “But I want my baby . . . I want my baby now,” I whispered.

Philippe didn't answer. There was nothing he could say. He just held my hand, understanding, I think, exactly how I felt as I watched the child chug onwards through the snow, stopping only for a second to call, “Maman! Maman!” to a young woman who was standing talking with two other ladies a little further away.

I'd wanted so much to have a little girl or boy just like the one that had passed by. The slopes seemed vacant without my baby, as vacant as I felt. And, as I (Continued on page 104)

by CHRISTINE CARERE





MAX FACTOR

whips up Creme Puff

always ready to flatter your face
with just a breath of color



Only compact make-up with
shades so delicately
blended they match each
individual complexion.
Creme Puff never changes
on your face. Ends
"color-patching" forever!



Just the breath of color you desire... any time
... any place... *yours* with Creme Puff by
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— blended for each type of complexion as only
Max Factor can. And Creme Puff Make-Up
never streaks, never changes color
— ends "color-patching" forever!

IVORY COMPACT... 1.25*, GOLD-TONE
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*PLUS TAX



CONNIE FRANCIS

Continued from page 56

thinking how funny it is how when your head's in the dryer and you can't hear, you think you have to shout. "Say, have you seen this story on that new singer, Tommy—— Isn't he the greatest!"

My hand shook for just a second when I heard his name again. I nodded at the girl to let her know I agreed. Then I found a tissue to wipe off the lipstick where I'd smeared the outline when she startled me. I dabbed at my nose with a puff, threw my makeup kit in my bag and picked up my coat. I didn't realize that I was almost running till I heard the girl at the cash register call out after me.

"Say, Connie, what's your hurry?" she teased. "Don't you want to pay your bill first?"

"Sorry," I said. "I just realized how late . . . Here you are." I didn't even bother to put the change in my wallet. I just jammed it into my purse and walked out quickly. It took me almost three blocks to realize that I had no reason to hurry . . . that I had almost an hour before my father was to meet me and drive me home to Belleville, New Jersey. There was a Walgreen's drug store on the corner and I turned into it.

I sat there, my elbow propped up on the lunch counter, not drinking the coffee I'd ordered, just trying to understand how, after all this time, just the sudden mention of his name could make my heart go flip-flop. I wondered if all your life that's the way you feel when someone mentions the name of the first boy you love.

Tommy's not his real name, of course. I call him that 'cause he's a famous singer today and you'd recognize his real name. But he wasn't famous that day we first met two years ago . . .

I didn't like him that day. My manager, Mr. Scheck, and I had an appointment with Tommy to listen to some songs he'd written. When I got to the office, my manager led me into the bare rehearsal room where Tommy's partner was seated at the scarred upright piano and Tommy was slouched on a wooden folding chair with his feet propped up on the only other chair there. He didn't get up. He just raised his hand, moved his palm around in a slow circle and said, "Greetings. You're late!" But as they played the first song, I watched him and I thought, "He'd be nice-looking if he wouldn't scowl."

The first song wasn't my style and I said so. Tommy dropped his feet off the chair with a thud and stood up. "C'mon," he said to his partner. "Let's go."

"But don't you have any other songs?" I asked.

They played three other songs and they were very good.

"Gosh," I said, "they're great. They could almost have been written just for me."

"Well they weren't, doll, they weren't."

"I'd like to record them, especially that one you call 'My First Real Love.'"

"Sure you would," he said. "I've heard that before."

"I'll set up the recording date," Mr. Scheck interrupted. "You boys wait here, I'll be right back." And he ushered me out of the room. "He's a very talented boy," he whispered.

"That's no excuse," I answered.

But a week later I saw Tommy again, when he and three of his friends sang along for vocal background when I recorded Tommy's song. Making a record is like taking a final exam at school. You study and prepare and you do your best—and then you hope you'll pass. And when

it's over there's a let-down feeling. Sometimes, if you're alone you want to sit down and cry. But this time, I wasn't alone.

Pushing back the blond hair that kept falling over onto his forehead, Tommy put his arms around my waist and we both jumped up and down in a crazy sort of a jig, laughing. Then Tommy pulled me over to a corner of the room.

"Connie, you're one of the nicest girls I ever met," he said quietly. "I want to thank you for giving me so much help. I hope you'll forgive me. I didn't mean to be rude."

"Oh, that's all right," I told him. "I know you didn't mean it. I . . . I wonder if you and your friends would like to come to a party I'm giving next week?"

"Sure," he said. "Thanks."

In the short week till my party, Tommy had been on a roller coaster. One of the big record companies had given him a contract and he'd sung on the most popular musical show on television. In that crazy week, he'd even found time to make a record, and he brought me a copy of it when he came to the party. I put it on the top of the panel I'd stacked next to the phonograph in the pine-paneled den.

Then, busy passing the Cokes and a cheese-dip for the potato chips, I heard someone start the phonograph and it was Tommy's record. I wanted to dance it with him, but a boy I'd dated—when I was a senior at Belleville High and my father let me begin going out on dates—asked me

before I had a chance to look around and find Tommy. It was eleven-thirty before I realized that I hadn't seen him all night. He wasn't there in the den, but when I went upstairs to look, I spotted him through the open kitchen door, leaning across our new gray formica table, talking away with his friends. But my father saw him first.

"Aren't you boys having a good time?" he asked. "Why don't you go down to the den and dance?"

"We're busy talking," Tommy snapped, twisting around in his chair.

I walked back to my party and started picking up the used paper cups, just for something to do. About fifteen minutes later, Tommy appeared.

"Well," I said, "don't you dance?"

"When a gentleman wants to dance," he said, screwing up one eye to hold an invisible monocle and bowing from his waist, "he does the asking."

My anger fled when he put his arm around me and we danced out to the center of the room. We glided slowly around the room and I felt Tommy's hand tighten at my waist as I closed my eyes and hummed along with the record, "The Nearness of You." When the record was almost over, Tommy danced over near the phonograph, picked up the needle and put it back at the beginning. I opened my eyes and smiled at him. He is good-looking, I thought, and I even liked the way one eyebrow always seemed to be raised in a question. Then suddenly, in a hoarse voice, I heard him whisper, "I love you, Connie."

And I was so startled I stopped dancing, stepping on his toes till I was able to find the beat of the music again.

"We just met," I protested. "You just mean you like me. You can't mean what you said . . . You shouldn't say that to me."

"Well, it's true," he said, "so believe what you will."

And then another boy cut in before I could say no to him and over his shoulder I saw Tommy leave.

After that, I saw him almost every day. We'd meet at my manager's office and then we'd sit for hours in a drug store, drinking hot chocolate and talking. But we never talked about what Tommy had told me at my party.

Some days, my father would come into Manhattan with me, and on those days I'd see Tommy at the office but I'd always have to go straight home with my father. I knew he didn't like Tommy, that he thought he was too flip, too "show business." Even though my father had taught me music—he'd really guided my career ever since I was twelve and I won first prize on Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts"—Dad has never really felt at home with "show people." But he didn't say too much until one Saturday night about a month later, when Tommy and I were going to a party in Newark.

"A nice boy doesn't come late to take a girl to a party," my father began when the clock on the walnut sideboard showed eight and Tommy was already an hour late.

"It's snowing," I said, "and traffic's probably all tied up at the tunnel."

"If the weather's that bad," he answered, "it might be better if you didn't go out—especially with that boy."

At nine o'clock, Tommy still hadn't come. At ten o'clock, we heard a loud chugging noise outside and I ran to the window again. A battered, gasping Chevy pulled up before the house and Tommy ran out. I opened the front door.

"I'm sorry," he said breathlessly. "The traffic . . ." I heard a door slam and I knew my father had stalked off to the den.

I noticed Tommy's wet shoes were making a puddle on the carpet as my mother



began, "Connie, I don't think you should go out in this weather in that old car . . ."

She started to protest again but I edged Tommy toward the door before she could. "All right," she called after us, "but be careful. And be home by one o'clock."

Usually, it takes thirty minutes to get from my house to Newark, but that night it took us an hour and a half. We stayed at the party less than an hour, so we could get home on time. But the return trip took even longer, two hours, and even with what happened afterward I still think it was the most beautiful time in my life.

We didn't talk much. Tommy's eyes were riveted on the road as he tried to spot the dangerous patches of ice. He drove slowly, and I sat quietly at his side, but not close enough so that our shoulders touched. A great white silence seemed to be heaped up on the streets as we drove through them. The moon glowed white in a starless sky and the streetlights were just pale sentinels before buildings that had lost their outlines in the snow that continued to fall in slow silent flakes. The branches of the trees, heavy with snow, seemed to be reaching down to us. There were no other cars, no other people . . . just Tommy and me in a brand-new white world.

Then we were driving up a hill and the car stopped for a traffic light. I could almost see the lacy designs on the big snowflakes as they fell slowly before me. And then I said, "Tommy, I think I love you."

I didn't turn to see his face. A long minute passed and then I heard him say in a funny hoarse voice, "I always have something to say, but not now . . ." He took my hand and held it tightly in his on the seat between us. ". . . except I love you, Connie."

I still couldn't look at him. I watched the traffic light turn green and I heard a screeching noise as Tommy put the car in gear, but we didn't move. For five minutes, he worried the motor but it was no use. We got out of the car and walked toward the ghostly lights of a bar. It was full of men, and Tommy had me wait just inside the door while he called a cab. We waited, talking about everything except what we'd just said, till finally the yellow cab came and we got into it.

We still sat apart, but Tommy took both my hands in his. "Connie," he whispered, "you're so different from anyone I've ever known, different from the rough kids on my block, different from the other people in the business. I don't ever want to hurt you . . . I don't know why I say those awful things sometimes . . . but I try to be very gentle with you . . . honest, I try."

He held my hand all the way home . . . he didn't kiss me. When the cab turned onto my street he squeezed my hand till it hurt and he said, "Let's get married in 1961. I'll have a million dollars then and I'll never have to say 'sir' to anyone."

If Tommy had asked me to marry him on any day during the wonderful months that followed, I'd have done it. Instead, we'd meet at the office and talk for hours. We'd walk one another to appointments, holding hands and dawdling in front of the Fifth Avenue furniture stores. We'd stop someplace for a Coke and doodle "1961" all over the menus. "It's one day nearer," I'd whisper and he'd laugh.

"Connie," he asked me one day, "what do you think we'll be like when we're married?"

"The same," I teased, "only with a dozen kids."

He grinned and then the grin faded and that crooked eyebrow of his went up even higher than ever. "I don't think happiness can last, Connie, I really don't." He pushed the ice in his glass around with the straw. "People get married and then

after a couple of years, maybe the very things they fell in love with start to annoy them and they're not in love anymore—just married."

"Oh, no, Tommy, that's not so. You only think that because that's what happened to your mother and father. But it doesn't have to happen to us. Golly, my mother and father have been married for twenty-five years and they're still in love."

"Are they?" he asked. "Are they really?"

"Of course they are."

"Well, then why don't they understand that we . . ." and he smashed the straw down into his glass.

When summer came, Tommy and I both had to go on tour. We promised we'd write every day, and sometimes he'd write twice a day. Once, he phoned me from out of town. "You didn't write yesterday," he said, "and I got such an empty feeling when I went down to the hotel desk. Please, please write."

But mostly, he didn't like to call me at home, for fear my father would answer the phone. The tension at home had begun to throb in me like a sick headache and because I always told Tommy everything and wanted to share everything with him, I poured it all out to him the first day we saw each other again.

"This is the first time I ever cared what someone's parents thought of me," he said. "Let me go home with you and talk to your father."

But I wouldn't let him do that. I was too afraid and I was sure my father wouldn't listen. "Not yet," I told him. "Let's wait. Maybe . . . maybe they'll get used to the idea."

But they didn't. The tension only grew and grew, like the snowbanks that had made a private world for Tommy and me that wonderful white night. I was unhappy for my family. We'd always had such warmth and understanding and happiness. But now there were evenings when I'd run up the carpeted stairs to my room without even saying goodnight to them.

Then one day, my father and I were in Mr. Scheck's office and Tommy came in. I watched him pause a moment at the

door, then take a deep breath and walk over to us. "Hello, Mr. Franconera," he said, "how are you?" And he held out his hand.

The office was crowded, and since most of the people there knew about me and Tommy, they turned to stare. My father knew they were looking, but he refused to take Tommy's hand. Finally, Tommy let his hand drop. A flush was spreading over his face, but he tried again. "I've been wanting to talk to you, Mr. Franconera. If we could only get to know each other, maybe we'd find . . ."

"I only want what is best for my little girl," my father said, putting his arm around my shoulder. "I do not feel that you and she are suited for each other."

"But if you'd only give me a chance," Tommy pleaded. "If you'd only try to get to know me . . ."

"I know enough about you." My father's voice was loud and distinct. "I know enough about you," he nodded to a group of young musicians Tommy hung around with, ". . . and your friends."

"What's wrong with my friends?" Tommy demanded.

"I don't want that kind of people hanging around my daughter," he said. "Why do they wear those beards anyway?"

"Maybe they like goatees," Tommy said.

"Why are they hiding their faces?"

"Maybe you'd look better," Tommy flung back, "if you'd hide your face." Then he turned and started stamping toward the door. He had his hand on the doorknob when he turned around and stretched out his arm in a pleading gesture to my father. Then his arm dropped. "Oh, what's the use?" he muttered, slamming the door behind him.

My heart thumped wildly as I turned from the closed door to my father. I stared at him as he said, "I'm going to speak to Mr. Scheck about this. Wait here for me." But I couldn't wait. I ran after Tommy, only I couldn't find him.

I came to the office early the next day, and I learned that Mr. Scheck had talked to Tommy about us. I waited for him in the empty rehearsal room, and when he finally appeared, I called to him softly, "Tommy?"

He came in and closed the door of the rehearsal room. I leaned my head against the shoulder of his gray jacket. "I love you," he said, so softly that I wonder now if he even meant me to hear it. Then he pushed me away.

"Connie, I don't want to see you any more."

"I know what you're going through, I know how . . ."

"You're in my way, Connie. I can move faster without you."

"You don't know what you're saying. You're upset. Let's wait and . . ."

"No," he said. "We're finished." And he walked out.

I felt numb. The next day when we met again, I saw he wanted to say something to me, but I'd been hurt and that made me walk out of the office. The next time we met he was with his friends and I was rude to him. And then he was rude to me. And we were never alone again. And that was the end of it . . . almost.

. . . Because there in that drug store, perched on a stool and staring at the signs advertising the sandwich specials, I knew I had to think about it, that I had to understand why it happened the way it did.

Now it's all over. I know it's all over. I was hurt, but I wouldn't have missed it. I hope love happens to me again. I hope it happens again soon.

THE END

M-G-M PLATTER STAR CONNIE CAN BE SEEN ON "THE JIMMIE RODGERS SHOW" ON NBC-TV, TUES., 8:30-9 P.M. EDT.

WHERE TO BUY

To buy fashions shown on pages 73 to 78 write manufacturer or nearest store listed below.

Sea Nymph knit maillots

COLUMBUS, OHIO.....F & R Lazarus
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Saks-34th Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Hecht's
or write, Jordan Mfg. Company
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Marina del Mar elasticized bengaline maillot

COLUMBUS, OHIO.....F & R Lazarus
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.....Leonard's
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....The May Company
or write, Marina del Mar
10201 Anza Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Jantzen paisley and boucle suits

DENVER, COLO.....The May Company
or write, Jantzen, Inc.
Jantzen Center, Portland 8, Ore.

Robby Len Arnel jersey swimsuit

ALLENTOWN, PA.....Somach's
FORT WAYNE, IND.....Frank Dry Goods
HARTFORD, CONN.....Sage, Allen
or write, Robby Len
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Catalina patchwork maillot and matching men's trunks

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.....Stripling's
Maillot only:
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Oppenheim, Collins
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For a lovelier face, smooth on fabulous New Pond's Moisture Base every morning. And of course, use it for night-time moisturizing, too. At your favorite beauty counter now.

Pond's Moisture Base

OUR LOVE SONG

Continued from page 53

first met Elvis the summer of 1956. I was sixteen then, and just going into my junior year at Harbor High School in Newport Beach, a coastal town some forty miles south of Hollywood.

A few months after my sixteenth birthday I got a car and, the day I received my license, I suggested to my sister Jody that we celebrate by taking a ride up to Hollywood (I'd never been there, even though we lived so close). I'd read Elvis was staying at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel while making the movie "Love Me Tender" and I said to Jody, "Let's go and visit Elvis." Of course, he didn't know us and we had no idea how we were going to get in, and that first time we tried we were turned, quite definitely, away. But we managed to make friends with some of the boys who played background for Elvis, and they kept inviting us back to listen to records and talk. And by the end of a week of driving to the hotel each day, we were real good pals with them.

Then one thing led to another, and finally Jody and I got to meet Elvis himself. For some reason, that first time we met, Elvis and I seemed to hit it off quite well, and from then on Jody and I had an open invitation to visit him every time we came to Hollywood. Elvis stayed on right through until October and all that time we must have seen him as often as three times a week. Then every time he came back into town to make a picture he'd let us know. Soon we became part of "the group" that surrounded Elvis.

I remember one Friday night when we all went to see "Pajama Game." We left the hotel in two cars. When we got to the show, Elvis parked at a gas station across the street. One of the boys went over and bought tickets for everybody. As usual, we had called first to find out what time the show broke. We'd timed it so that we would arrive after the crowd had gone in and the picture had started; that way the theater would be dark. Elvis didn't like to cause a commotion. Usually our system worked, but that night somebody goofed. We all waited at the gas station, then made a break for the door after we thought the lights had gone down. About two minutes after we got inside, the house lights went on. We were all walking slowly down the aisle, but when the lights went up, Elvis made a fast dive for the nearest seat and landed in a lady's lap. He apologized, took the one next to her, and slunk way down in his seat. The rest of us scattered all over the theater. It was intermission and while people were out buying popcorn and stuff they played records. The first record that came on was "Don't Be Cruel." That was followed by three other Presley records. The manager knew Elvis was there and was trying to be nice, but Elvis got embarrassed. I was sitting way down front, but I could hear a voice in the back calling out, "Ah, lay off that Presley music. C'mon, put on somethin' else!" It was Elvis heckling his own tunes!

The lights finally went down. But it was too late. The word had spread via the popcorn girl, the ushers, the girl at the box office. Even though the picture had started, it seemed like a big parade was in progress. About three fourths of the audience walked up and down the aisles—all looking for Elvis, while pretending they'd lost their seats. After about a half hour of this, when Elvis realized we couldn't enjoy the show and neither could the

rest of the people, he just stood up. That was our signal. Like soldiers, we all stood up with him and marched out to the lobby. Then we stopped, while Elvis went through his usual ritual—like a scoutmaster checking on his troop—counting, "One, two, three . . ." When he was sure all of our group was together, we made a dash for the cars. We never did see "Pajama Game."

When we got outside, it was raining. We drove off, heading back to the hotel. The car radio was on. Suddenly a deejay said, "Here's Elvis Presley's latest, 'Jailhouse Rock.'" Elvis put on the brakes, pulled over to the curb, turned up the radio full blast and then, while the rest of us sat in the car, he got out in the middle of the street and started doing the dance routine that went with the "Jailhouse Rock" number in the picture. He was having such a good time! It was lucky the street was deserted. Anybody coming by would have thought a boy standing in the middle of the road, the rain pouring down on him, dancing, was a candidate for a booby hatch—but it was just Elvis' way. Sometimes he's like a little boy. When the number was over, he jumped into the car and we zoomed back to the hotel. He was so tickled, like a kid playing in a mud puddle.

There's one night I'll never forget. A local TV show had been sponsoring a contest to find a "new Elvis Presley." The contest had been going on for weeks, and that night they were having the run-offs to pick the winner. The program was called "Rocket to Stardom." There had been a lot of publicity about it. We all had our hamburgers and Cokes in front of the TV set, so we could watch the show. There were about a dozen boys—short Presleys, tall Presleys—all varieties, with three things in common: sideburns, a guitar, and lots of motion.

It was really something, watching Elvis look at other people imitating him. He got a real big kick out of it. About half way through the program a guy strutted out on stage trying to act like Elvis, but he was so extreme, he looked like a peacock. Elvis didn't like the way he was behaving. When the boy strummed the first few bars of "Don't Be Cruel," Elvis stood up, plunked on an imaginary guitar and started singing along with him.

Then he shouted, "Watch it, boy, you're never goin' to make that next note, not at the rate you're goin'." Sure enough the boy missed the note and Elvis broke up laughing. He ran around the apartment saying, "I told him he wouldn't hit that note!"

He really enjoyed that show. He picked out one boy as the best. "He sure doesn't look like me but he's got a pretty voice. I sure wish he'd find a style of his own. I bet he'd really go places. I think I'll call him and tell him I think he's got a great voice."

Incidentally, Elvis worships talent in people. He's a big movie and TV fan and is particularly keen about rooting for the underdogs—the ones just starting out. He has hundreds of records I'm sure nobody has heard of. Elvis makes a practice of buying records on little labels that nobody else buys. He always says, "I don't want those guys to get discouraged, so I keep buyin' their records. Maybe someday they'll hit!"

One night we were all sitting around listening to Johnny Mathis records. Then we heard noises coming from Elvis' bedroom. He went to investigate. He found two little girls and was shocked when they told him they'd climbed up eight floors on the outside fire escape just

to see him. We were in the next room, but we could hear him bawling them out.

"Golly," he said, "why you little baby girls could have fallen and really hurt yourselves, and all on account of me."

When he brought them in the living room, they were in a trance. They'd finally gotten to see their idol, and there he was bawling them out. But they were so happy they cried with joy, until the tears rolled down their cheeks. But Elvis was pale. He kept looking out the window, straight down to the ground, almost a hundred feet below and shaking his head and saying over and over, "Why I never would have forgiven myself if you'd been hurt on my account."

Then he asked them if they were hungry. They nodded. He ordered Cokes and hamburgers and sat and talked to them for about an hour. Finally he looked at his watch and said, "It's too late for you to be out. Now go on home before your mommas are worried to death."

He walked them to the door. They were just about to leave when one took a package from her handbag and gave it to him.

"Elvis," she said, "we . . . we want you to have this." He unwrapped their present. It was a gold mesh expansion belt. He just stood there. He was so touched he didn't know what to say. Then he gently kissed each of them on the cheek, said thanks, and sent them off home.

He really cares about his fans. When they left, he sat for a few minutes not saying a word. Then he remarked, "Can you imagine those little sweet babies spending their money buying me a gift? Gosh, the kids are wonderful to me!"

I've seen Elvis stand for hours in the rain signing autographs and then bawling out the little girls for being away from home so late. That's why it used to hurt him so much when he'd read things in the paper about him being a bad influence on youngsters and teenagers. It used to practically kill him. "What will my Momma and Daddy think when they read that story?" he would say. His love for his family is something I've never seen before. No matter where we were, every night he always put through his call to his folks. He'd excuse himself and go in and talk for a half hour or so. He missed them terribly when he was away from home. When I heard about his mother's passing away last year, I knew what he was going through—he loved her so.

Every so often Elvis and I would sit over by ourselves and talk about things. At the time I was already a teen-fashions model, but I didn't particularly enjoy it. I used to tell Elvis that I wanted a career, some kind of work in Hollywood so that I could get my family to move to town. I used to get depressed and tell him I wanted very badly to have a career, to do something creative.

He used to sit and listen to me for hours. He was never too busy to listen and advise me. He had no idea I was interested in getting into songwriting, I didn't myself at that time, but I'd always loved music and been interested in it. We would sit for hours and he'd tell me about the record business, all the ins and outs. How you go about getting a song recorded, what demonstration records were. We would discuss trends in music, what made a song popular with the kids. And everything he told me I absorbed, never realizing that one day I'd take all of what he said and make it work for me. That's when he kept repeating over and over, "Shari, you say you want to be an actress. That you'd like to have a career, but that you are afraid and that you don't know how. Well, honey, all (Continued on page 90)

NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

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Costs no more than ordinary shampoos.

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New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses . . . so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!

Continued from page 88

I can tell you is just do what I did. Just have faith in yourself and faith in God and nothing will stop you."

I used to watch the way he treated so many people with kindness and respect, the way he used to be so grateful to his fans. He used to say, "Shari, I'm only human. When I wait backstage to go on and I hear all that screaming and I know it's for me, well, sometimes I feel as if my head is going to get real big with all that kind of fuss and stuff. Then I think that my daddy drove a truck and that but for the grace of God I'd be drivin' one too. Then I say to myself, 'Elvis, the day you lose your head, then that's the day when you should go back and start drivin' a truck.' You have to have humility, Shari," he would tell me. "You can never forget who put you where you are and how many people would like to change places with you."

Elvis is afraid of very few things, but the fears I remember him having were deep ones. He used to be afraid people wouldn't like him, especially older people. He kept feeling that they'd judge him by the stories they read, that they wouldn't give him a chance to show them what he was really like. He used to say, "I love those little girls who are my fans, but I sure am afraid of their folks and the rest of the older people. They just don't like me."

He'd purposely avoid going to parties he was invited to because he was afraid people wouldn't accept him, except as an oddity, as a curiosity. He's so deeply sen-

sitive that he preferred staying away from places where there was the least chance he would be disliked.

That last trip he made to Hollywood, during the filming of "King Creole," was very hectic. It was Elvis' best part to date, his most dramatic role. He wanted desperately to do a good job, but he had lots on his mind. Right after he finished the film, he was to be inducted in the service. He wasn't afraid of the Army itself, he was only scared about how the other guys would take to him. One night we were all having dinner, and one of the boys still in the group, without meaning to, started talking about some of his experiences in training camp and how rough it was on all the guys. Then he said, "Gosh El, if that's the way they treated us ordinary GI's, what will they do to you?" Elvis got pale. I went over to him and he just sat there and finally he looked at me and said, "Shari, do you think they'll give me a chance? Do you think they'll get to know me before they make up their minds about me, or will they hate me because I'm Elvis Presley? I sure want to do the best I can to be a good soldier. I just hope to God they let me."

It was time to say goodbye. That night when Jody and I drove back to Newport we were very quiet. Elvis was going away—for two years.

Two months later, I had "Poor Little Fool" published. By that time Elvis was in Texas at Ft. Hood. But one night the phone rang. It was George Klein (a disc jockey friend of Elvis'). He said, "Shari, I just got through talking to Elvis. He tried to call you but your line has been

busy for an hour and he could only hog the phone booth so long. He asked me to call you and tell you he just heard about your song. He said he was so thrilled when he found out you'd written, 'Poor Little Fool' that he forgot where he was, and right in the middle of the barracks he started jumping up and down shouting, 'My friend Shari wrote that song!'" George went on telling me what Elvis had said. Naturally I was thrilled. At last it seemed as if I really had a future.

So many things have happened to me since that summer of 1956 when I started out to meet Elvis. All of it has been wonderful, but one of the most wonderful things of all was the night in Nashville, Tennessee, when I received an award for having written "Poor Little Fool." It had sold over two million records. When the program was over, I heard someone call my name. I turned. It was George, and he'd come all the way from Memphis to see me. We sat and talked. Then George said, "Shari, I talked to Elvis in Germany last night and he gave me a message for you. He said, 'Tell Shari when I get home I expect her to write a song just for me. Tell her not to forget that I'm counting on a Sheeley song.'"

And I'm counting the days until Elvis returns. I've got tunes and words running around in my brain, but I still haven't come up with a song that is just right for Elvis. I have to think of something very special—because he's a very special person to me. THE END

EL'S LATEST FOR RCA-VICTOR: "I NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT," BACKED BY "A FOOL SUCH AS I."

LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 63

tween Debbie and Eddie now. But to Eddie Fisher, there must be a message in the photograph, a message he sees more clearly each time he looks. *These are your children*, it must say, *caught in a moment you missed—because you weren't there to see.*

Ridiculous, he tells himself. He picks up the photo in its silver frame—now, almost angrily, he puts it down on the piano again. Absolutely ridiculous. Of course he wasn't there. Even when he was married to Debbie he was away from home a good deal—what man sees much of his kids in the middle of the day anyhow? And it wasn't as if he were cut off from them now. He sees them every week, sometimes almost every day. He talks to Carrie on the phone. They probably hardly realize he doesn't live in the same house anymore. Debbie has seen to that, in her usual fair way; she has even told a reporter that she never thinks of her children as fatherless: "They have a father, a devoted, loving, wonderful father," she said. Well, he doesn't know if he is wonderful or not—but loving, that he can vouch for, that he'd always be.

That's what makes it so very difficult when on impulse, at a moment such as this, he wants to see them so much. He looks at his watch. It's too late to see them now—too late to call and ask permission, to give Debbie a chance to get out of the house if she wants to before he comes to do the thousand-and-one things that somehow have to be done now before he can see his daughter and his son.

Sharply, Eddie turns away from the picture. He strides to the phone and dials automatically. "Liz?" he says into the receiver a moment later, "Listen, let's do something. . . I think I'm coming down

with the blues. . . And, listen, Liz, bring the boys, okay?"

They took them to Disneyland. Michael Wilding, age six, held his mother's hand. His brother Christopher, four, trotted beside Eddie, chattering away, pointing at things. Looking down at him, Eddie thought Chris looked a little like his father, Mike Wilding. A nice guy, Mike. Liz had asked him to her last party and he had come with his wife. The Wildings had stayed late to talk, to offer Eddie a ride home. Funny, how Liz always managed to stay on good terms with the men who had loved her.

At Chris' insistence, they went on half a dozen rides. On the carousel, a photographer spotted them and, obligingly, Eddie and Liz and the boys held still for photographs, smiled, waved, cracked jokes. Finally the newsmen left. Liz, holding Mike, Jr. on her lap, ran her hand through her dark curls. "It's good to be back on speaking terms with the press," she remarked. She turned to smile at Eddie. "You feeling better, honey?"

"Sure," Eddie said. "I feel fine." He reached for Chris' hand.

But even as he swung Chris down from his seat, followed him across the green lawn to the next turning, twisting ride—he knew. Tomorrow the picture would be in the paper. He would open it and see his own face smiling back, his arms around Liz Taylor's handsome sons, posed against the child's wonderland. And he would look from that picture to the one in the silver frame, and he would wonder, as he seemed to wonder more and more these days—what had his own children been doing that day? What new adventure had made Carrie's eyes sparkle fire? What new word had little Todd learned to say?

What had he missed—this time?

The picture on the piano is not the only picture Eddie Fisher sees in his mind—sees and tries to forget. There are

others, more painful than that. There is the picture of the living room of the home he shared with Debbie—as it used to be, as it is now. It was a room planned for entertaining, for welcoming friends, for two adults to read in, talk in, listen to music in. There were carefully arranged flowers in the silver vases when Eddie lived there, crystal dishes of candy and nuts on the coffee tables. It was a room kept carefully clean, carefully prepared—always ready to receive the visitors Eddie had brought home in such numbers. Debbie hadn't approved of his friends, but her home was always prepared for them.

And now? He had been appalled the last time he walked into that room. Oh, the furniture was still there, the flowers still bloomed in the vases, but—in front of the sofa, Todd's playpen stood. On one chair Carrie had dropped crayons, a clay set, a broken doll. A huge stuffed elephant blocked the entrance, a dozen coloring books littered the floor. For a moment he had thought: Something must have happened to the children's rooms, that's why the living room is full of their stuff. But it didn't seem that way. It seemed somehow as if the living room had become a nursery weeks ago, as if it would still be this way weeks ahead. Why? Debbie had always taken such pride in keeping a neat home. Why?

And suddenly, without asking, he knew. Because this was a home without guests. A home no one visited any more. Family came, of course. The oldest, closest friends, like Camille, who lived with Debbie for a while—they came. But they weren't visitors. They had been there a thousand times, could pick their way through the toys, past the playpen without noticing or caring. They didn't have to be tidied up for.

And there were no others.

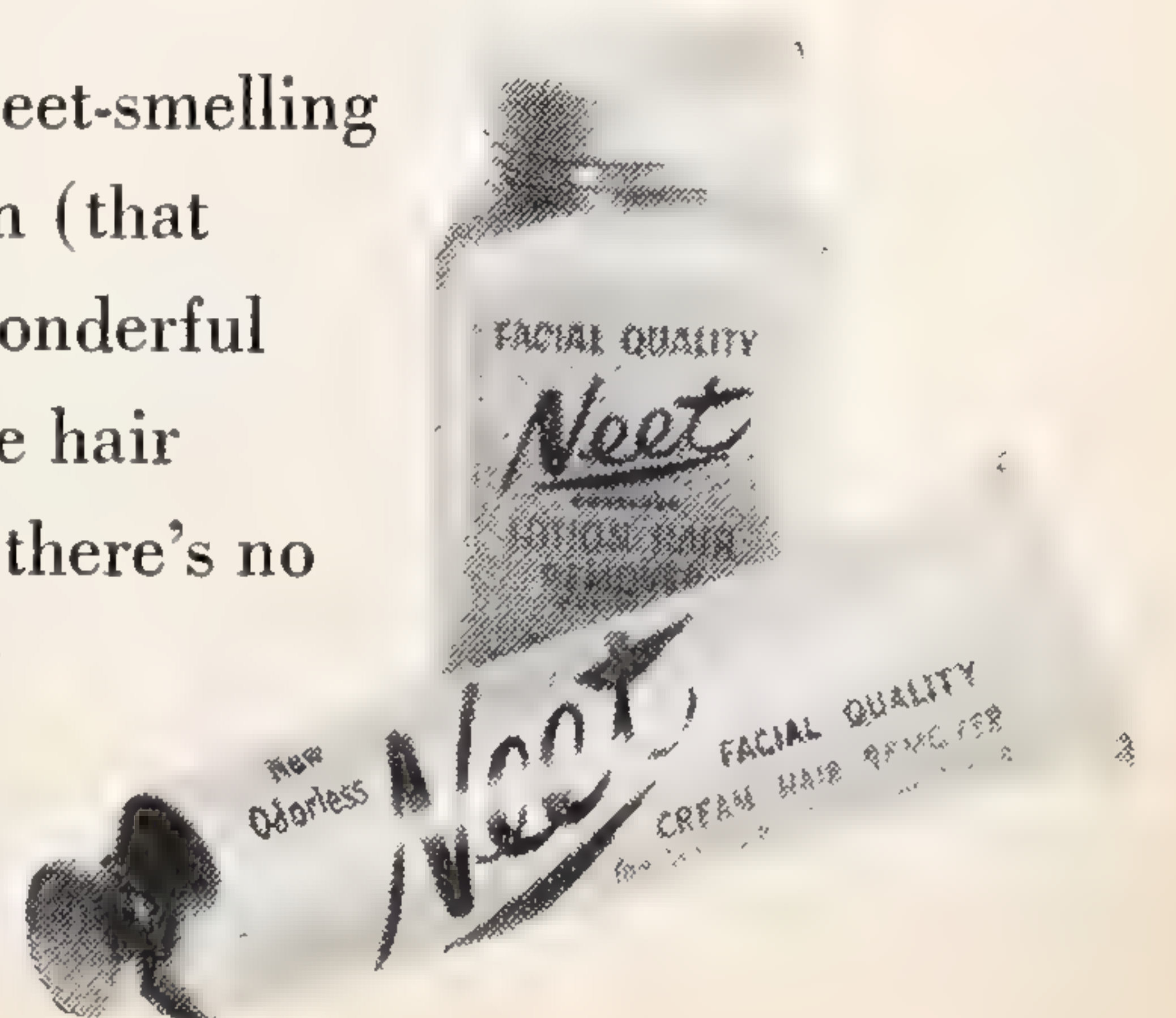
There were no young men, coming for the first time, to take Debbie out. "I don't want to go back (Continued on page 92)



shave, lady?...don't do it!

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Neet



Continued from page 90
to the world of dating," she had told someone recently, and her voice had been almost afraid. "I can't even think about it now—"

There was no new love, as there was for Eddie. "Marriage?" Debbie had said. "Marry again? People keep asking me that. Pretty soon I'll start to laugh."

True, they said that on the set she was as bouncy, as bright as ever. They said she clowned even more than she used to, made jokes, worked hard on her roles and harder on her charities—"the same old Debbie," they said.

And yet, a thousand times a day, the picture of that living-room would flash before Eddie's eyes. A room belonging to a young woman pulling her world in around herself, closing out strangers. A room in which playpens and stuffed animals left no room for a new life, a new love.

A room that was somehow painful to Eddie Fisher to remember, when he wandered through the exquisitely decorated rooms of Liz Taylor's \$150 a day bungalow. He was happier in these adult, uncluttered rooms. He liked the parties, he liked the expensive furniture, he liked the perfection, he needed those things. And yet, disconcertingly, suddenly—

He would see Debbie's living room again. "Look at Eddie," someone would hiss then. "Hey, Eddie, cat got your tongue?"

He would shake himself. The picture would vanish—almost. "I'm fine," he'd say. "But this party's a drag. Turn up the music, somebody. Come on, let's make some noise!"

Yes, there was a lot of noise in Eddie Fisher's life these days, drowning out the thoughts he didn't want to think, the memories that wouldn't go away. There was singing—his own voice, singing past hits for the benefit of his friends, because he wasn't quite ready yet to do another record—there was laughter, there was the sound of parties in full swing. On the night Debbie filed for divorce, there was the sound of champagne corks and waiters' voices—he had taken Liz out to dinner that night and they had eaten caviar with their champagne. "Uncalled for, vulgar, tasteless," the newspapers had called it. No matter how much in love with Liz he is, they said, Eddie Fisher should have realized that the filing of divorce papers is not a cause for celebration, for what looks like gloating and triumph. The official destruction of a marriage that brought two children into the world should be marked in silence and in sorrow, not in public revels. What was he trying to do, slap Debbie in the face—again?

The answer was no. He hadn't wanted to hurt her, he hadn't meant to seem triumphant and brutal. He had been trying to protect himself from silence and memory that evening, trying to make the future he envisioned with Liz—the future of gaiety and sophistication, of Mike Todd-evenings—come true at once.

But somehow, the harder he ran, the more he laughed, the greater his devotion to Liz' three children became—the more painful the little things became.

Like strong little threads, they tied Eddie Fisher to his past.

To break those threads once and for all, he did the hardest thing he had done since the morning he walked into Debbie Reynolds' room and told her that the stories were true, that he was leaving her for Elizabeth Taylor.

He asked a favor of her.

"Debbie, I want to get a Nevada divorce. Will you consent?"

Her voice on the other end of the phone was calm and controlled. "Why do you want it? We've already been granted a

California divorce. I don't understand . . ."

He was sure she knew why, but he put it into words anyway. "Because the California divorce won't be final for a year. I—Liz and I want to get married sooner. If we got a Nevada divorce, we could—"

There was a long silence. At the end of it, Debbie Reynolds said slowly, "You can do as you like, Eddie. But I can't sign any papers. I feel it would be embarrassing to Todd and Carrie to one day find out their father had two wives at the same time."

"Debbie—" Eddie said.

"I wish you luck . . . and happiness," a small voice whispered.

The next day, Debbie was caught up in preparations to make a picture in Spain. She had said she would not leave her children under any circumstances. Now she told herself it would only be for a short time. Their grandparents would take care of them.

The studio made the arrangements quickly. Within days, Debbie was at Idlewild airport in New York, changing planes for the trans-Atlantic flight. Newsmen clustered around her, asked her about the rumors of the Nevada divorce. She told them what she had told Eddie, word for word. "I haven't given my consent to a Nevada divorce," she added, "because I don't believe in it, but then I don't think my permission is necessary. . . . At first, I thought Eddie would come back to me. . . . I wish Eddie no ill will, but then I don't want him back now either. . . ."

They were the words of a woman who has been badly hurt. Those who know Debbie Reynolds believe they were the first step toward real recovery, taken at last.

Eddie Fisher read them in Hollywood and knew they were true. According to the laws of California, he could not marry Liz until the year was up. If he did, it was even possible that the authorities would charge him with bigamy.

And yet he accepted a job singing in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the Tropicana, a job scheduled to last four weeks—only two weeks short of the necessary Nevada residence requirement for a divorce. A few days before he arrived to begin his stint, Liz moved into a ranch house that's a ten-minute drive from the Tropicana. She was there when Eddie took his first bow on the night-club floor. That was the night they announced, officially, that they were engaged, saying that they hoped they could be married very soon—before they both left to go to Europe. Liz stayed at Eddie's side and smiled at him—she laughed with him and danced with him. And she even made it possible for herself—by adopting Judaism as she'd planned to before Mike's death—to pray with him. Everyone who saw them knew they were deeply in love. Even those who had been shocked the most now wished them luck.

And knew—as Eddie Fisher knows, as Liz Taylor knows—that they will need it. They will need it most of all when their eyes fall on certain photographs . . .

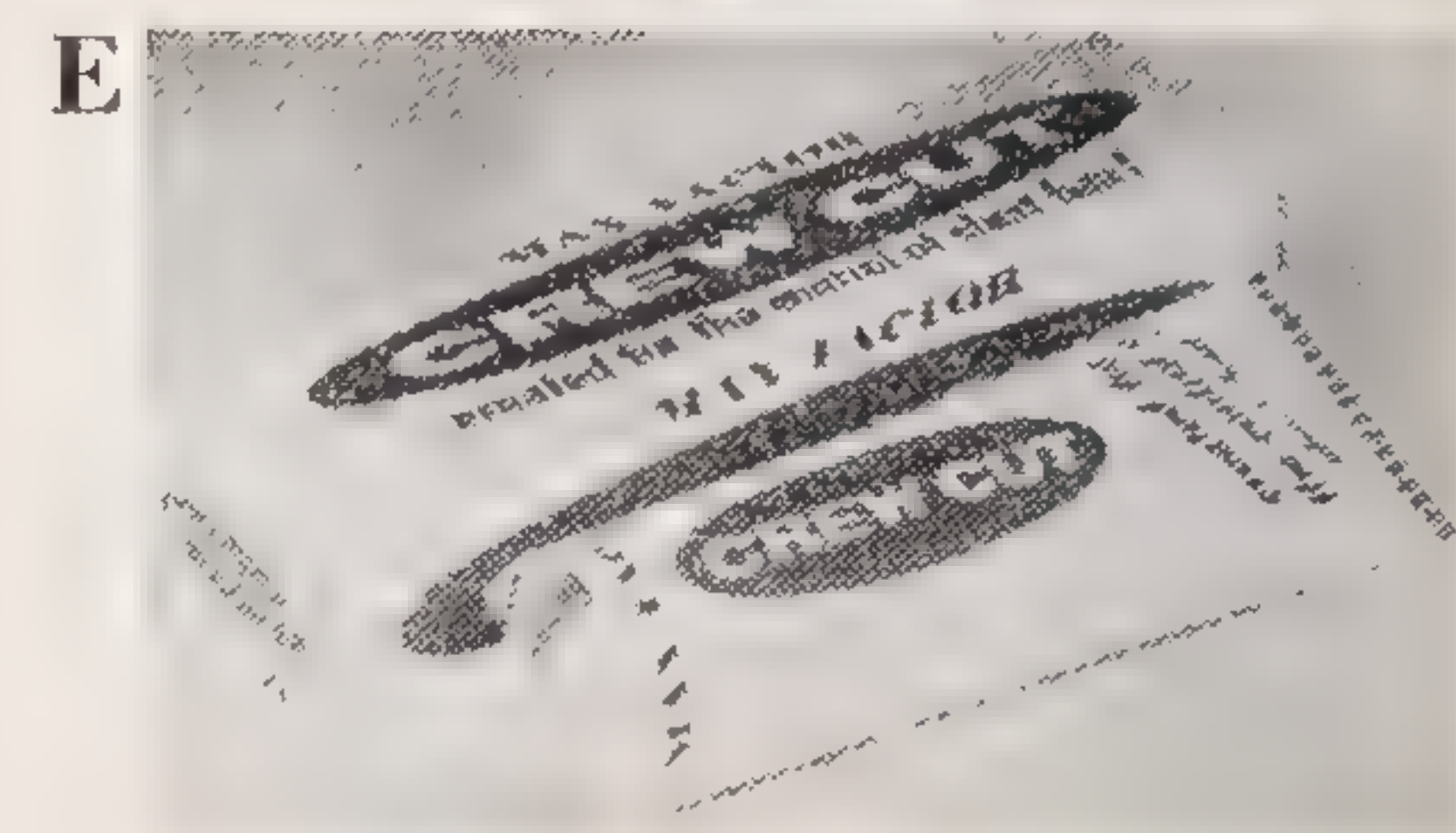
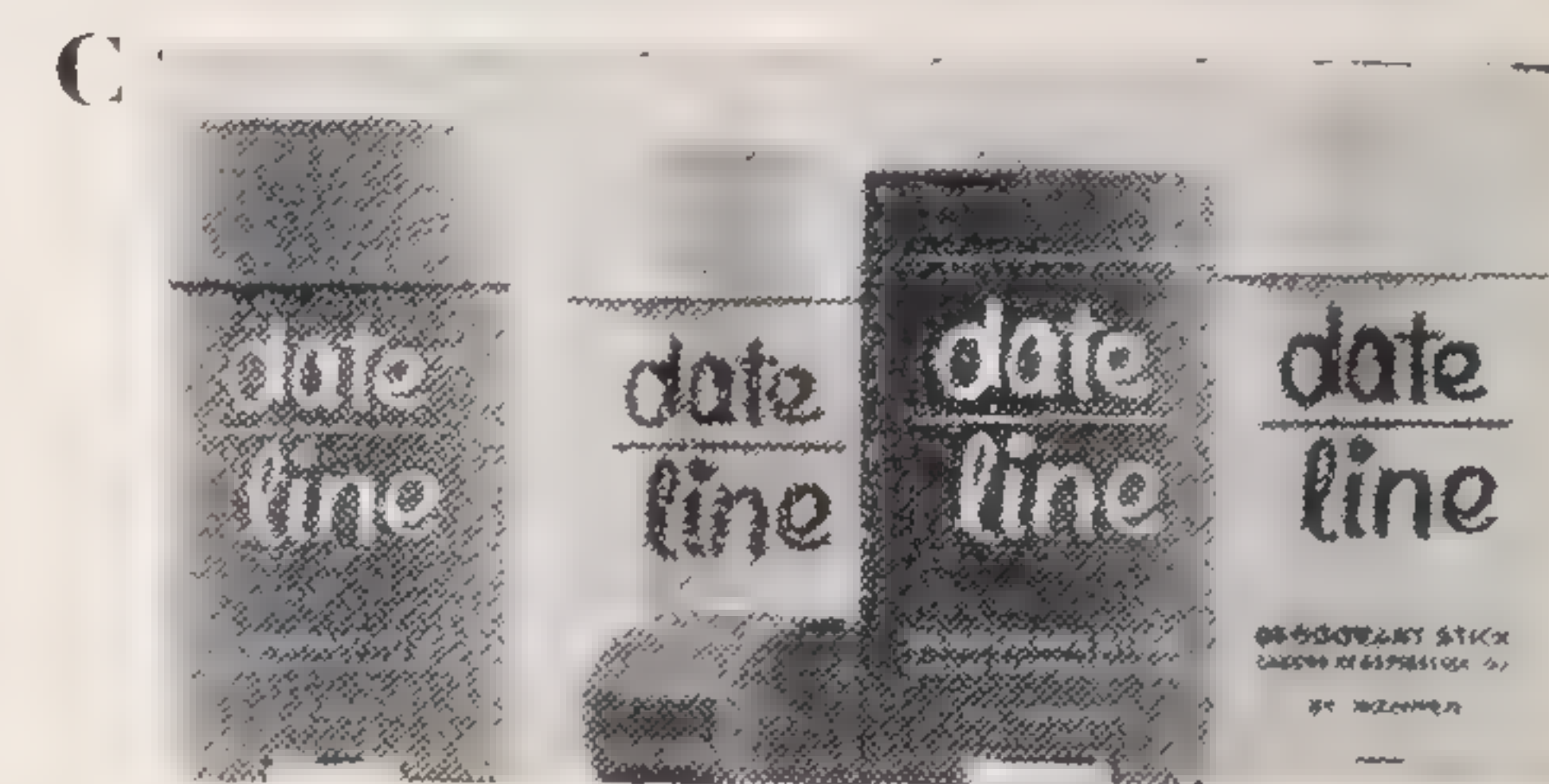
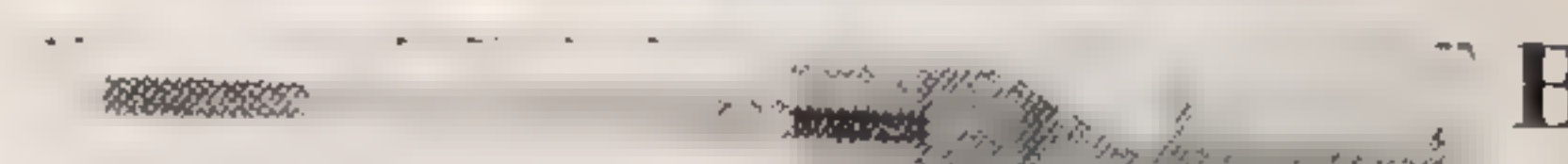
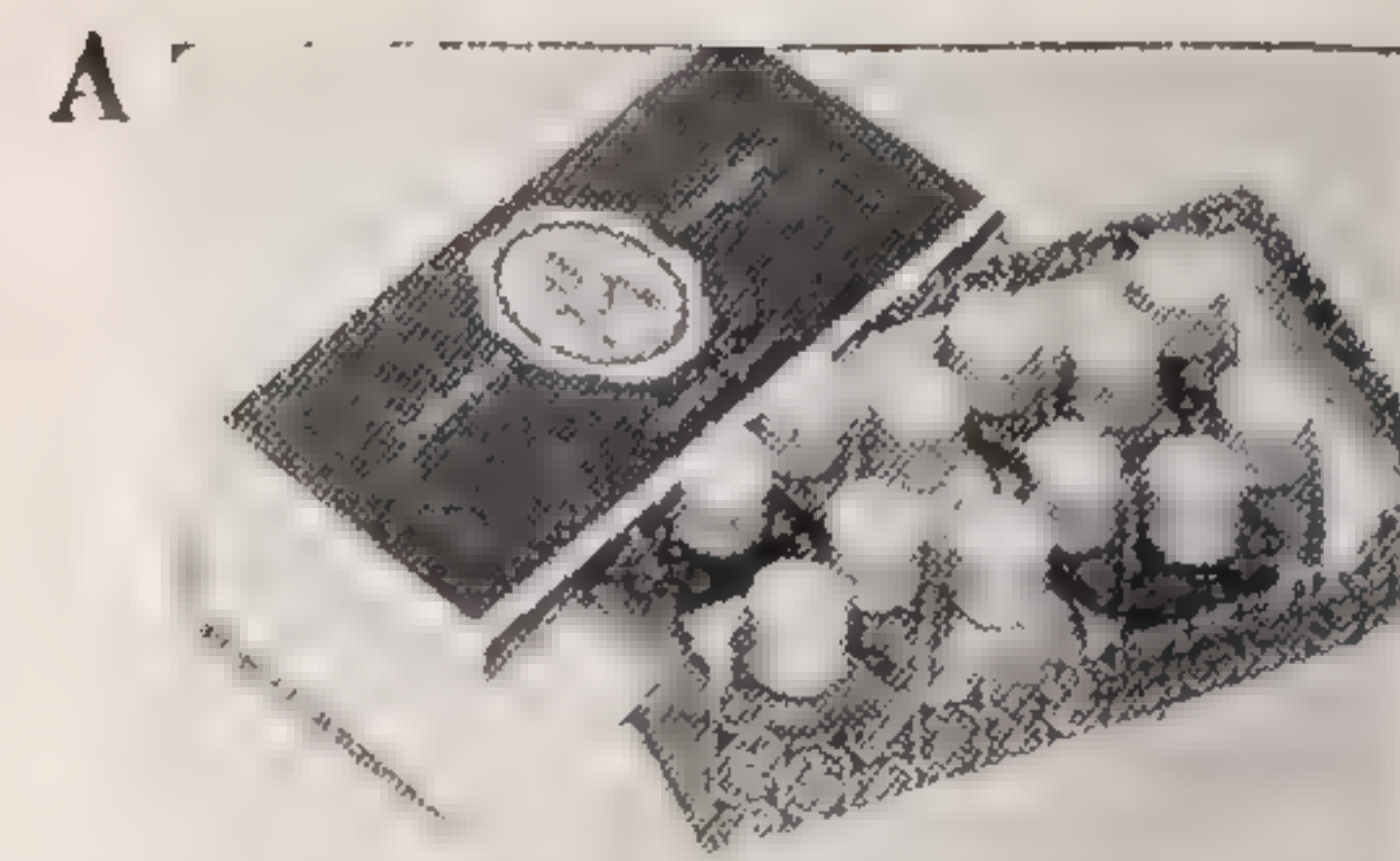
As Eddie turns from the picture of Todd and Carrie to the holiday mood of the picture showing himself and Liz with her two sons, what must he think? If the price of happiness is two lost children, a thousand painful memories, then perhaps it may never be paid in full. Eddie Fisher, for all his new happiness, for all the good luck that the forgiving world now wishes him, may go on paying that price for the rest of his life.

THE END

DON'T MISS DEBBIE IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME" AND WATCH FOR HER IN M-G-M'S "IT STARTED WITH A KISS," AND TWENTIETH'S "SAY ONE FOR ME."

LOOK FOR LIZ IN U.A.'S "TWO FOR THE SEESAW."

becoming attractions



A. Ten finger tips: Confetti kit by Juliette Marglen holds her Porcelain Nail Glacé—10 shades to wear separately or one for each finger. \$5.50.*

B. Azizamatique mascara with applicator rod features tiny comb at shorter end to separate lashes. Ten high fashion colors. \$1.50*; refills, \$1.00.*

C. For the prom set: Mennen's new Date-Line deodorant stick for young girls twists up like a lipstick in dainty pink, blue, yellow or green case. 79¢.*

D. As handsome does: Efficient Pond's Angel Skin hand lotion now comes in delightfully feminine, hobnail-design dispenser bottle. Three colors. \$1.00.*

E. It's a gift! For a father-type fellow with Butch, Ivy League or other short hair cut. Max Factor's new Crew Cut hairdressing. Tube or jar, 59¢.*

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Imagine YOU actually waving and curling your hair as you wash it! Whirls of wished-for curls! Wonderfully obedient, silken-soft waves that last and last, thanks to Wash 'n Curl, the exciting new kind of shampoo!

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You see, Wash 'n Curl has a special way with hair. This golden liquid is an exclusive blend of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that gently conditions, curls and cleans at the same time! It's the first perfect all-in-one shampoo! Try new Wash 'n Curl today. You'll see.

**If you want beautiful curls and waves
tomorrow... shampoo your hair today with**

wash 'n curl
WAVING SHAMPOO

TRADEMARK

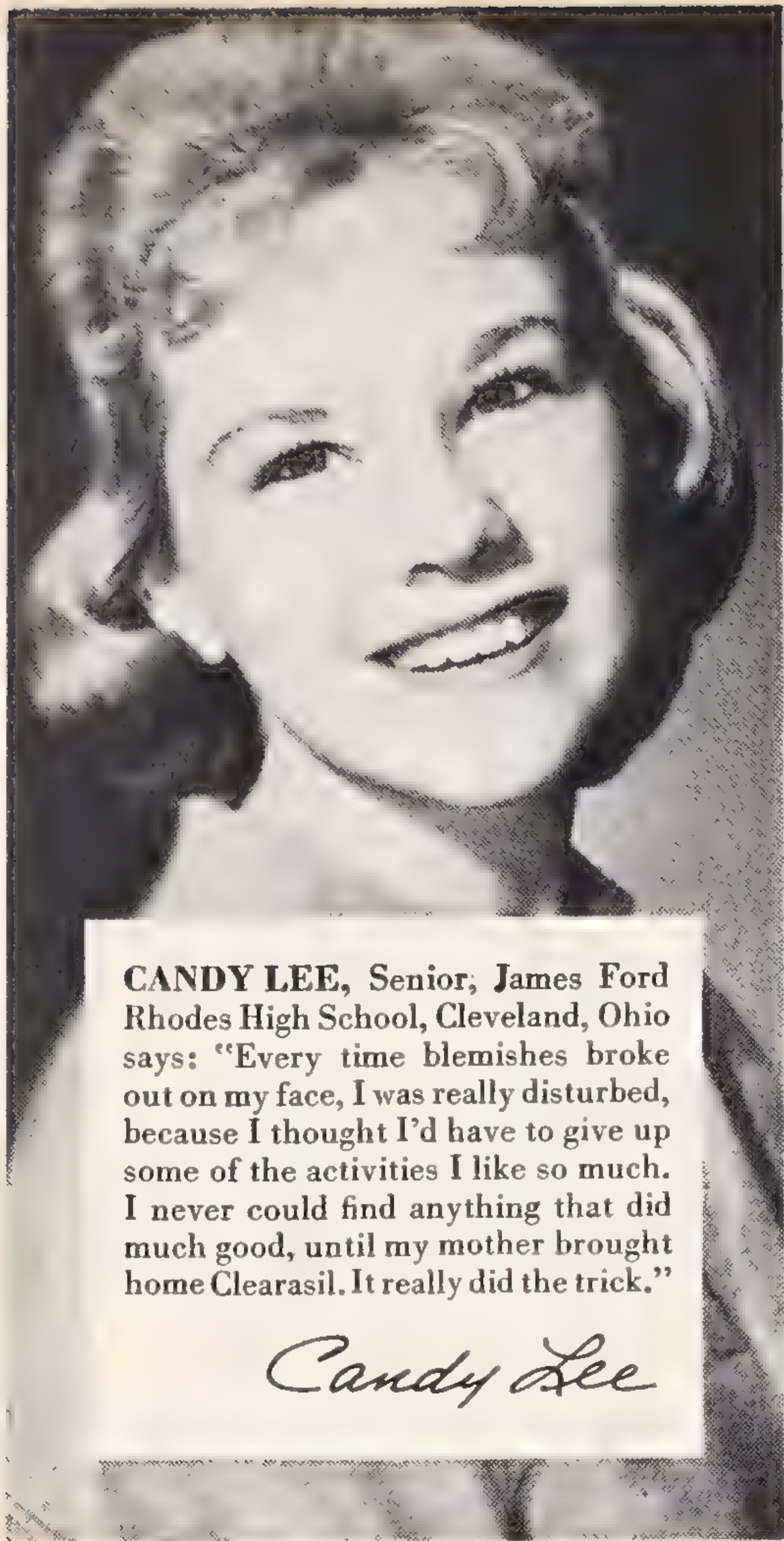
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CANDY LEE, Senior, James Ford Rhodes High School, Cleveland, Ohio says: "Every time blemishes broke out on my face, I was really disturbed, because I thought I'd have to give up some of the activities I like so much. I never could find anything that did much good, until my mother brought home Clearasil. It really did the trick."

Candy Lee

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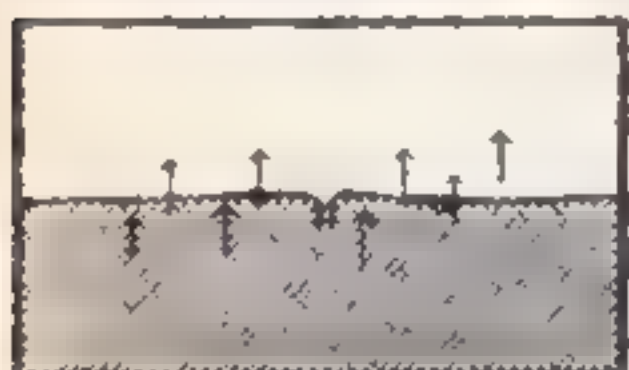
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BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

WHO'LL TOP ELVIS?

Continued from page 39

sides of the Atlantic—and Pacific—happy.

I can also predict that no matter where you are—Hollywood, Calif. or Hollywood, Fla. or points in-between—if you come across my fabulous friend, Fabian, he'll have a few schoolbooks somewhere in the vicinity. With most of the stars it's a problem signing autographs, and while Fabian shares that pleasant duty he's also got to find time to fill in test papers to keep up with his schoolwork. Fabian's very serious about his singing career, and he's just as serious about his studies.

That's a problem that a young artist has and one that you don't hear too much about. Fabian keeps pretty busy with his personal appearances, but his teachers make sure he doesn't forget them. He doesn't, either. You're liable to find him going through one of his books at the odd-est times and in the strangest places I know. Why, just the other night we were on our way to make a personal appearance together and we stopped off for a snack along the way. There I was trying to make stimulating conversation between bites—and what was Fabian doing? He had his head buried in an algebra book getting ready for a test. Now I wish I had been that way . . . but there I go again, so let's predict Fabian will finish high school with flying colors, hit records, and happy profs.

Neil Sedaka is another of our young fellows with nothing but good in the future. He's been coming up great in the past, and with his all-around talent—he's a terrific songwriter as well as performer—Neil can't help but become a bigger and brighter star.

All of these handsome and talented guys are going to help make popular music even bigger and better than ever. It's an amazing experience to watch it grow, and next year I wouldn't be at all surprised if more than \$500,000,000 worth of records passed over the disc counters across the country. That'll be enough to keep you dancing for a few hours, won't it? But maybe you'll be spending some of that dance time with some steps you'll have to learn from grandpappy.

I refer to none other than that grand old style they call "The Waltz." Uh-huh. You heard right.

Well now, wait a second. Honest, I haven't gone off the track. I can see that "Waltz" train coming up, and the gang sure seems to enjoy it. No, I don't think it'll push the jitterbug steps out of the

picture, and straight dance styles won't change that much, but there is plenty of room for one more—believe me—specially if that one more is a graceful "one-two-three-turn."

First time I noticed it was when we played "The Chipmunk Song" by David Seville last Christmas on "American Bandstand." You know the fellows and girls will try anything, but the usual steps just didn't work out with the music. At first, almost everybody stood around and waited for the number to end while just a few hardy souls tried to fit in the regular steps to the strange rhythm. Nothing worked out until someone, I forget just who it was, tried gliding along waltz-style. That was it . . . it fitted perfectly . . . and then another couple tried . . . then a third . . . soon we had a crowded dance floor again. What's more we had dusted off a style that a lot of us had forgotten—or never known. The big thrill though is the fun we all had doing it, and it's a pleasure to report that our mail tells us it's just as much fun to all of you.

I hope it's as much fun as watching the development of a new star. That's always a pleasure, and if you watch closely in the months ahead you are sure to get what I mean. We often think it just happens overnight, but Tommy Edwards can tell you it doesn't. A few years ago, all of us in the business knew Tommy as a real fine guy with plenty of talent. He was just looking for the right song, one tailored for Tommy Edwards, and stardom. I don't have to tell you that he found it.

"All in the Game" . . . Yep, Tommy knew it was, and that proved to be the title of his ticket to a gold record. This was really a case of two veterans getting together, because back around the days before World War One, this was popular as "Melody in 'A.'" (Incidentally, if you collect odd facts, this is about the only song hit we can remember that was written by a Vice-President of the United States, Charles Dawes.) So, using Tommy as our guide, we'll forecast that another veteran show-business personality—one who has worked long hours perfecting style and practicing technique—will come out of hiding and make it real "big" before too long. We've got a candidate. She's—yes, that's right, *she*—pretty, talented, and a wonderful girl with a vocal style all her own. We've been playing her records, but as yet the real big song hasn't come along. Why don't you try to "discover" her along with us? It shouldn't be too long now.

How about a clue? No fair, that would be cheating, but we'll help you narrow down the field by saying we don't mean

Tommy Leonetti Speaks Out About THE JUKE BOX RACKET Plus 26 Portraits of TV's WESTERN HE-MEN

Jimmie Rodgers • Danny Thomas
Garry Moore • Ralph Edwards

in the June TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newsstands



Connie Francis. No sir, that gal has already come into her own these past few months . . . and it just didn't happen for Connie overnight either, although it almost seems that way. I guess the reason for that is Connie just burst into brilliance with "Who's Sorry Now?" I remember the first night Connie did that number on the show. The music was familiar, but that magic Francis touch made it sound so very new. Then when Connie came back with "My Happiness" . . . well, there wasn't any question. This is a "star."

We've been chatting about new "stars" but have you noticed the songs? That's right, many of them are the top standards of a few years back. In a new arrangement, and with a beat here and a beat there, you're really snapping them up. And this big welcome home for old musical alumni is a trend that's going to continue. They may be "old favorites" but when The Platters did "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and Billy Williams came through with "Nola" you couldn't help but consider them "new." You know there are plenty more "gold" records locked in the music files, and in the future months you'll be hearing them done in new arrangements and by new voices. If you hear any muttering in the wings, that must be from the young writers hoping for their chance, too. Don't worry, fellows, . . . it's an old show business saying that "There's plenty of room at the top." That's as true in the musical world as in the business world.

Here's another angle of the crystal ball, and if it seems a bit cloudy let me tell you what's behind those shadows. It's nothing but rumors. You know, rumors—things we hear about that never happen . . . or things that are supposed to have happened but didn't. Well I'll bet we'll have plenty of them in store for us, but I hope none are as wacky as the ones we heard last year. Yoicks . . . every time I think of them! Remember the one about Frankie Avalon? For about twenty-four hours, just everywhere you turned last winter someone was sure to whisper, "Hey, did you hear . . . Frankie Avalon was married the other day!" Every whisper was backed by a solemn nod that you couldn't doubt, and many of the young girls I met that day looked as if they had lost their best boyfriends. Most of them assured me they had.

Yessir, it was real blue around the office that morning. That is, it was until we were able to get Frankie at home. I don't think I ever heard a more amazed answer in my life when I asked, "Frankie, any truth to the rumor you've been married?" I guess you really can't blame him for being surprised, and his "No" sure made life worth living again for about a thousand young ladies I could name.

Then there was the crazy rumor that Fats Domino had taken sick and died. You can imagine how he felt denying that one on our "American Bandstand" show.

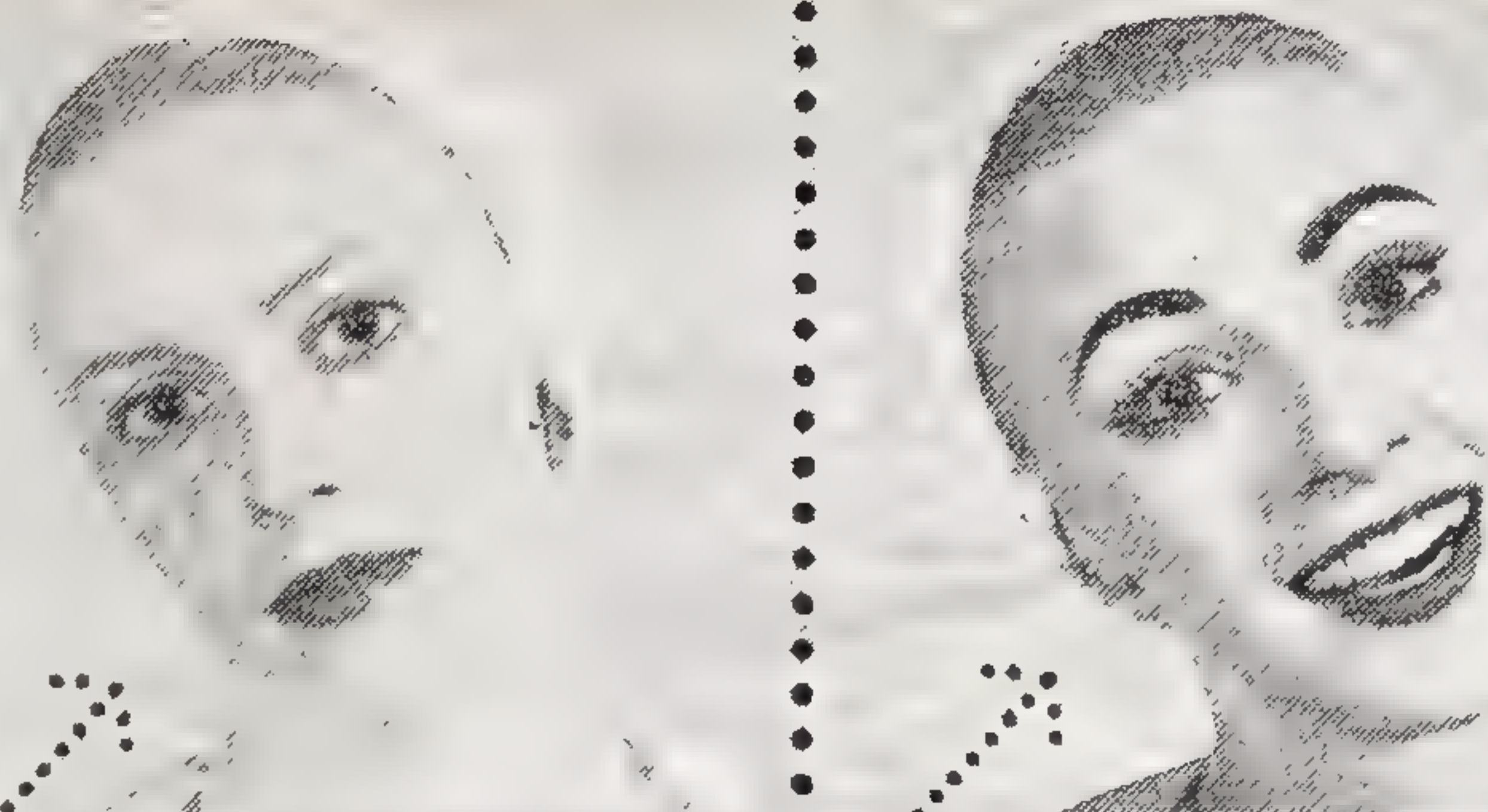
It's amazing the way these stories come up, but they do, and you'll be hearing some this next year. Best way is to do as Steve Allen does. He keeps a scrapbook with all of the untrue stories about him pasted inside.

Gosh, it's going to be a lot of fun waiting to see if all of these predictions really do come true. Just to make certain that at least one does, I think I'll toss in a real easy one. And that is that when the songs of the future are written, sung and recorded—the young folks of these United States will still be dancing to them.

See you next month.—DICK

DON'T MISS DICK ON ABC-TV, ON "AMERICAN BANDSTAND," MONDAY-FRIDAY, FROM 4 TO 5:30 P.M. EDT, AND "THE DICK CLARK SHOW," SATURDAY, 7:30 P.M. EDT.

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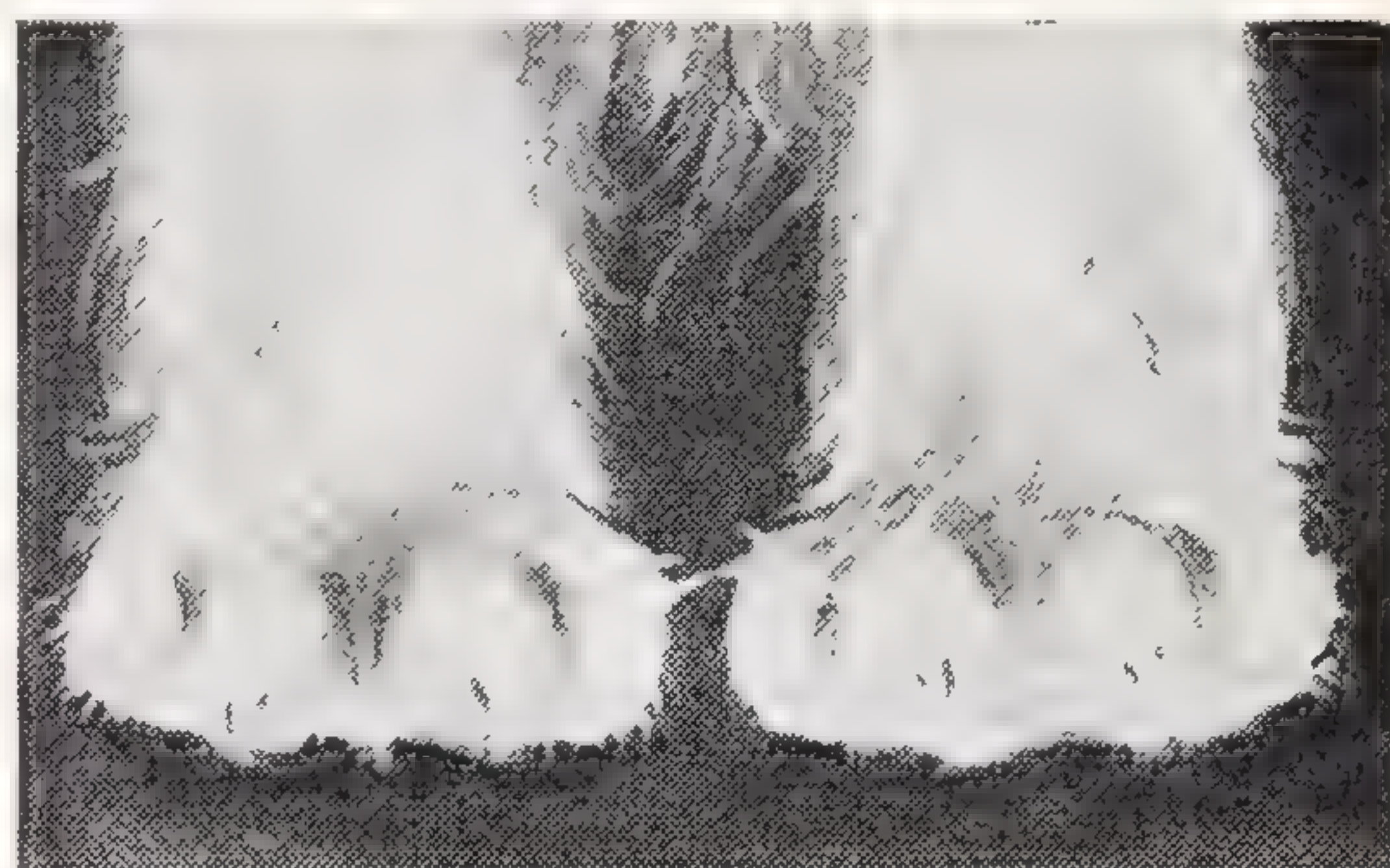
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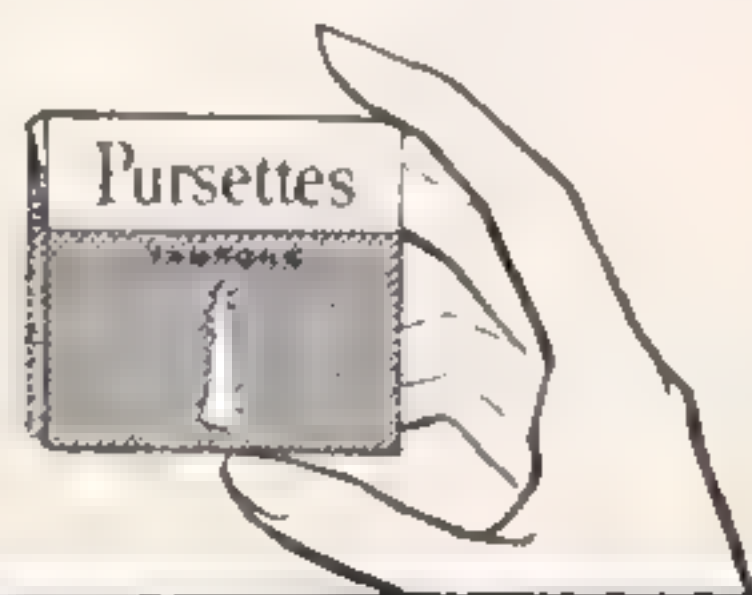
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BOB HOPE

Continued from page 59

from home. He looked out at them, but suddenly he couldn't see their individual faces. They all ran together—a fuzz of faces, a blur of uniforms.

The sailors guffawed and cheered. On the platform, he had waited for the noise to die down. Then suddenly he began to feel dizzy, too. He had to hold on to the microphone with both hands. Their white uniforms fused into one pulsating wave, but he kept talking, talking, talking. He introduced the last act, singer Molly Bee, but instead of standing on the side as usual while she was singing, he went over and sat on a chair at the side of the stage.

In Spain, the next stop of this whirlwind, thirteen-day Europe and Africa Christmas tour, he remembered having another attack of dizziness. But again he just ignored the dizzy spell in a staccato of rapid-fire gags.

In Frankfurt, Germany, the dizziness came once again, and with it the blurring and fuzzing. He had been chatting with some officers and their wives at a reception for the cast at Gen. Francis W. Farrell's home when that spell began.

He excused himself and went upstairs. There he doused his face with cold water, looking at himself in the glass and joking uneasily, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, perhaps I'm really not well at all." A few minutes later he returned to the party. But through the crowd he singled out an Army doctor and walked over and started talking to him.

After a while they left the room—so quickly and quietly in fact that no one saw them go. Once upstairs, the doctor had asked him to lie down on the bed and the examination began.

And when it had finished, he remembered joking, and saying, "I have one request. Send my body to the Lakeside Golf Course." But the doctor hadn't laughed. He hadn't even smiled.

"I'd like to have a chance to really examine you," the doctor had said instead. "A few days in our hospital here . . ."

"No," he'd interrupted. "Impossible. We're headed for Berlin and then Iceland and then home. Impossible. But what's your verdict?"

"Extreme fatigue," the doctor had answered. "That I know for sure. As for anything else, I'd have to . . ."

"You'll have to hear it from my doctor at home," he remembered telling the man. "I'll have him write you. Fatigue? That means I need sleep." He closed his eyes. "But thanks, doctor. Thanks a lot. Close the door gently when you leave, and don't rattle your stethoscope."

A half hour later he was back at the party, but he carefully avoided the doctor the rest of the evening.

And no one except the doctor knew about his attacks of dizziness and failing sight. He kept on going . . . he learned to lean back in the reclining seats of the planes, close his eyes, and try to sleep. At first his dreams were blurred and fuzzy—*sunspots in my sleep*, he thought, *they're after me*—but then faces came sharply into focus . . . Dolores, his wife . . . and then the kids, Nora, Kelly, Linda, and Tony . . . five loving faces . . . and he smiled.

All five of them had been waiting for him when he landed at Lockheed Air Terminal, waving as the big plane settled down on the runway. And they had had a Christmas tree with them—an untrimmed tree that they were waiting for him to

help decorate. He'd kissed them all, even though the boys protested.

"Good to see you," he'd said, looking slowly at each one of them. "Great to see you."

"But you knew we'd be here," Dolores laughed. "We always meet you . . ."

"Great to see you, just the same," he remembered repeating, laughing very loud.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you've been celebrating," said his oldest girl, 19-year-old Linda.

"It's a private joke," he'd explained. "Strictly Moroccan. Untranslatable." Then, noticing the puzzled look on the faces of his family he laughed again, a quieter, more typical laugh, and said, "Let's go home and trim the tree."

He'd promised the doctor in Frankfurt that he would see his own doctors in America . . . and he did. He could picture them now, pleading for him to rest, explaining the poor condition of his left eye. After that he'd really tried to follow the doctors' orders, and in a short while his blood pressure had come down, but the clot in his eye didn't clear. The drugs seemed to drain him so much that he couldn't even play 18 holes of golf any more.

Then came the night of February 10th, 1959. It was a nationwide TV show. He was right in the middle of a line, ad-libbing and laughing, when his face froze. He touched his left eyebrow, once, twice, three times. Then he laughed again and struggled to finish the line. As the laughter of the studio audience blotted out his own, he said, barely audibly, "I'll be right back," and walked off the stage.

In the wings, he slumped down at the side of the stage and buried his head in his hands. This is the first time, he remembered thinking, that I've ever walked off stage in the middle of a show when I wasn't supposed to.

He could hear the show going on. The dancers danced, the singers sang. But out of camera range he saw the director and producer running frantically around, signaling and scurrying, trying to cover for their missing star while in the corner, his back to all, he lay helplessly slumped over in his chair.

But fifteen minutes later he was back out on the stage, facing a blurring, fuzzing audience, gazing into the relentless, blinking red eye of the camera. He joked, he ad-libbed, he laughed. Off on the side, however, he could see one of his doctors, who had hurried to the studio, waiting to examine him . . . yet again.

The next day there had been another thorough examination. "You've lost fifty percent of your vision," the doctors told him. "You must take it easy. If you don't . . . you may lose the sight of your eye . . . completely."

"Yes," he'd said, "I'll do what you say. I'll slow down."

And then, near the end of February, the doctors called a halt to his five-drug-diet, explaining that he was becoming far too weak. And then they gave it to him straight: the eye was in worse shape than when the blood clot in the vein of the left cornea had first appeared. They suggested . . . then they insisted . . . that he go to New York and see one of the country's top eye specialists, Dr. Algernon Reese, chief of the Institute of Ophthalmology at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital.

He agreed to go.

But before he left Hollywood, there was one thing he had to do. NBC-TV was taping a "Manny Sachs Memorial Show," a tribute to the man who had helped so many entertainers get started in show business, a man who had been one of his own true friends. And in memory of Manny . . . well, a guy couldn't duck out

on that show . . . not on Manny Sachs.

So the day before he was to fly to New York to get the verdict on whether he would see or not see, he'd worked on a show . . . for Manny Sachs. In rehearsal, he'd jumped around a little too much, got a bit careless, but he shook off his dizziness.

Then suddenly the show was on, with "Thanks for the Memory" cueing him on stage. He ran out before the camera but a wave of dizziness pounded in upon him, more violent and insistent than anything he had ever felt before, and he almost fainted. He staggered and almost lost his balance. Then somehow he continued through his sketch, in slow motion, working foot by foot as if he were an amateur in summer stock following chalk marks on a barn-theater floor.

The next day at the airport in California, a crowd gathered to say good-bye. "It's awfully hard for me to slow down," he told them. "I don't want to become an invalid, or even a semi-invalid." Then smiling, he remembered to add, "My own medics have just got a little panicky and suggested I see Dr. Reese—one of the best eye men in the world. From now on, I'm going to do just what my doctors tell me. Because I've got so many things I still want to see." And he had taken a long look at his children, gathered to one side, and at his wife. Then he'd boarded the giant airliner. Soon he was winging his way to New York—to find out . . .

He didn't sleep on that plane, not at all. Sure, he remembered lying back and closing his eyes, but all he could do was think about what was ahead of him in New York. Blindness . . . not to be able to see the faces of the people out there in the audience . . . the fellows and the girls in the Armed Services . . . looking up at him . . . laughing.

Then he'd opened his eyes again, gotten up, stretched his legs and walked slowly through the plane. A Marine sergeant sitting in an aisle seat had said, "Hi."

"Hi," he'd answered.

"I saw you in Korea in '57," the soldier said. "It was great. Kind of like being home on Sunday night and turning on the TV set. Only better."

"Thanks."

"You'll be going overseas next Christmas again, won't you, Mr. Hope?" the sergeant went on. "You're like Santa Claus for us."

"No. I'm not really Santa Claus. With this nose, I'm more like Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." Even now he could still see the startled expression on the soldier's face at this terse remark.

I didn't really answer him, he thought. I don't even know the answer yet myself, he decided, looking at the frosted door.

As soon as he had landed he had come straight to this hospital for lengthy examinations by Dr. Reese and his associates. They'd thumped him, and X-rayed him, and tested him. They'd flashed lights in his eyes, put drops in his eyes, magnified his eyes. They'd attached eighteen wires to his skull, charting his brain wave and made him lie still in bed for hours.

Then about a half hour ago, they'd asked him to sit in the waiting room and he'd found a place, just in front of the frosted-glass door of the examining room, where he could see the silhouette of one of the doctors pace up and down . . . up and down . . . up and down . . .

Suddenly the door opened, and the break in the stillness made Bob turn abruptly in his chair.

"Tell me, Bob, when does your son graduate from college?" the doctor was asking, coming towards him.

"Mmmm . . . in . . . not for a few years

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yet," Bob answered, surprised. "Why?" "Well, I'm sure you must be looking forward to seeing it," he said kindly. "And you will."

See it . . . Bob was beginning to understand what the doctor was trying to say. "And your eldest daughter? She must be at an age when she's thinking about getting married—you'll be able to see her wedding, too, Bob." See her wedding . . . see the graduation . . . and in time, maybe, even grandchildren?

Bob looked up at the doctor, and for the first time in weeks, a smile came naturally and easily. Then he followed him back into the examining room and listened to the full verdict.

He did *not* have glaucoma, the doctor told him. He did *not* need an operation, because with care, with rest, with a slower pace, and with continued use of drugs, it was very possible that the blood clot in his eye would dissolve and that full sight would be restored to his eye. Miraculously, a vital area behind the cornea had not been injured.

The doctor went on talking but Bob didn't hear him anymore. To himself, over and over again, he said, "There are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see; there are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see; there are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see."

" . . . and you must cut down on your schedule," the doctor concluded.

Bob meant to thank the doctor, but what came out was the same phrase, "There are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see."

The doctor grinned. "Yes, Bob. But remember, only if you take the warning about slowing down. You can't continue at such a pace." His face took on a very serious expression and he was looking straight at Bob.

"Yes, doctor. Of course, of course," Bob muttered, thinking of the busy schedule he had ahead of him. "Sure . . . I'll take it easy . . ."

When Bob got back to his hospital room, he made a phone call—to Dolores and the younger kids in California. Then he talked to his daughter Linda at St. Louis University in Missouri, and to his son Tony who had come up from Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., to be near him. And finally he talked to his brother George.

When he put down the phone at last, he was all smiles. He packed quickly, stuffing four large sacks with the more than a thousand fan letters and telegrams he'd received just during the two days he'd

been in the hospital. Then he shook hands with the nurses and attendants who had helped him during his stay. "Sorry I have to hurry off," he told them, "but I'm busy with some new plans. Gotta be on the moon to make jokes when our GI's land there. Sure, there's life on the moon. The GI's will be there and where there are GI's there's gotta be me . . . And besides, where there's Hope there's life."

At Idlewild Airport he told the newspapermen about "slowing down." "I'll not hop around so much," he said, "on stage . . . or over the world. Sure, I'll do my TV shows, and benefits, and the Academy Awards . . . and a movie this summer. My Christmas shows overseas? Of course, except maybe we'll cut it down from four shows a day and not keep jumping overnight from one place to another. Have to do those shows. A Marine sergeant insists on it."

Then he became serious and said, "You know, when you're lying flat on your back in a hospital you often get what the doctors call a 'ceiling philosophy.' You begin to realize that taxes and money and some of the other things you worry about are not so important after all."

"Five people actually offered to give me their eyes while I lay there . . . their eyes," he said. "They really meant it . . . And right across the way from my hospital room was a youngster who'd had one eye removed. . . . 'I can see just fine with only one,' he assured me. 'I'll be able to see you fine on TV.'"

"He reminds me—that kind of courage reminds me—of the boys I've seen in all those hospitals overseas. The boys I'm going to see again this Christmas. . . . As long as fellows like that want to see and hear me, I'll be up there pitching. . . . I want to do that right to the end. In fact, when they're taking me to the cemetery, I hope they'll open the box for a moment and let me tell a couple of jokes . . . just for old times' sake."

The newsmen laughed and, as he climbed up the stairway into the plane, Bob watched them and felt good. "See, I haven't lost my touch," he remarked to the stewardess, pointing down at the men.

She grinned and was about to answer him . . . but her words became lost in the roar of the engines. THE END

BOB'S LATEST IS "ALIAS JESSIE JAMES" FOR U.A. (REVIEWED ON PAGE 20). HIS TV SHOW WILL BE ON FRIDAY, MAY 22, FROM 10 TO 11 P.M. EDT, OVER NBC-TV.

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RICK NELSON

Continued from page 55

where I'm staying while I'm here?" I said. She nodded again, jerking back a lock of blonde hair that had slipped over her cheek.

"Maybe you would like me to call your folks and ask them if it would me all right?"

She just stood there and kept nodding yes. Then just as I was going to ask the number, someone came in and told me they were waiting for me onstage.

I got up and said to her, "Don't go away—please. Stay until I get back. It'll only be a few minutes, and then we can phone your folks."

She smiled and said, "Yes," very quietly. All the time I was onstage I kept on thinking about her, standing there in that pretty gingham dress, and afterwards I raced to the dressing room as fast as I could. It was empty. She was gone. And I realized I hadn't even found out her name. Then I decided she must have gotten tired of waiting and she'd probably be in the hotel lobby when I got there.

When I walked into the hotel, I found that the lobby was empty except for a few elderly couples. I asked the desk clerk if there were any messages for me. He laughed and said, "Yes, about six hundred girls called and they all send their love." I smiled weakly and went to sit in a straight-backed chair facing the front of the hotel. Everytime the revolving door spun around, I imagined my girl in gingham would be walking through—but everytime it was somebody else's girl or

guy. I waited more than an hour. She never showed up. I left a message with the desk that I would be in my room if anyone asked for me.

I went upstairs. The other boys in our group were sitting around, eating and watching TV. I called home and talked to the folks. Then I just sat. I wasn't hungry. I wasn't sleepy. I wasn't much of anything. I kept wondering why, why she hadn't come. Was she afraid? Wouldn't her folks let her? Why hadn't she at least left a message? And why had I been so preoccupied looking at her that I hadn't even gotten her name? I went back down to the lobby. I sat and waited some more. About one in the morning I gave up. She obviously wasn't going to come. I went upstairs and tried to get some sleep. I couldn't. I got out my guitar and spent the rest of the night sitting in the corner of our suite, strumming softly, knowing I'd never see her again, because in the morning we'd be off to some other town . . . and I began thinking, thinking about other cute girls like her I'd met on tour, and how I never had a chance to get to know them. And how lonely it was, away from home, even in the midst of all the wonderful people who always welcomed me and came to hear me sing.

And as I began to think back over these past two years, I suddenly felt I wanted to tell you all what it's really been like, traveling around the country and singing to you. It's kind of tough trying to explain. I can tell you of some of the crazy things that have happened, but when it comes to the serious side, how can I explain the loneliness of it all, jumbled together with the wonderful feeling I get when I arrive in a strange town—a place I've never been to before—and find hun-

dreds of girls waiting for me with my name sewn all over their skirts and blouses, and hear them shout my name and see them carrying a banner saying "Welcome Rick"? Or what you feel inside when a little girl in a wheelchair is pushed through a crowd and she looks up, smiles and says, "Would you sign my autograph book?" And you know how much of an effort it must have been for her to work through the crowd just to see you.

I'm not a person who shows my emotions easily, anyway not when I'm with a large group of people. I've been accused of being too untalkative and I guess maybe that's partly true. But even if I don't say too much, I do have feelings. I do care if people shout my name and I can't shout back theirs because I don't know it and probably won't have an opportunity to stay in that town long enough to find out. When I get into a town I want very much to walk around, see what the city's like, meet some of the people . . . and don't think I don't feel pretty silly sometimes when I find myself surrounded by two dozen policemen, sent to protect me from a crowd of girls!

But honestly, this police protection is as much for the girls as it is for me. In past tours of rock 'n' roll singers, people have been hurt when the crowds get out of hand. So there has to be some control or everybody would wind up trampling over everybody else. And, speaking of trampling, it reminds me . . .

We'd landed at the airport of one particular town to find about three thousand people waiting for us to get off the plane. I guess the local police hadn't expected such a mob, because the crowd wasn't organized like it usually is, and we just couldn't see anything but people.

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So you can imagine it took quite a while of saying hello and signing autograph books before I got through and to the hotel.

Well, I couldn't have been in my room five minutes before the phone rang. I picked it up and a woman's voice said, "Rick Nelson?"

"Yes," I answered. It didn't sound like a young person.

"You should be ashamed of yourself—kicking girls in the ankle."

"Kicking girls' ankles?" I said, surprised. I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Yes—just half an hour ago. At the airport. In all that mob, you kicked my daughter's ankle with one of those heavy shoes you had on, and it was bleeding so much we had to call a doctor, right there." She sounded awful mad.

"Gee—I'm sorry," I said, remembering the chaos there had been. "I didn't do it purposely."

"I should hope not."
"Is there anything I can do, Mrs. uh . . . Mrs. . . . ?"

"Fenton," she prompted.
". . . anything at all?"

"Well, the least you might do is apologize to my daughter yourself."

"Is she with you right now?"
"Yes, Mr. Nelson. She is." And I heard her calling to someone.

"Hello, I'm Sally," said a thin, high-pitched young voice.

"Hi! I'm Rick. I'm awful sorry about your ankle. I didn't realize I'd put on my heavy . . ." And just as I was about to say the word "shoes" I looked down and to my amazement found I had on my soft-sole tennis sneakers! I just didn't know what to say. But I had to finish my sentence. "Let me know how it is," I said finally, feeling completely baffled.

I just couldn't understand how I could have hurt her so much, and she must have called me back about six times to report on the progress of her foot.

She sounded kind of cute, and a few times I wanted to say, "Sal, why don't you come down and see the show?" But it didn't seem right to say that to someone who'd told you she was hurt so bad she could hardly walk (even though I was pretty certain she wasn't).

Then, the day we left town, a pretty girl with a little button nose and deep brown hair tied back in a ponytail, came running toward me across the airport. When she caught up with me she was all out of breath.

"Hey—not so fast," I joked. "Take it easy." She was pushing her way quite determinedly through the crowd.

"I just had to say goodbye to you, Ricky," she panted. "And thank you for being so concerned about my foot." Then she smiled shyly and ran (limp-lessly!) away before I could say anything, dashing along like some high-school track star, her coat flapping as she went.

I tried to shout out, "Come back. I'm not mad. You should have said you wanted to meet me." But she disappeared too fast, and at that moment I was rushed away to catch my plane.

I thought about her for quite a while after that. She'd reminded me so much of another girl, that girl in gingham.

But talking of phones, it seems people always find out where I'm staying even before I get to a town, and the board at the hotel is flooded with calls for me. The rest of the hotel guests are upset because nobody can get a line out to call. But I must admit the operators take the whole thing good-naturedly.

One time, one of them told me, "The girls calling you use every trick in the book. Why one girl cried when I told

her I couldn't put her through. She screamed that she was your cousin and that you were expecting her to call. I finally told her if she was a relative of yours, then the best thing would be to come directly over to the hotel and go right up to your room. That I'm sure you would be only too happy to see her. I thought that might clear my line."

She laughed and went on, "But five minutes later the girl called back and used a deeper voice—this time saying she was your aunt!"

"But the teenager who called you this morning really took the cake. Why, that one called six times and I bet you can't guess what she tried to pull!"

I shook my head.

"Well this one got on and said, 'This is long distance. I have a call from Hollywood for Mr. Rick Nelson from his mother. Would you put Mr. Nelson on, please.' Then there was a pause and she came back on again using a different voice and said, 'Rick? Rick?' I just said, 'Listen, young lady, I've been a switchboard operator for ten years and I know all about those phony long-distance calls. Now please hang up.' But she kept calling back, saying she was your mother. Then she put some boy on the phone, and he said, 'This is Ozzie Nelson, I'd like to talk to my son, please.' Imagine thinking I'd fall for something like that!"

I didn't have an answer for her because the manager came up to me with an urgent telegram.

I tore it open and it said, "Rick. Please call us immediately. The operator won't believe we're your parents. We've been trying to get through all morning. Love, Mom."

But it's not only the phones we have trouble with on tours—it's meals as well. Now I'm the sort who can eat almost anything, anywhere, at any time. But when I get hungry, I sure get hungry. So you can just imagine how I felt when one time it was a case of missing the train if I stopped to grab some food. But I figured there would be a dining car on the train, so it wasn't too serious . . . until I found out there wasn't one!

We were really late that time and zoomed into the station just as the train was starting up and jumped on the nearest car without noticing it didn't have any windows. We started walking through and couldn't see anything but sacks of mail, boxes and crates. So we just kept walking, hoping to find some signs of civilization (and food) sooner or later. We passed through two cars, then stopped dead in our tracks. On the floor were half a dozen long, thin, wooden boxes—coffins! Nobody said a word. It sure was eerie. Finally we found the one and only pullman car on the train. We unloaded our junk and then continued the quest for food. We kept walking and walking until finally we met the conductor.

"Pardon me, sir," I said. "Could you please tell us how to get to the dining car?"

"Well, now, son, that would be mighty difficult, seeing as how this here train don't have no such thing as a dining car," he chuckled. We all laughed politely—

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hungry or not we couldn't let him see we didn't think what he said was funny.

"But don't let that worry you all none," he went on. "Why at our next stop there's a little cafe that serves the best five cent cup of coffee in the country. And they have roast-beef sandwiches that are a whole meal by themselves. It's only a ten minute stop, but I'll have the porter get off and get what you want."

We ordered nine roast beefs, six Cokes, some milk and candy bars.

"Excuse me," I said, "but just how long is it until we get to that stop?"

"Well, let's see," he said, taking a big gold watch out of his pocket. "It's now 11:32. Train's due in there at 4:30—if we're on time."

"Four-thirty tomorrow morning!"

"Yep," he grinned.

We headed back to the pullman car. Five hours until mealtime. I climbed into the upper berth intending to keep myself awake by practicing my guitar. But when one of the guys handed it up to me, there was no room to move my arms. So I gave up that idea. But I was too hungry to sleep and decided to pull up the window shade and watch the towns go by. And I just sat there, making up crazy names for the places we passed. Then I got tired of that and concentrated on looking out at the tiny farms, wondering what sort of people lived in the houses and why so many stories were told about farmers' daughters. Then, somehow, all my thoughts kept turning into the image of a big roast-beef sandwich, mixed up with a picture of that blue-eyed girl in the checked dress, offering it to me, begging me to eat. . . .

"Better get up, we'll be there in ten minutes." I felt someone shaking me. I turned over, mumbled something about not wanting any old beef sandwich, and went back to sleep.

"No, sir," the porter said, shaking me again. "It's not ten minutes to the sandwiches, it's ten minutes 'til your station!" I opened one eye and looked out. The sun was streaming in. I must have fallen sound asleep!

"I sure want to thank you for the dinner," the porter was saying.

"You're welcome," I muttered. "Dinner? What dinner?" Suddenly I realized what he was saying.

"Why me and the conductor just couldn't let all nine roast beefs go to waste; so we divided them between us and ate them. We tried to get you up, but you were beyond wakin'."

I threw on my clothes. I was in Minnesota! We were scheduled to play three shows at the twin cities (St. Paul-Minneapolis). I grabbed for my electric razor and gave myself a quick shave. And was I hungry!

I guess I've made these stories sound like pretty good fun. Touring is, at times, although, as I said, it can get mighty lonely. And so it would be great to have a girl to date in each town I go to, not any big romance or anything like that, just a nice girl to go to a show with, to take a drive with, or to talk to. Someone to tell me, "Gee, the show was good, Rick." It would mean so much. So many times I've seen girls, like the one in gingham, that I would have loved to really meet and say just a little more than "hello" to—but we've always been separated, either I've moved onto another town or they've gotten swallowed in the crowd, or else they feel shy and disappear before I can do or say anything.

THE END

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JAMES DARREN

Continued from page 64

in our teens—and there's a wonderful future ahead. Jim (he was Jimmy Ercolani then) dreamed of being a singer in the clubs, and Gloria Terlitsky wanted to be his wife, to look after him, bear his children, give him courage to pursue the career his heart desired.

All through their courting days in South Philadelphia, when Jim went to pick up Gloria at her redbrick row house on Daly Street for a drugstore date or a picture show or just an evening of talk, he wondered if perhaps they weren't too emotional. But, then, he thought, love will make things right. Love is magic. Nothing can go wrong with love behind you.

"And, of course," Jim said, "we had the problem of security, which every young couple faces. Would we be able to pay rent, buy food, a few pieces of furniture? But that didn't worry me so much. We could live on love. It did worry Gloria's parents, though.

"And with her parents, much as we tried to avoid it, there was another conflict. Gloria was Jewish and I was Catholic. Her parents never openly said anything, but I had heard they didn't want her to lose her faith, her heritage. I never faced her parents with this. Maybe I should have. Instead, I started pretending it didn't exist. But it did. And now I wish I had had the guts to talk about it before the marriage."

Love and a strong liking for the same things pulled them together. Gloria and Jim loved to listen to smooth "pop" music—especially Frank Sinatra's vocalizing. They enjoyed ballroom dancing. On Saturday night they looked forward to seeing a good tearjerker movie and eating a pizza pie in a nearby pizza parlor afterward. Their love grew, and they rushed right into marriage.

"We just couldn't stand to be out of one another's sight. If we weren't together, then we were talking on the telephone about anything and everything. I wanted to know Gloria better than I knew myself. And Gloria wanted to know me like a book.

"But that was our mistake. We wanted to know too much."

Quietly, the black-uniformed waitress served fruit salad and coffee. Jim waited until the waitress left. Then, he looked at me again with his bright, dark eyes and said, "Gee, but we were young. I was nineteen when I married Gloria, and what I didn't know—and Gloria didn't either—was that love isn't possession.

"Sure, we were happy for a while. When baby Jimmy was born two years ago, I was delirious with happiness. Someone to hold and love and teach things to. Someone who'd grow up and be our gift to the world. Gloria and I were in seventh heaven about Jimmy, and he took our minds away from ourselves. But, all the while, we kept clutching at one another, pulling harder and harder, only because I guess we were young and didn't have much experience in life. We needed each other for support. And that's what destroyed our marriage—ruined it. This fear of standing alone. We wouldn't allow it. We leaned on each other for everything and ended up being prisoners—slaves!—instead of husband and wife."

Never, except when Jim was working at the studio, would they allow one another a moment alone. It wasn't right to be left alone even for a minute, to go for a walk by yourself, to visit a friend for part of an evening while the other one babysat with young Jimmy. Every-

thing was together . . . together . . . together . . .

"One night I awoke," Jim told me, "and I had this terrible need to cry, but I couldn't. It was an ache. Why? Well, that night I told myself I couldn't cry anymore. I no longer had any real feelings. Everything was pretend. I didn't want to hurt Gloria with troubles that bothered me so I covered them up. They weren't important, I would tell myself, and I'd bottle them up in my heart until finally that night . . .

"I dressed quietly in a pair of blue jeans. I don't remember the time. It was around two or three past midnight. Gloria and baby Jimmy were sleeping, and I took my car and raced it for ten minutes down Riverside Drive in Glendale. I just had to. I wanted to speed in the dark for hours, to run away. But I felt so guilty feeling this way, driving even for ten minutes without Gloria, that I went right home and got into bed and shook all night long from my need to escape."

The next morning Jim didn't tell Gloria he'd gone out to race his Porsche. But a few nights later the same overpowering urge pulled at him again. He slipped out of the house and sped his car for fifteen minutes. Speeding released him. It lifted the lid for a few moments from the tight emotional trap around him.

"Yet, all the while, I kept wanting to cry, and I couldn't. I wanted to cry over Gloria and myself. We were turning out to be nags. Instead of growing and trusting each other, we wanted every single minute of our day accounted for. If I were late from the studio because of heavy traffic, I had to go into a long explanation and apologize. If Gloria wasn't home the very minute I came home from work—maybe she was visiting a neighbor, it upset her and she'd be rattled all through the evening. We made stupid and unfair demands on each other; only because we didn't know any better. We didn't know what I'm beginning to believe now: love must never be desperate. Love must always be founded on deep trust which comes with growing up."

Weeks later, Jim said, he was summoned one morning to play a screentest—a love scene from "The Girl on the Via Flaminia"—with a new Columbia starlet, Evie Norlund. Suddenly, in the midst of the filming, he broke down and cried.

"There I was, trying to act like a lover, and I realized in that instant that I was a failure. I no longer had any real feelings. Everything was hidden, clammed up inside. I hated myself for being such a fake, for having lost myself. After I cried, I went and played the love scene better than I'd ever played anything before. Some heavy, crushing weight was lifted for a moment. And I went home that night hoping I had a clue to what was wrong with my marriage."

But Jim learned you can't change the patterns of three years of marriage overnight. "Besides, I was scared. I didn't know if being yourself was right. Maybe one had to go through life faking and pretending. And I don't care what anyone says. It's so tough for a guy to tell a girl how he feels when something's going wrong. I sensed Gloria and I had lost the personalities that attracted us to each other in the first place. We were so busy giving in to each other that there wasn't any individuality left. That's why I felt so useless as an actor. A friend of mine who knew all about my nervousness gave me a copy of "The Prophet" by Kahil Gibran. He told me I looked unhappy. There was great wisdom in the book, he said. And I read a verse in it that hit home: something about the pillars of the temple standing alone. And when you drink wine with your love, it said, you don't always drink from the

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I WANT MY BABY

Continued from page 82

watched her disappear in the distance, I remembered, quite clearly, that day, the first time we had known for sure I was pregnant. . . .

It was a brisk day, windy and impatient, as Philippe and I, late as usual, hurried by taxi through the busy business section of Paris to keep our appointment with the doctor.

"Do you feel all right?" Philippe looked apprehensively at me, and I wanted to shake my head yes, but somehow I knew he knew.

"No," I answered instead, wishing I could lie to him. "I'm sick. . . . I feel awful . . . I . . ."

"We'll get out and walk the rest of the way. Maybe the fresh air will help," suggested Philippe, calling to the driver to stop.

"Mmm . . ." I agreed.

Philippe got out first and then helped me, kind and attentive and worried.

"I'm sure it's not too bad. Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow," I told him. And he paid the man and took my arm as we began walking up the tree-lined boulevard. "Perhaps I've just been doing too much over Christmas." I sounded confident enough but inside I was frightened. Because I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt quite so sick.

"Do you think it might be a baby?" Philippe and I had already discussed this possibility, and now he must have been thinking it would cheer me up.

"That would be wonderful." I smiled weakly as we walked on silently, Philippe holding onto my arm and guiding me gently along.

The doctor was very busy that day—and besides, had been called out on an emergency—and a slim, dark-haired young nurse asked if we'd mind waiting a while.

"That's quite all right," Philippe told her as she showed us into the reception room.

Picking up an old copy of "Elle" from a low table in the center of the room, I settled myself in a deep armchair while Philippe walked restlessly around for a few minutes, then also chose a magazine, and came to sit beside me.

I flipped through the pages but couldn't concentrate, wondering all the time what was wrong. Was it a baby? Maybe. . . .

"What would we call it?" I asked Philippe, suddenly, as though he had been able to read my thoughts.

Looking up from his magazine, Philippe stared steadily ahead for a moment, then replied, "Yves is a nice name—if it's a boy."

"Yes," I agreed, and then thought of it together with our last name which is Nicaud. "Yves Nicaud," I said slowly. "That sounds quite musical. And what about Catherine, if it's a girl."

"Or Isabelle?"

And we found ourselves playing the name game that all young couples play when they first realize a new member of the family might be on the way.

"Philippe . . . ? What if . . . what if I'm not . . . what if . . . ?"

"Darling, don't worry." He spoke very softly, reaching out to tuck a stray curl under my scarf and smiling the way he always does when I'm worried or frightened.

"I expect you'll want the nursery blue and white," he said lightly, evidently trying to lessen the tension.

I had to laugh. Ever since we first met and married three years ago while work-

ing on a film together, it had always been a big joke between us. "Blue and white I adore but I can't stand green," I had said.

"And it will have to be modern—we can't have antique furniture like in the rest of the house," I said.

"It'll mean goodbye to our guest-room plans then," Philippe concluded. "Anyway, that room will look much nicer as a nursery."

"Oh—Philippe. A baby—how can you be so sure?"

I noticed Philippe glance up every now and then at the big grandfather clock by the wall and as the slender minute hand neared the half-hour mark Philippe closed his magazine and placed it back on the table.

"Darling . . ." he began. And I knew the rest.

"Go ahead, you can't be late for the show—I'll be all right," I said quietly, knowing he had to make curtain-call on time. But suddenly I felt myself becoming terribly tense at the thought of being left all alone. I was afraid.

"You'll call me at the theater as soon as you've seen him? Promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

The room seemed very quiet without Philippe and my mind began forming all sorts of horrifying pictures. I've been afraid of being left alone since I was a small child in France during the war when I used to be terrified that the Germans would take me away.

Then, as I sat there all alone, flipping nervously through the shiny pages on my lap, I couldn't help thinking of all the other women who must have waited in this very spot wondering and wondering . . . the things that I was wondering.

The door clicked open. I turned to look. It was the white-coated nurse, smiling, and saying, "Mme. Nicaud. Would you please come this way. The doctor will see you now."

Getting up slowly, I left my magazine on the chair and turned to follow her out of the room, feeling my heart beat just a little faster than usual as we walked through the hall into the doctor's office. Then I saw him, sitting behind his wide oak desk at the far end of the carpeted room.

He was a well-built man with greying hair and a relaxed expression that made me feel at ease almost at once.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mme. Nicaud," he said, getting up and coming around the desk to shake my hand.

Then began the questions and the examination and finally, finally . . . somehow the wonderful words he was saying seemed to be coming from very far away. . . . "Yes, Mme. Nicaud. There's no doubt. You are pregnant." Then he added, "But you are extremely run down and you must go straight home to bed at once and rest. The vitamin and iron shot I have just given you will build up your strength but you must promise to get rest and more rest."

"Oh—I will, I will," I assured him, twisting impatiently in the chair, anxious to call the theater and tell Philippe the news.

I think the doctor must have known what I was thinking because he laughed and said, "Go ahead. Use my phone. I know you won't listen to a word I'm saying until you speak to your husband."

My hands were trembling as I dialed the number and I must have been so excited that for a brief moment I couldn't remember the last two figures. As I listened to the phone ring I looked down at my watch. It was 10:15. He should be offstage by now for it was almost intermission time.

"Ambassador Theater—stage door," growled a voice at the other end.

I asked to speak to Philippe and it seemed an eternity before I heard that familiar "Hello" at the other end of the line.

Then he said "hello" again and then again. Because all of a sudden I just couldn't speak. Somehow the words just wouldn't come out. Finally I stuttered, "Philippe?"

"Yes, darling. What . . . what did he say?"

Philippe sounded so excited, so impatient to know.

"It's true . . . I'm . . . I'm . . . really going to have a baby," I blurted out and I could feel tears coming into my eyes.

Philippe's parents were visiting us from their home in Jura, in Eastern France, at the time, and I couldn't wait to get home to tell them the news—and also to call my own mother.

A taxi dropped me right at the door of our apartment house, and as I went up in the elevator I began thinking of how I would tell them, having a magnificent time rehearsing the scene to myself.

Taking the key from my handbag, I opened the door and walked inside. Philippe's mother and father were sitting quietly in the living room and as I went in, they both looked up. Then, before I had a chance to say anything Philippe's mother screamed, "You're going to have a baby! That's what the doctor said! I can see it written all over your face!"

She ran over to me and began hugging and kissing me and Philippe's father came over to kiss me too.

Then she called out for Adele, the family cook who's been with them since Philippe was five years old. "Adele, Adele!" She cried. "We've wonderful news. Christine's going to have a baby."

I still had my hat and coat on.

Adele, a large, plump woman, came waddling out of the kitchen and almost knocked me over in her shower of affection. "A baby!" she screamed. Then, hands on hips, she told me firmly, "You should have a girl. Girls are much easier to raise than boys and don't get into so much mischief."

"I'll make sure it's a girl just for you, Adele," I promised, laughing.

"Now, I must call my mother," I told them, maneuvering myself out of the excited group and walking towards the telephone which stood on a low table in the hall.

"Maman!" I said excitedly as I heard her voice. "I'm going to have a baby!"

"At last I'm going to be a grandmother!" she screamed, and, not letting me get another word in, continued, "Are you sure you're all right? Should I come over right away?" She asked so many questions.

"No, Maman. I'm quite all right. I'll see you first thing in the morning."

Then as we hung up I heard her mumble, "Now where did I put my knitting needles." She's always so practical. And I knew how thrilled she must have been because she'd been placing all her hopes of being a grandmother on me, since my only brother is very much younger than I, and, of course, not yet married.

I heard a patter of paws behind me and turned to see Fortiche, our cocker spaniel, wagging his tail almost as if he, too, wanted to congratulate me. And he began running around and around in circles, confused, I think, by all the excitement.

I pointed a finger playfully at him. "Fortiche," I said, "you'll just have to get used to not being the center of attention anymore." And from the way he

whined as I spoke, one could really believe he'd understood.

I was actually a little worried about having him around with a baby in the house, but everyone assured me that cocker spaniels are angels with children.

Then the front door opened and it was Philippe. I ran to kiss him.

"So it wasn't just wishful thinking," he laughed.

"And we will have that blue and white nursery after all," I said.

"With a blue and white crib, blue and white toys, blue and white . . ." We were laughing so much.

"And we'll take him—or will it be her—to Hollywood with us. . . ."

"He's got to spend some time in Paris, though. . . ." As he said this, Philippe looked serious for a moment.

"And I'll sew wonderful little things for the baby while we're waiting. . . and stay with you here in Paris. . . ."

"You can even write that novel you've always talked about. . . ."

"And . . . and . . ." There was so much to say. . . .

"Christine! Christine!" Someone was shaking my arm and I was brought sharply back to the present. It was Philippe. "Do you know you're laughing all to yourself?"

"Am I?" I said rather wistfully. Because now there was nothing to laugh about any more.

The shock that shattered all our dreams came about six days after that wonderful night when we'd first known I was pregnant. . . .

It was evening, cool and clear, and one of those nights when all Paris seemed to sparkle with excitement and life. From our apartment high in Montparnasse I could see over the rooftops and hear the cries of the people, happy people, in the streets.

I was resting in bed, chatting with my mother. Philippe was at the theater. Beside me on the quilt lay the patterns and pieces of fabric for a baby's playsuit.

"Maman. Pass me that white thread," I said. But as she picked up the spool from a round table beside her and held it out to me, I was suddenly struck by a sharp pain.

"Maman!" I cried out.

"What's wrong?" she screamed, rushing to the bedside as I began to groan and twist.

"I . . . I . . ." But I couldn't speak.

Then, still twisting from side to side in an effort to stop the agonizing pain inside of me, I watched my mother as she went over to a small table by the side of the bed and telephoned the doctor—without saying another word. She looked terrified. "He's coming right over," she said, finally.

I couldn't stop turning and turning as though an inner sense told me that by moving I would lessen the pain. But it got worse and Mother had to call to Adele to help hold me still.

It seemed so long before the doctor arrived. He looked very grave, and, as he examined me, he kept nodding to himself in a way that made me very frightened.

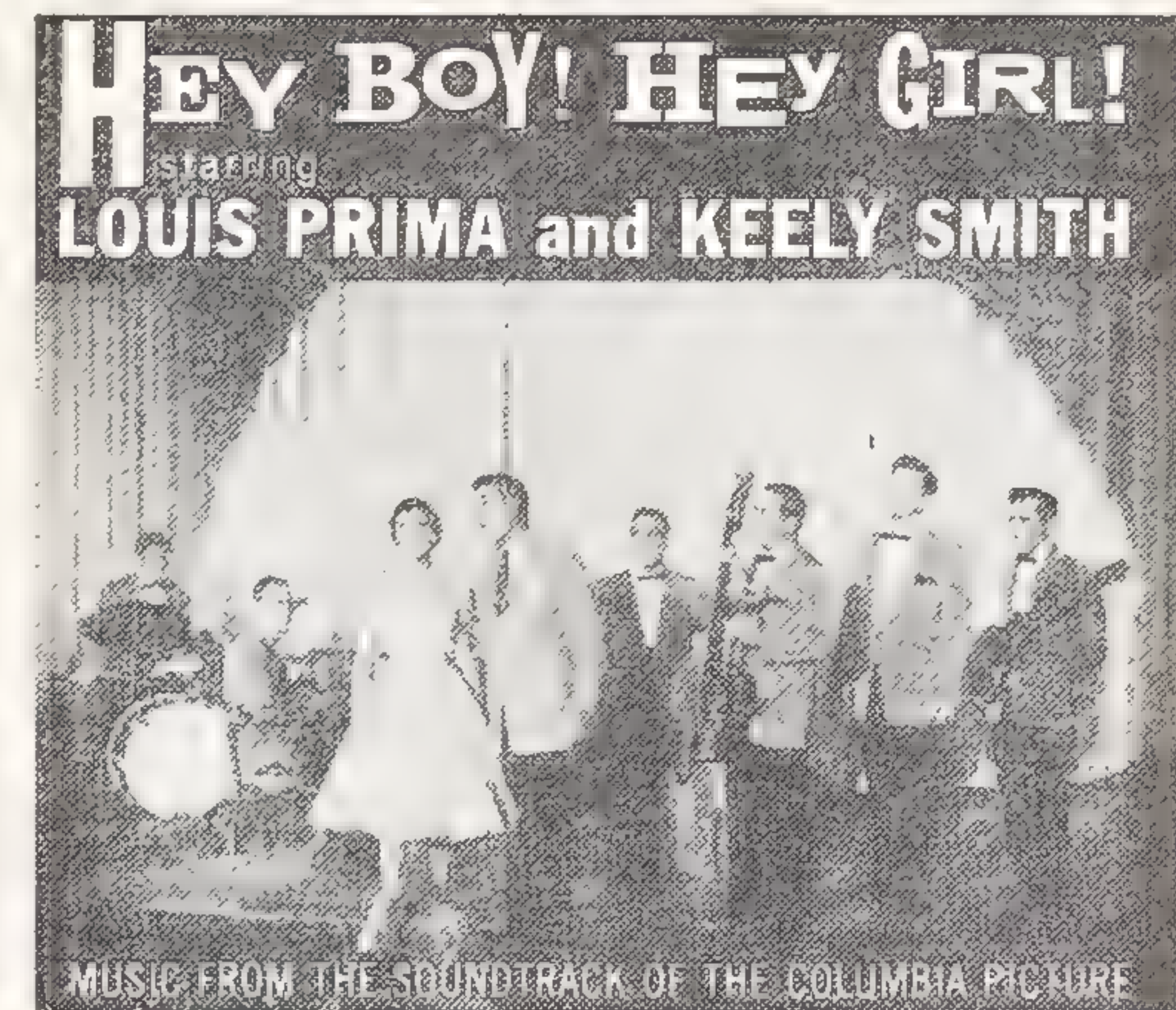
"It's not . . . I'm not . . . I'm not going to lose my baby," I managed to whisper. I was so afraid.

He didn't answer immediately. Then he said, "I can't be too hopeful for you."

I wanted to cry. And I think, for that one moment, I really wanted to die.

They carried me downstairs into an ambulance. The physical pain was terrible and all the while I kept thinking of Philippe and how at that moment he must have been such a happy man, enjoying the feeling that he would soon be a father. We

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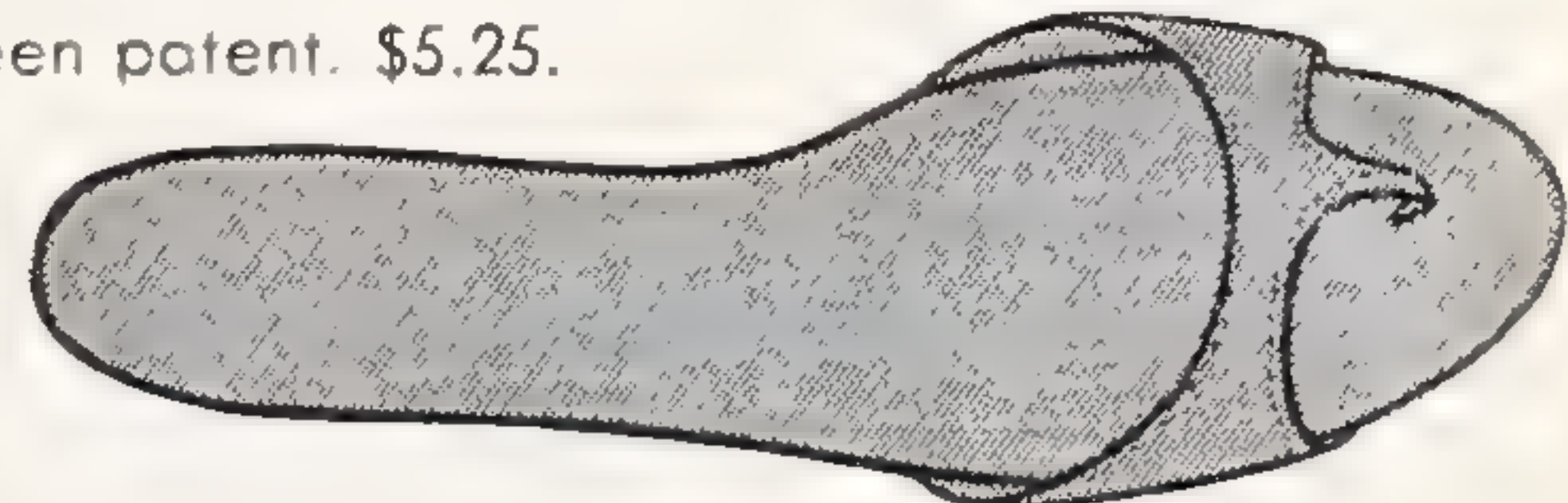
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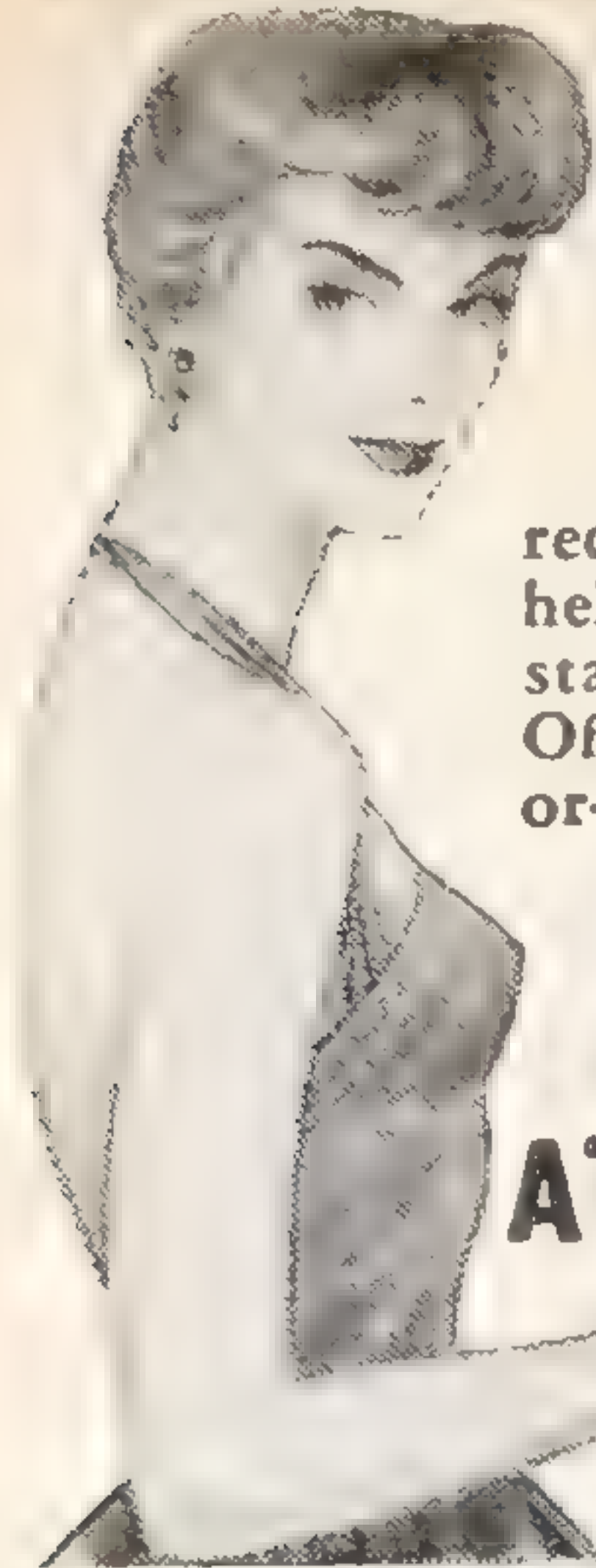
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couldn't contact him immediately because he was onstage, so he didn't know what was happening to me . . . so he didn't know that all our plans seemed to be evaporating into mere dreams . . . that Fortiche might have to wait a long time for a new playmate . . . that there might now be no point in turning the guest room into a nursery.

Then all these thoughts became a jumble in my head until I must have fainted, because the next thing I remember was finding myself lying in a narrow hospital bed and opening my eyes to see Philippe standing by me.

He looked so solemn, so downcast, that despite his cheerful, "Hello. Did you sleep well?" I knew that what I'd dreaded most had happened. And I started to scream hysterically.

"I want my baby. . . I want my baby," I cried, and the tears came streaming down my face.

The doctor came to the bedside. He took my clenched fist in his hand and started speaking softly. "You mustn't cry . . . you must be brave. . . Your husband is just as upset as you are, but he's calm . . . you must be calm too. . ." But I just went on crying. I couldn't help it.

Then he changed his tone and became firm. "Think of the other patients in the hospital. Some of them are far worse off than you. It's not fair to keep them awake by your screaming."

So gradually I calmed down and stopped crying.

Philippe stayed with me all through the night, holding my hand tightly as I kept waking from a fitful sleep of nightmares.

"What if I can't have any more?" I screamed out, time and time again.

And each time Philippe would answer softly, "You can. The doctor assured me you can."

I tried to believe him. . . I wanted to believe him but I was haunted with the idea that this miscarriage had done something to me so I couldn't have another child. And I kept thinking about the baby I could have had, being tormented more and more each time I heard a baby cry down the hall. I envied their mothers.

"Philippe—you're not angry with me?" I said at one point that night, feeling as though I'd let him down.

"Of course not. Take the idea right out of your head," he scolded. But I couldn't stop worrying.

They were the most anguished hours of my life. I could not reason with myself, my fears seeming to grow all out of proportion.

The next morning the doctor came to see me, and my mother was with him. He drew up a chair by my bed.

"I hear that you don't think you can have any more children," he said, kindly but firmly.

"Well . . ." I stuttered.

"Well, don't worry," he interrupted. "You're quite all right. You're just the unfortunate result of fatigue and excessive exertion before pregnancy—it happens every so often. But I want you to know you're one of the healthiest specimens I've ever had the good fortune to treat. You were just physically run down and your body didn't have time to get its strength back."

I smiled but inside I felt vacant and lost. I wanted my baby now . . . not in the distant future. And in the back of my thoughts I could hear him droning on . . .

"You must take a long rest," he was saying. "Try to go to the mountains for a few weeks when you get out of the hospital and in four months you can start thinking seriously of starting a family—with no qualms at all."

Then he left me alone with my mother. Philippe had already gone home for a few hours to rest.

For one of the first times in my life I felt completely hopeless—almost dead, and could find nothing to say to my mother as she chattered to me.

There was nothing to plan for any more. . . .

A shiver ran right through my body. I opened my eyes and found that the sun had gone behind the snow-topped hills and that it was getting very cold. I looked up and saw there were only a few skiers left on the slopes.

I patted Philippe gently on the arm and he opened his eyes. "Wake up, darling," I said. "Look at the time—it's almost six."

I pulled down the sleeves of my ski sweater and zipped up my top jacket.

"But I was having such a good dream," grumbled Philippe, playfully, as he lifted himself reluctantly from the deck chair. I took his arm and we walked slowly back to the hotel . . . the two of us, alone.

After my vacation I should like to make another film. I'm going to Hollywood soon and with Philippe busy with his new play—the French version of "Reclining Figure"—the doctor's time period should pass swiftly.

And then, perhaps, I won't feel quite so sad.

THE END

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DIANE VARSI

Continued from page 71

laughing. And as she watched him run on, with his arms outstretched and making zooming noises like an airplane, she smiled a wonderfully natural smile . . . and looked quite radiant. "Hey—not so fast," she called.

Two college students, passing by, turned to look at them. They recognized Diane. "She's the girl who suddenly left Hollywood," one remarked quietly to the other. Then two more girls, in Bermuda shorts and light sweaters, stopped to say "Hi" to Diane. They knew her too. She was already enrolled at Bennington College. She smiled back and caught hold of Sean's hand as she reached the bottom of the hill.

Diane knew no real quick answer to her sudden walk-out from Hollywood, nothing she could tell the girls briefly in reply to the question she knew they wanted to ask. Because it had all started many months before. . . .

It was late afternoon and Diane was sitting at her dining-room table busily studying her lines. Over and over again she said words to herself, each time further submerging the person she was with the person she was supposed to be. She'd already read half a dozen books to help her further understand the girl she was portraying. She studied until she knew the character intimately. She knew the way her character would react to situations, the way she'd walk, stand, sit, lower her eyes, smile. She knew because in her deep study a change had taken place—she was this girl, Ruth Evans, twenty, a co-ed at the University of Chicago, and engaged to a young law student. And her story was "Compulsion."

Suddenly she felt a tug at her leg. Unconsciously she put her hand out to fight it off, and again she felt a tug and heard a small, child-like voice say, "Mommy . . . Mommy go away."

Diane stood up, shook herself and looked around her. She stooped over and lifted the little boy who had spoken into her arms and held him tightly. Then setting him down, she walked into another room and turned on the lights. It was dinner time. Where had the day gone? Almost trancelike, she went into the kitchen and started preparing dinner. She cooked the vegetables, got out the bread, the milk and the red jello that the little boy loved. Then suddenly the noise of the icebox door slamming shut brought her back into the world of reality.

She sat looking at the little boy—at her son—while he ate, laughing again and again at his funny white milk mustache. But inside, the words he'd said would not stop running around in her mind. It wasn't the first time he'd tugged at her leg, or climbed up into her lap and said simply, "Mommy . . . Mommy go away?"

And as she thought, she began to realize what his words meant. He didn't mean that she was about to leave the house. What he meant was that for the past few hours she had become some other person. He had watched her lose herself so completely in her role that he saw not his Mommy but a stranger, someone he did not know, a person called Ruth that he had neither heard of nor could understand.

After "Compulsion" she decided to take a rest and she was placed on suspension by her studio until she did a pilot for a new 20th TV series called "Whodunit."

And then it happened. The last night

of the "Whodunit" filming, she and the cast had worked overtime. It was one in the morning. She was tired and soaking wet, having been in a studio water tank for nearly three hours. This was a big scene, the scene where she is murdered by having her head pushed under the water and held there until she drowns. They'd done the scene again and again and always there was something wrong. Then she'd been told, "Try it one more time."

She started to protest. It was almost two now, and she was no longer able to sustain herself. She said she did not want to do the scene again. Inside she had a premonition that she mustn't do the scene again. But there were dozens of other people there dependent on her part. She couldn't leave. Once more the actor who had to push her head underwater did his job. She felt herself going below water and as she went down her head struck something hard. . . . She gasped for breath and rose to the surface. . . . Her head had evidently struck one of the wooden pilings of an ocean pier. When she reached the water's surface she began struggling, but the actor, thinking Diane was still playing her part, and knowing her usual authentic intensity, put his hand on her head again as he was supposed to in the scene, and pushed her underwater. Again she hit her head and again she gasped for breath and struggled to the surface. This time when she came up she covered her face with her hands. The cameras continued to roll. What a dynamic performance, everyone thought. Again the actor's hand reached out for her—but this time she turned and swam away. The director called "Cut." She got out of the water and without a word she turned to walk off set. And as she did so she took her hands away from her face. They all stood stunned as they saw blood gushing from a gash in her forehead and the bridge of her nose. Only then did anyone realize Diane had not been acting—she had been really hurt.

Yet she was more than physically hurt. That day Diane made her decision. She had to leave Hollywood, to get away from acting which had always been so emotionally painful and harmful to her.

On Saturday, the 21st of March, on a side street in Santa Monica, California, a few miles from Hollywood, a white frame house stood quiet, empty, waiting for its family to return. On the front lawn, a profusion of purple and magenta flowers grew wild. The mailbox was overstuffed with letters. Inside the house, the large living room was still full of furniture. A guitar was propped up on one of the chairs, waiting to be strummed. And on the polished wood floor, a red and white stuffed dog was stretched out forlornly, as if waiting for someone to play with it.

From all indications, it seemed as if the family of the house had just gone away for the weekend. Yet, two days before, early on a Thursday morning, Diane Varsi and her son, Sean, had walked down the front steps of that house and had headed for the airport—not just for a weekend, but presumably forever.

The decision to leave Hollywood had not been a sudden one. It had been well thought out, well planned. Yet she'd told no one. Twentieth Century-Fox, Diane's studio, was caught completely unaware when she walked into the office of executive Lew Schreiber, just two days before she left town, and calmly informed him that she was going. The next morning all Hollywood read the news over its coffee cups. A trade paper announced that Diane had "stormed into the front

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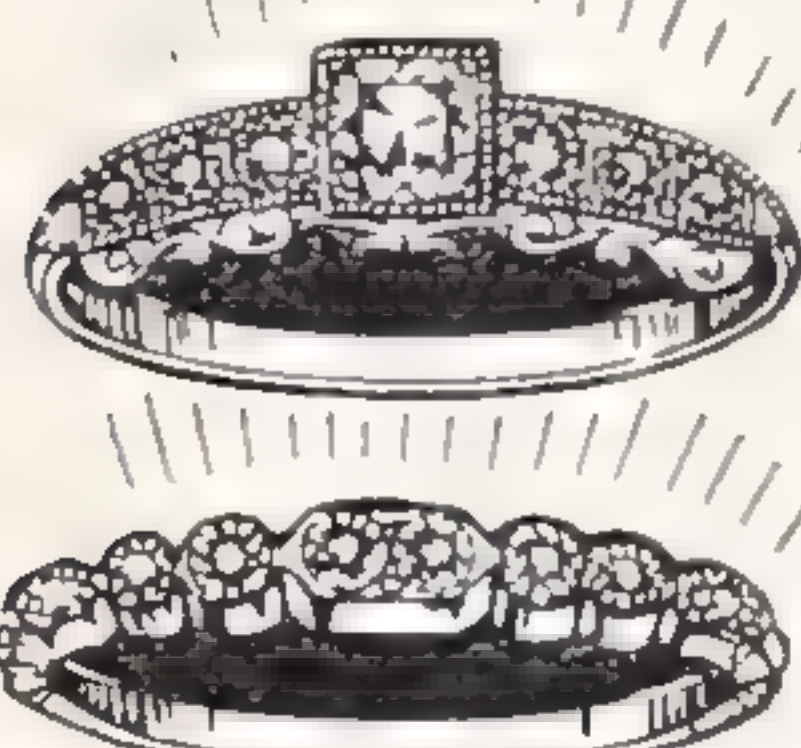
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office and told 'em she's giving it all up and going back to Vermont to write a book." The basic fact was true; but she hadn't stormed in, nor did she plan to write a book. She'd walked in quietly and said she was just leaving. And she'd done it while on the threshold of a brilliant career—she'd just finished "Whodunit," got rave reviews for her TV debut in "Playhouse 90," had the picture "Compulsion" still to be released, was talked about for key roles in "The Best of Everything" and "Stage Door." And her studio were even considering a sequel to her first triumph, to be called "Return to Peyton Place."

To the press she explained, "It has nothing to do with the studio itself. I just don't want to act anymore or be a part of this business. I don't like some of the ways of Hollywood, but my reasons go deeper. It is the performing itself that I object to. I find it destructive to me. I don't see any reason to be miserable just because other people say I should go on with my career. If I have any talent, I will try to find some other outlet for it that will make me less unhappy."

The news spread rapidly. While Diane prepared to leave, the town was buzzing.

The brief statement she'd made was complete as far as it went. It was all she could say. She could not speak of the inner torment, the unhappiness, the loneliness. Were there words to explain?

During recent interviews she was always polite but seemed a little unhappy when writers delved into her past. "Why do you always have to ask about my past?" she questioned. "Why not talk about today or tomorrow?" For the past was painful for her to talk about, yet she did so because this was part of the job of being an actress. And so she spoke of her early days in San Mateo, of her mother's illness, of the time her father left them, and how she was shunted back and forth between schools, convents, desperately seeking love, affection, desperately wanting to belong to a group as well as to a family. And so they learned of her days and nights of torment and tears. She told and retold how it seemed as if nothing she could do was right, as if no one loved her, or understood her or cared. Only her grandfather, Joseph Varsi, seemed to believe in her, to encourage her.

It was hard to delve into the past and speak of the early marriage that became a disaster, hard to speak of the discovery of her pregnancy just as the marriage broke up. Yet Diane knew why the writers kept asking her about it because all of it had led up to the fascinating Cinderella story of her discovery and her one picture jump to fame and stardom in an Academy Award nomination.

Over and over she told about the day she and a friend left her home in San Mateo and hitchhiked to Hollywood. . . . How without fear they had stood out on a highway thumbing their way to a new life. . . . How they had decided to go on to Mexico but had somehow stayed in Hollywood. Settled in a small apartment, she told how her grandfather had sent money when she wrote to him to say that she had decided to stay in Hollywood and study acting. He had sent her monthly checks, encouraged her, was proud she had decided to settle down. She retold the story of her acting coach, Jeff Corey, bumping into director Mark Robson, who was casting the role of Allison in "Peyton Place," and how Jeff had recommended her and how she'd gotten the part that every young actress in Hollywood wanted and how in a matter of months she was transported from Diane Varsi, young vagabond, former folk singer, hitchhiker

from San Mateo, into Diane Varsi, movie star. She told how the cast thought her aloof but how inwardly she was really just shy, overawed with the tremendous import of what had happened to her and most of all just plain scared. Each morning she would walk on set and say, "Am I still in the picture?" Or, "Haven't I been fired yet?" And while the rest of the cast and crew spent their off hours relaxing, she'd stay in her room reading and re-reading the book and the screen play and analyzing and re-analyzing the character of Allison until she was Allison.

And there were always questions about her son, and her second husband, James Dickson, whom she sued for divorce in August of last year. Jim, who is still her business manager, took her to the airport when she left Hollywood that day in March. Then there was always the question, "Do you like acting?" And always the same answer, "No. It is not satisfying. I am miserable."

And all the while she read constantly—to discover things about herself, about life. She studied the works of the philosophers, the dogmas of different religions, the teaching of Yoga.

No story ever written told fully of her wonderful warm sense of humor, her ability to laugh at herself as well as at the humorous things she saw around her. No one spoke fully of her fantastic devotion to her son nor her futile attempts to overcome the personal quirk in her makeup that would not allow her to shake off a role while she was filming.

During her third picture, "10 North Frederick," Diane suffered what the papers called a nervous breakdown. She went to a hospital and for a week she was quiet and still and then the following Monday she was back on the set. The public read of the breakdown but did not read about the subsequent crying. They did not read how she fainted during a dance sequence for "Dingaling Girl," the TV play, nor could they know that the calm, offbeat exterior was just a cover for an inside that was screaming with agony until it could scream no more, until the agony turned into a quiet resolution to leave, to forget, to seek solitude. They did not know that after her week in the hospital she had sought professional guidance and had gone to an analyst for help. And he had agreed with Diane that at least for the time being acting was not the right thing for her. And when finally she made her decision to go to Vermont, she went quietly to tell him of her plans before breaking the news publicly.

After the awful struggle she had playing the role on "Playhouse 90," she told another friend: "I can't stand it. I thought I could keep control of myself. I've tried . . . my God I've tried. But I just can't go on like this. I'm leaving I'm getting out before it's too late." The friend thought she was just upset, overwrought, he did not take her seriously. But the first week in March, Diane Varsi called the real estate agent and told him she would be leaving and that he was free to rent the house. The second week in March, she packed all her books and records and made arrangements with friends to stay with them in Bennington, Vermont—only at the last minute deciding to take an apartment there instead.

The idea of New England intrigued her. She'd grown to love the serenity of Maine during the filming of "Peyton Place." By the third week of March she'd made all the arrangements, paid all outstanding bills, taken Sean to the doctor for a check-up, and then she called her theatrical agent and told him.

She called a few close friends, her stand-in Joan Dyer, and her long-time friend Carol Eastman, also an actress. Her ex-husband, Jim Dickson, already knew. She explained she was leaving. She managed to arrange her time so that she could spend an evening or at least a few hours with each of those closest to her.

By Tuesday of the third week in March, her records, record-player, books, linens and dishes were on their way via railway express to Vermont. The other things she left behind to be sent on later. That same Tuesday evening, she knocked on a neighbor's door. Could she borrow a few blankets, hers were all packed? And she said goodbye and walked back into her white frame house.

When she got inside she looked at a clipping, dated March 18th, that someone had sent her about her decision. It said she was going to write. She smiled to herself. For years she had sought release in writing, in jotting down bits of poetry, short stories, in rhyming words, words which helped express how she felt and yet in this too, as in acting, she was undisciplined. Maybe someday, Diane thought, I will be equipped to write, but not now.

A reporter called. Somehow he'd reached her private number. "Is it true, Miss Varsi," he said, "that you are leaving Hollywood to get married? That you have a secret admirer with whom you are very much in love? A man you will be joining when you leave here?" Diane was noncommittal, polite, but she said nothing except, "I have nothing to say."

KIM NOVAK

Continued from page 69

Brooklyn broke the spell with a "Hi, Kim!" Then we all talked at once: "How do you do your hair?" "How do you choose your clothes?" "How do you do everything?"

Then the most wonderful thing happened. By some miracle there was an empty space on the couch, and she came straight over and sat next to me. The first thing she did was look at my name-tag, where, for lack of space, I'd only been able to scribble "Florence T."

"Florence T . . ." She paused for a fraction of a second, then added, "Why, you must be Florence Toutkoushian. Are you wearing it?"

"It" is a pearl ring I once sent her as a gift. She'd returned it with a note explaining that, since the studio chose all her jewelry during the making of a picture, she'd hate to have to just drop it, neglected, at the bottom of her ring box. "Will you do me a favor," she'd written, "and wear it for me?"

As if I'd ever take it off again! To be recognized and appreciated and encouraged like that was almost more than I could bear. It made up for all the disappointment I'd felt the other time, the first time I'd come to New York for a weekend, determined to meet Kim. . .

I'd asked the hotel desk to bring my breakfast at six o'clock, and an hour later I was standing across from her building, looking for a set of windows with lavender drapes. I just stood there with a bunch of birthday violets in my hand.

Finally, I noticed the doorman sizing me up, and, with all the dignity I could muster, I strode across the street.

"Would you take these up to Miss Novak, please?" I blurted, handing him the violets before he could question me.

"Sure thing. Want to bring them up in person?"

And yet, as Diane hung up, she had an odd feeling. Was it possible that one of the reasons for her decision to leave was her devotion to a young actor now back East touring in a play? Was it possible that in him she would find part of what she was searching for? Was she ready again for permanent love? Were the scars of two unsuccessful marriages too deep to make her risk a third plunge, at least for now? Would people find out about her newest romance? Could she see him on her way to Vermont without the glare of publicity shining down on them? She didn't know. She'd have to chance it. But one thing was sure. After seeing her family in San Francisco, she was planning to make a brief stop before landing in New York and then going on to Vermont. Was the person in Chicago a key to what lay ahead?

On Thursday morning, March 19th, Diane Varsi and her son Sean left Los Angeles International Airport. At the terminal with them were Diane's friend, Carol Eastman, and her ex-husband James Dickson. Also there were a battery of photographers and reporters. As she walked up the steps leading to the plane, she clutched Sean tightly. When she got to the top step, she did not hesitate, did not falter, did not turn to wave goodbye or to take a last look at the city which had been her home for the past two and a half years. There was no use looking back, because there was no turning back. The die was cast and the decision made. THE END

DIANE'S IN TWENTIETH'S "COMPULSION."

"No!" I almost shouted, suddenly afraid. That would be a nervy thing to do, I thought. Gee, she might even be in the bathtub or something.

After he had delivered the bouquet, the doorman came down to find me warming myself in the lobby.

"I'm afraid you can't stay there, Miss . . ." . . . Can't stay there. And there I was—sitting right next to her then, and she made me feel as if I could've stayed as long as I'd wanted to.

That's the special thing about Kim, making you feel welcome and being really interested in what you say to her. When she talks to you, you *know* she's doing it because she wants to, not because she's supposed to. And the funny thing is, I'll bet she made every girl in that room, at one time or another, feel she was talking to her personally—privately.

"Guess what?" she announced with sudden gayety. "Arlene's just had a baby girl, at last!"

This was great news, for we all know as much about Kim's sister as we do about Kim. Operating Fan Headquarters hadn't always been easy for her, what with two husky little boys running her ragged all day. A girl—at last!

Then, as if to complete the picture, at that very moment the telephone rang . . . Chicago calling . . . It was Arlene, just home from the hospital with little Kristy Ilene Malmberg (K.I.M.!). A hush fell on the room as the two sisters talked.

"Better watch out for your job," joked Kim. "If those kids get to be too much for you, Florence is liable to take over!"

I nearly died . . . my very secret dream, to work for Kim. Everyone was so absorbed, I don't think anyone noticed how I blushed. We all felt like "family" sharing a tender moment.

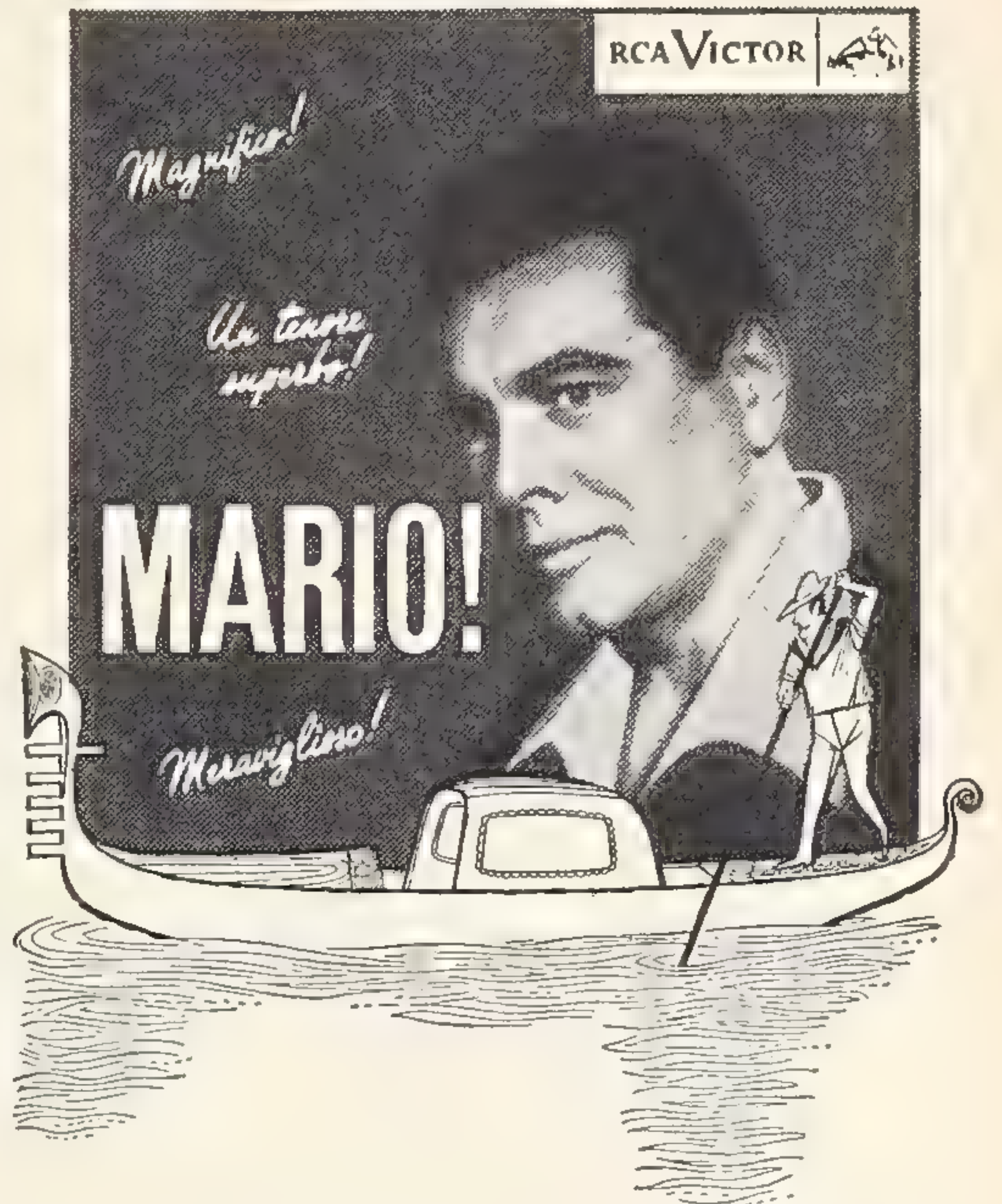
For everyone, then, let me thank you, Kim. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

THE END

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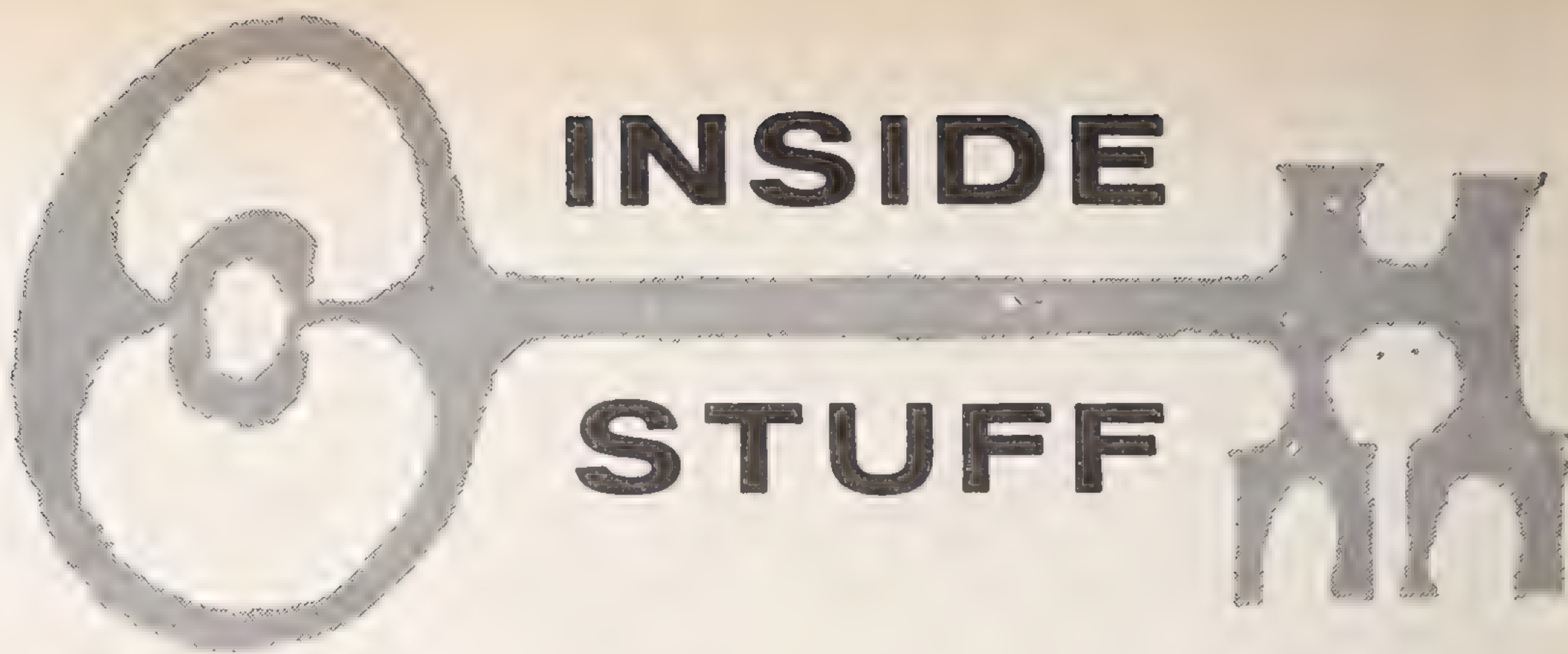
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Sara Hamilton's



Foreign Awards: Anna Kashfi Brando was the most attractive woman of all at the Foreign Awards gala, wearing an exquisite white bouffant gown. She brought forth a faint gasp of "aaaah" from the sophisticated audience. And I could see she was trying hard not to show the strain of her divorce. When David Niven went up to accept his Best Actor award, there was a unanimous "hear, hear," and a general good feeling that at last this gentleman of wit and talent had really been recognized.



Anna Kashfi, looking superb, was all smiles.

Dick's first movie: On your mark, get set, ready to go, go, go to see Dick Clark's first movie, "Cher Papa," which he'll make for United Artists. Dick has also formed his own unit, Drexel Productions, for future movies if "Papa" clicks. And who says it won't . . .

Watch for: Dean Jones, who is being transformed into an M-G-M singing, dancing, and acting star. Dean, a former Methodist minister, clicked like castanets all over Europe in his movie "Handle with Care" that scarcely drew a ripple here. But watch Dean closely for the future . . . Cesare Danova in "The Man Who Understood Women." Tall, dark and romantic, Cesare's been waiting two years for this chance. And he's made a fine job of it . . . Stephen Boyd who co-stars with Susan Hayward in "The Snow Birch." And you'll see him too as Messala in "Ben Hur." Recently divorced by his English wife, Steve is the coming dreamboat and never let it be said I didn't warn you.

They're Talking About: The exciting housewarming party Gary Crosby gave in his new hillside bungalow home which he bought from actor Kurt Kreuger. Guests explored everywhere—including the swimming pool! And it so happened that they had a double reason for celebrating. Tommy Sands was flying the next morning to Australia for a busy round of night-club engagements. (Yes, he's even popular "down under.") The home itself is an attractive one with huge glass windows overlooking the pool, a bar in the den, cozy chairs and comfortable couches in the living room—all compact and done in excellent taste. "I intend this house to be the sort you can live in—not only look at," teased Gary as he watched his friends peer from room to room. "You know," he added. "A homey sort of home." . . . The way Rick Nelson is teased about all the different girls he takes out. "And why not," says the indignant Rick. "A fellow's only nineteen once in his life." And I have to agree with Rick. "Anyway," Rick told me, "there's really only one rival my dates have to worry about—and that's this." He pointed to his guitar, and then embraced it playfully. "What about all I've been hearing about your driving?" I joked, remembering remarks I'd heard about the way he spins along some of the highways. "Well, it's not really true at all," he said quite seriously, inviting me for a drive. Scrambling for my bus, I called out, "I'm really quite convinced, Rick!"



Dreamy Stephen Boyd plays papa on location.

Twosome: Been seeing more and more of Sandra Dee out with Lindsay Crosby—but only on weekends.



I spotted the Efrem Zimbalists, Jr. at Foreign Awards gala.



. . . Also Jane Powell and her husband, Pat Nerney . . . and



Carol Lynley (top) told me about her egg diet, but Jill St. John stuck to her specialty: MEN.

Boys, Dates, Diets: Jill St. John was sitting thoughtfully in front of a plate of chocolate peppermint ice-cream when I reached the studio dining room just a little late for our lunch date the other day. "What are you thinking about?" I asked as I sat down. "Dates," she answered simply, in her straight-forward way, digging a spoon into the ice-cream. "What about them?" I said. "Well, I've decided there are two kinds—those you shake hands with at the door and those you kiss goodnight. I shake hands with Tom Neal," Jill babbled on, "'cause we're old friends. I shake hands with boys on a first date and with boys who are just-fun dates. Lance is the other kind. There's just no one like Lance after all," she smiled, displaying the identification bracelet that **Lance Reventlow's** mother, **Barbara Hutton**, had given him years before. "And now it's mine," she explained.

"It's pretty," I told her. And she smiled. At that moment our little talk was interrupted by the loud unwrapping of kitchen paper coming from the other side of the table. It was **Carol Lynley**, my other luncheon companion, fumbling into sheaves of wax paper. I must have had a questioning look on my face because, without my saying anything, she said, "It's hard-boiled eggs. They don't have them on the menu so I brought them with me—for my diet." Then she added, "would you like me to bring you some tomorrow?" "No, I've another luncheon date then," I said. "But thank you all the same." Then a voice next to me cut in with, "But Carol—aren't they fattening?" It was Jill. "No more than chocolate ice-cream," quipped Carol.

"My mother's very strict about dates," Sandra told me. "She always makes Lindsay promise to have me home by eleven." Then Sandra cocked her head to one side, and, with a sort of spaniel look, said, "But someday, Miss Hamilton, I'll be eighteen and then I'll be able to go to parties and stay up much later." "What does Lindsay think about it?" I asked. "Oh—he's very good. He always gets me home on time," she said and then she added, "but maybe sometimes I wish he wouldn't. It's kind of early."

Troubles: **John Saxon** has been looking rather forlorn lately so I asked him what was wrong. "It's my beard," he sighed. "I'm so beard weary I have fights with myself not to shave it off. I had to have it for 'The Big Fisherman' and each time I've shaved it—I've had to grow it again for retakes." But even though I assured him he looks good in a beard, he didn't seem convinced. . . . **Jerry Lewis** has a problem too. It's about the new baby (due in November). I really think he would like to have a girl this time. He's got four boys! I do know that if the new baby is a girl, she'll have a pretty pink wardrobe all ready for her. Jerry chose it with loving care right before Patti's last trip to the hospital—just in case!

What's Happening: It's been a month of distinguished visitors. The **Duke and Duchess of Windsor** came into Hollywood for a few days and created quite a stir. And then we had two Indian visitors—producer **V. Shantaram** and the lovely Indian star **Sandhya** who came here for the Sam Goldwyn Award for their film "Two Eyes, Two Hands." There was something so wonderfully serene about them.

It won't be long before the return of **Elvis Presley**, and he's certainly not been forgotten while he's been away. There's quite a line-up of work waiting for him—a movie for Hal Wallis, another for Twentieth Century-Fox and a third for M-G-M, to say nothing of personal appearances and TV guest shots . . .

I admire the way **Barry Coe** and **Edward Byrnes** look after their fans. Barry, in addition to answering his monumental mail, gets out a monthly news sheet to his fan clubs. And Ed is so anxious to please, he has two full-time secretaries helping him sort and mail his letters.

I lunched with **Debbie** just before she left for Spain and she kept the conversation away from **Eddie** and her personal problems except to say, "It's all behind me now and I look forward to a happy, busy life." Liz and Eddie have set the date for May and then will head for Europe. Debbie will be back home by then. *(continued)*



Newly-chic Leslie Caron chatting with Shirley MacLaine . . .



George Nader kept Loretta Young posted on the winners.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Looking Back: So many of you have asked me what it was like in the Old Days that I'm going to take a few lines each month to talk about them—and the stars I knew. I think one of the greatest was (and is) Clark Gable. And my first recollection of him goes 'way back to 1930 when he got a job as a studio page-boy and used to hang around the sets asking questions upon questions. He was a tall, lanky young man with great broad shoulders and a ready smile—a friendly sort of boy, quiet, courteous and determined to get on. He'd know us all by name. Then when he got his first part, in 1931, in "The Painted Desert," he told me, "I'll give myself five years. Then they'll be tired of me. That's about all you can count on. But maybe by then I'll have enough money to see the world. That's what I'd like to do." Twenty-five years later he's still at the top (and he's seen the world). "Have the movies found another Valentino?" I remember the reviewers saying of him at the beginning. And I watched Clark rise in just months to the top of his profession. I think his greatest role was as Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind." But he's made so many films—



Remember Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in "G-W-T-W"?

almost sixty. Whenever I think about Clark, I marvel at how he finds time for a word with all of us, despite the fact that he's rubbed shoulders with royalty. His marriage to the late Carole Lombard was one of Hollywood's most fabled romances. Today, Kay Spreckles (wife No. 5) says he's always complaining, "I wish everyone wouldn't keep saying I'm dead." Don't miss Gable in his new film, "But Not for Me." —CAL YORK

The Good News People: James MacArthur, who dropped by to say goodbye to me before taking off for England and the movie, "Kidnapped," is one of the best-mannered and most natural young men in the business. I'm sure his mother, **Helen Hayes**, and his bride Joyce think so, too. Joyce, who has been appearing on Broadway in "Tall Story," goes with James to England and later to Jamaica for Walt Disney's "Swiss Family Robinson" . . . **Brad Dillman**, winner of a Foreign Press Award for international stardom and the proud parent of two young Dillmans, is exactly the type you would like best to climb Mt. McKinley with. If you grew weary, Brad would probably get behind and push. He's that gallant.

It's a Roman wedding for **Ernest Borgnine** and **Katy Jurado**. And a happy honeymoon in Capri for the beaming Katy and the slim trim groom who took off 35 pounds. Wish it could happen to your—SARA.

Cal York's Jottings: Fernando Lamas and his beautiful wife **Arlene Dahl** reconciled after a brief parting. The reunion came about when Fernando offered to help Arlene move into her new home and just stayed on himself. . . . **Shirley MacLaine** received several TV offers for herself and four year old daughter Sachie after their pictures appeared on a national magazine cover. So far, Shirley has refused them all. . . . **Marlon Brando**, who has been directing and acting in "One-Eyed Jacks" for months and months, has had it as a director. Marlon will stick to acting in the future. And that future includes **Anna Magnani** and **Joanne Woodward** in "Orpheus Descending." . . . Replacements seem the order of the day with **Lee Remick** replacing **Lana Turner** in "Anatomy of a Murder" and **Jean Simmons** taking over **Sabina Bethman's** role in "Spartacus." Lana's walkout was due to a disagreement over her wardrobe with director **Otto Preminger** but no one is certain why the lovely German Sabina was ousted. . . . The death of **Lou Costello**, who brought happiness into thousands of lives, saddened Hollywood and the world that loved him. Lou, with his pixie-like charm, will be greatly missed. . . . **Peter Lawford** claims he receives five times the fan mail for his "Thin Man" role in the TV series than he did in movies. So Peter, who is **Sinatra's** closest pal these days, is a mite skeptical about a movie return. Maybe Peter better stick to Thin Manning for a while longer. . . . Wishes do come true. Ask **Barbara Stanwyck** who sat week after week glued to her TV set fascinated by **Robert Horton's** performance in "Wagon Train." A friend told Robert of Barbara's admiration—and the two have been dining and dating ever since. . . . The British press seems to have almost totally ignored **Deborah Kerr** when she went over to England to see her children. . . . **Leslie Caron** will have three weeks in Italy with her husband **Peter Hall** before beginning "For Each the Other." . . . I hear **Bob Wagner** and **Natalie Wood's** new home has a salt-water pool. . . . Reconciliation is expected soon for actor **Jack Palance** and his wife, Virginia. . . . I'm told that **William Holden** bought a hotel while out in Africa. . . . And everyone's talking about the new twosome of **Millie Perkins** and **Dean Stockwell** who met recently while in San Francisco.

Happy Mother's Day



Even the stars enjoyed celebrating it. Left: Ann Sothorn was with her daughter, Patricia. Below: Shirley Temple and her children had fun.



Above: Gale Storm took her four on a boat trip . . . and (right) Jane Withers showed her famous doll collection to daughter, Wendy.





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